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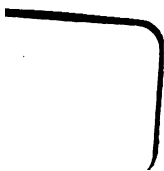
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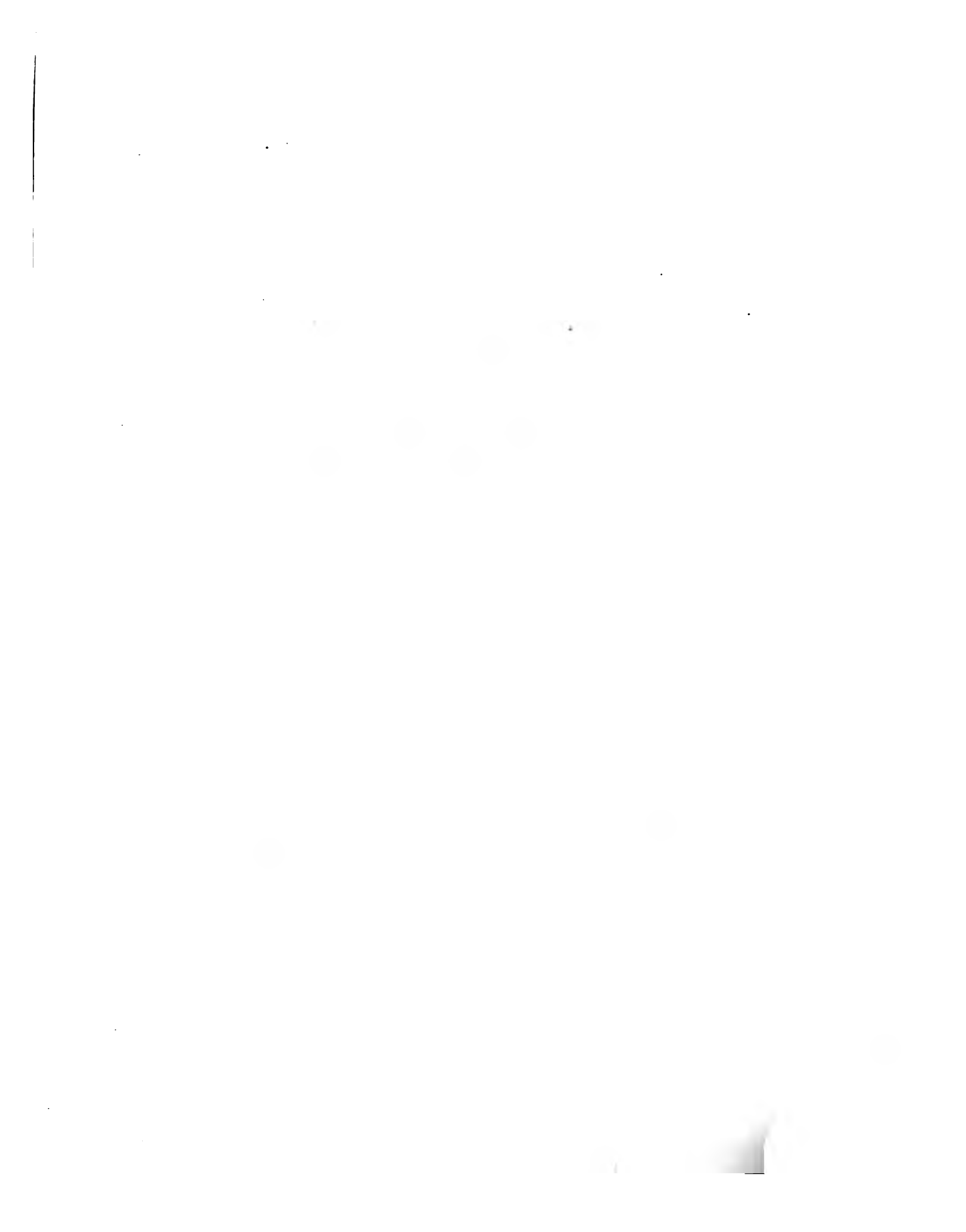
**George Dyer's Poems.**



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## **George Daniel's Poems.**

PRINTED BY ROBERT ROBERTS,  
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Portrait of the artist

*Portrait of the artist, by the artist, in the artist's studio.*

# T H E P O E M S

OF

*George Daniel, Esq.*

OF BESWICK, YORKSHIRE.

(1616—1657)

FROM

The Original MSS. in the British Museum:

HITHERTO UNPRINTED.

---

*Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Illustrations, Portrait, &c.,*

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



*Printed for Private Circulation Only.*

1878.

*Arch. Bodl. B.*

*III. 69.*





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TO  
RICHARD, LORD HOUGHTON,  
D. C. L.

True man ! true poet ! both in one combin'd,  
As in our England in the Age of Gold ;  
To thee I dedicate—by usage old—  
This Poet ; his, with thy green leaves entwin'd ;  
Nor doubt a welcome meet from thee to find :  
For though, through evil days, thou hast enroll'd  
Thy name—with noble service manifold—  
'Mong those who fought all thraldoms to unbind ;  
Therefore must give the "laureat wreath" \* to those  
Who, for their Country, stood a false King's foes ;  
Yet a brave, "gentle Cavalier," may claim  
A meed of praise for his poetic fame  
From Poet's lips ; and so at this late day  
These long-hid Poems in thy hands I lay.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.


\* "Worcester's laureat wreath"—MILTON'S Sonnet to CROMWELL.







## *Introduction.*

HE hastiest reader of these volumes, will recognize abundantly, that GEORGE DANIEL—whose Poems they for the first time present in print—had, along with his cultured love of Horace, a quite Horatian conviction of his own poetic immortality. The ‘*exegi monumentum*’ of the gay Roman, echoes and re-echoes through his pages ; nor are these unfulfilled prophecies of after-fame the least interesting to us.\* More than this—in the most unlooked-for places, his Montaigne-like, or rather Samuel Pepys-like garrulity of self-allusion, reveals an undoubting faith that his slightest personal characteristic, likes and dislikes, and humours and foibles, would be welcome to the coming centuries, even those far-off still.† It is a pathetic, not mirthful, commentary on all this, that ours is the only revival of his memory in the form he coveted and foretold, and that all search and research in his native place and county, and every likely source, have yielded the scantiest possible results. There has been, on the part of local friends, the *maximum* of painstaking, with the *minimum* of reward in biographical materials. The huge old County-Histories, as so tantalizingly often, are empty. His ‘line’

\* The Reader will not be unrewarded if he study these places on this yearning for after-fame, i. 26, 54, 72, 75, 79, 84, 88, 97, 99, 100, 198 : ii. 51, 75-76, 97, 102 : iii. 124. We return on some of these onward.

† e. g. ii. 110.





has died out. His family possessions have passed to strangers—the present noble owner of Beswick (after the Denisons) showing avowedly no interest in his predecessor. His name has faded from human memories. Grotesquely enough, a fox-hunting squire who married among the last of the Beswick-Daniels, bulks larger than himself—his name William Draper, and his daughter Diana, one who (if tradition err not) might have sat for ‘Diana Vernon’ herself. I can only therefore tell a very little of our ‘gentle Cavalier,’ as he has been called.

Probably he who named our Poet ‘gentle,’ meant not his temper or ‘complexion’—as the old word was,—but his being well-born,—as when Spenser speaks of his ‘gentle’ knight, and Allan Ramsay in Scotland of his ‘Gentle’ Shepherd. One shrewdly suspects that he was choleric and rough-spoken; but on both sides, and by a long line of marriages and intermarriages, he was certainly of ‘blue blood’ in the best sense, *i. e.* not merely boastfully or through manufactured lineages, such as Sir Bernard Burke’s tomes furnish *ad nauseam*. How self-respectingly our Poet himself regarded his “faire difcent,” his “Parted, per pale,” (Vol. I. pp. 44-45) finely shows.

By the more than kind enthusiasm of the Rev. Charles Best Norcliffe, M.A., of Petergate House, York—of whom it was written to me over and over, that if any one in Yorkshire could help me he could and would, and if he couldn’t none was likely to do—I am able to give in tabular shape a careful and matterful Pedigree of the Daniels of Beswick. Mr. William A. Abram, the Historian of Blackburn, (Lan-

cashire) has worked with me in arranging and thus exhibiting Mr. Norcliffe's many details. To the prefixed Pedigree, accordingly, the genealogical-loving Reader is referred.\*

From the Pedigree it will be seen that GEORGE DANIEL was the second son of Sir Ingleby Daniel of Beswick—a chapelry in the parish of Kilnwick, East Riding of Yorkshire;† and that he was born at Beswick on 29th March,

\* Sooth to say the Pedigree in its upper part, down to the asterisk, is somewhat vague. The Herald who drew up these prior details could have no satisfactory evidence of the descent, otherwise he would have inserted the Christian names of those three generations. But I was reluctant to leave any out, because in the Poet's verse-letter "To my honoured Cozen, P: Cr: Esq'. an Affectionate Invitation," there is an express claim of "our Lockington," with which the Pedigree starts, (Vol. i. 208, l. 11.)

† With reference to the name 'Ingleby,' there was no blood-descent from the family of Ingleby (of Ripley); but Sir William Ingleby had married Catherine Smethley, first cousin of William Daniel, and so may have been god-father to his second son and eventual heir, viz. Sir Ingleby Daniel, our Poet's father. It is not a little singular—as the Pedigree shows—that one *Ingleby* Draper should be living and having children at the same time as William Draper, Esq., of Beswick. And still more remarkable that he should baptize his daughter Anna 19th January, 1715-6, at the church of St. Mary Bishophill the Elder, York, when he himself could have been but twenty-one or twenty-two. I take for granted that he was the same with Ingleby Draper. He was an officer of the Customs, who died at Bristol 3rd May, 1721, ætatis 27—M.I., St. Augustine's the Less, Bristol. Mary, his widow, died 6th September, 1764, ætatis 73. His son, Sir William Draper, Knight of the Bath: Colonel of the 66th Foot, was at school at Eton, of King's College, Cambridge, A.B. 1744: A.M. 1749: Fellow of his College. He distinguished himself at Belle Isle in 1761, where he was Brigadier-General: went to India in 1762, and in 1769 was Governor of Minorca. He became a Lieut.-General 29th August, 1777, and died at Bath 8th January, 1787, where in the Abbey is a monument to his memory. His daughter, Elizabeth Draper, who died 3rd August, 1788, aged 35, has a monument in

1616. His mother—it similarly appears—was Frances, daughter and heiress of George Metham of Pollington, parish of Snaith—being his father's second wife, the first having been Alice, daughter of Sir William Ryther of London—name quick still through the dear old Puritan-Preacher to seamen, John Ryther. His eldest brother was William, the third Thomas (Sir Thomas later)—to whom he addresses a verse-letter (Vol. I. pp. 211-212) fourth, John. He had also a sister, named Katherine. In "The End" of his "Ecclesiasticus" he gratefully acknowledges divine goodness from birth and childhood onwards, apparently recalling some hairbreadth escape in infancy:—

"Thou who didst lead me, in my Iourney on  
Through all y<sup>e</sup> Affaires y<sup>t</sup> I have ever knowne,  
ffrom y<sup>e</sup> wombe vpward; in my Childhood kept  
Me safe from Danger,—when my Nurses Slept;—  
Safe in the Cradle; in the Slipperie state  
Of youth, didst guard mee from all dismall fate;  
Art now my Lord & Gvide, now in the strong  
Estate of Man & the sweet Time of younge."

(VOL. III., p. 120.)

This warrants us in concluding that he had "Sunny Memories" of his home. He has kindly references to his native village similarly. Where he was educated does not appear,

Bristol cathedral. Is it possible that Ingleby Draper was brother of William Draper, although young enough to be his son? and that there was some previous connection between the families of Ingleby and Draper? (Rev. C. B. Norcliffe, M.A., as *supra*, in letter to me: also letter from the Rev. Horace Newton, M.A., Vicar of Driffeld.) Every one knows that above Elizabeth Draper was Sterne's 'Eliza.'

or whether he attended either of the Universities. That as a youth he experienced all the lights and shadows, the honeyed woes and jealousies, the disappointments and ecstasies of the universal passion, we may be sure. For his (so-called) "Love Platonick" throbs and burns with a real affection and as real a wrath, edged with despair. His 'Silvia' and 'Cynthia' and 'Pudora' were no fantasies. Self-evidently one, at least, put him to torture. Self-evidently, too, the love ebbed out for 'Silvia' and 'Cynthia,' and returned after an earlier disavowal and 'revolt,' and choosing of 'Nicotiana' (his 'pipe') for alone companion—to 'Pudora,'—concerning whom we are free to indulge the Pleasures of Imagination that she was beautiful and good.\* He married Elizabeth, daughter of William Ireland, Esq., of Nostell, co. York, by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Molyneux of Euxton, Lancashire. She bore him one son—to whom he gave his own name of George—and three daughters—Frances, Elizabeth, Gerarda. He died in 1657, and was buried in the neighbouring church to Beswick, viz. Kilnwick, on 25th September of that year. Here is the record in the Church-register *literatim* :—† "George Danniell off Beswicke Esquier, Buryed the 25<sup>th</sup> off September, 1657." He thus all but obtained his wish as sung in his "Time and Honour," (Vol. I. pp. 32-34) :—

———"though I fall,  
In scorned Dust, and have noe name at all :

\* Cf. Vol. I. pp. 113-123 ; specially too I. 37, 47-48, 49, 50-1, 51-53, 77-78. There is molten passion throughout.

† Rev. Horace Newton, M.A., as before, to me.



Suffice it I may sing vpon thy flood,  
 Neglected Humber; or my Muse (lesse proud)  
 Sport in the Sedges of my neighbouring Streame,  
 Poore as my verse, neither deserving name.

*And may the village where I had my birth  
 Enclose as Due, my Bodie in her Earth."*

(ll. 59-66.)\*

Such (ehue !) is our little all of life-facts. Even the once grand old Manor-house (or Hall) of Beswick has been defaced. Only two or three Elizabethan windows remain to suggest vanished richness. It is now 'restored' (obliterated) in the irreverent fashion of your nineteenth century restorer, so as to be utilized for two tenant-farmers' dwellings. A quaint thatch-roofed tiny church that stood on the other side of the road (leading to Beverley—whose cathedral-like towers preside over the landscape) has also disappeared. It was doubtless our Poet's own church, and must have been seen by him every day. I count myself fortunate to have secured a faithful photograph of it—taken just before it was needlessly 'improved' out of existence in order that a wretched and featureless building might take its place. (Why not have built another near it, and conserved it?) Mr. Robert Langton of Manchester, has very daintily engraven it for me; and the Reader has it now before him. He will agree with me that as the one bit of certainty in association with Daniel, and as an example of England's ancient rural

\* From Register-entries at Beswick it would seem that there had been interments there; but Kilnwick near to Beswick was ordinarily the burial-place for Beswick.

churches—never before engraved—it is well worthy of preservation in this way.



Great changes have taken place otherwise, in and around Beswick. The village itself (of 259 inhabitants) still winds up in its one street to the Cavalier's Hall or Manor-house, as in Daniel's days. Perchance its thatched cottages have not much changed their appearance since he looked upon them. Altogether it is

—————"a quaint old gabled place  
With Church stamped on its face,"

as Orwell sings of Dunblane ; yet with a look of neglect and decay that saintly Leighton's town has not. But the outlying farms are in higher culture to-day if the greenwood glades are reduced. There is everywhere the gleam of famous trout-streams, which meander about the levels of the country, and any one of which may have been the "my

26 when the War began -

neighbouring streame," and often-recurring 'Devia' of the Poems. A covetable birth-place—a covetable home—a thrice-covetable "God's Acre"; but in nowise remarkable, or linked on to the mighty ongoing in Church and State of the period covered by our Poet's residence. He was himself too young, I think, to have personally taken sides with the Cavaliers against the Roundheads. There reaches my ear in a proud plaintiveness in his noble poem of "Freedom," (Vol. I. pp. 99-100) a sigh of thankfulness that he had not taken an active part in the conflict, *e. g.*

———" I live  
Obscure ; Blood, Tears, nor oppression  
Burden my Soule ; my Gvilt is but my owne ;  
Whilest higher Sin, attends the higher place ;  
Sin of Participation in the Case.  
I'me as I am, Content ; and free, to pittie  
The faction of the Countrie, Fraud o' the Cittie."

(ll. 20-26.)

None the less is his Cavalierism of the life-blood of his best verse. His family-traditions were royalist, and *that* he read as loyalty, *i. e.* to the king rather than to the kingdom—as many a better and eke many a worse man did. He had evidently a morbid terror-stricken dislike of Oliver Cromwell, and no appreciation of his magnificent service to this our England. At the same time he was too Yorkshirely shrewd not to have glimpses of the sad short-coming from his ideal of our (then) actual kings. The nimbus around the decolated head of Charles indeed never paled to him. His "Dedication" of an intended poem (lost) has a wistful affectionate-

ness that goes to one's heart to-day (l. 230), and the "Cloud" (l. 231), is tremulous with thundrous grief. Yet has he stinging words on royal expediences and compliances. The combination of wistful adhesion to monarchy *qua* monarchy with heart-revolt against what he saw and read, presents a suggestive study in itself, and as representative of many of the gentlemen of England. Take these *ad aperturam libri*, as illustrations. First, his royalism :—

" Now whether Education, or what else  
I doe not know, perhaps from principles  
Of Constitution, some vnwonted Awe,  
Something, vnder what Name I doe not know,  
Strikes me, in maiestie : and though I praise  
All Government, as Government ; I raise  
My Selfe, with more Delight, to looke vpon  
A monarch's Scepter, then the Axe, or Gowne."  
( " An Address," Vol I., p. 17, ll. 213-220.\* )

Next his common-sense insight, as in " An Epode " Horace might have owned :—

" To noe Collossus could I ever bend,  
Or at the Court attend,  
With my owne Sin and follie in a Sheet ;  
To prostrate at the feet  
Of painted greatness. Not a Lord : one drop  
Of my Iust Inke, shall hope  
Beyond his merit : I dare not abase  
Soe much, my free-borne Muse ;  
But vtter Truth."

\* The student-reader will do well further to read l. 68-70, 186, 195-97 ;  
III. 143, 164, 178, 181, 184.

———" I hate a Servitude  
 Either to Might, or to the Multitude."  
 (Vol. I., p. 55, ll. 35-43, 53-4.)

Again, in a truly grand Ode (lvi.) :—

" 'Tis not to make a Partie, or to ioyne  
 With any Side, that I am what I am.  
 All Faction I abhorre, all Sects disclaime;  
 And meerly Love of Truth, vnto the Shyne  
 Of Reason, which I have,  
 Gvides me; for had I sought to other Ends,  
 I could have bene as popular, as brave,  
 And had as many freinds,  
 To support all I vndertooke, as they,  
 Who move beyond me now, and more display."  
 (Vol. II., 114.)

More explicitly and daringly thus :—

" Tyrants must be vnking'd." (Vol. III., p. 72, l. 56.)

" Oh, thou, lord of all,  
 Rouse thee to Iudgment, & destroy the Seat  
 Of Maiestie; if Maiestie forget  
 Thy Power, or Scorene thy rule." (*Ibid*, p. 73, ll. 28-31.)

" sad presage  
 Of Ruine to a Kingdome; never yet  
 Did Hee stand safe, who gave up Iust for fitt."  
 (*Ibid*, p. 150, st. 52.)

"Maiestie should be Sphear'd  
Beyond the Common Eye ; for Kings haue beene  
Thought Godds rather then Men, till they were seene."  
(*Ibid*, p. 157, st. 82.)

"Ill fitts the Quoife that Gowne,  
Who dare not clearly give the Lawe's intent ;  
To claw a King, or please a Parliament."  
(*Ibid*, p. 171, st. 138.)

Finally :—

—————"difficulties small  
Affright the weake, Great Soules make none at all.  
Let the Pale hand of feare for euer seize  
The Leaden soules of Kings ; if Princes fall,  
They fall to ruine. Hee that seeks his Ease,  
Looses his honour ; 'tis a crowne worth all  
The other Titles Princes can Inherit,  
A Sober, Prudent, yet an Active Spirit."  
(*Ibid*, p. 182, st. 181.)

Our Poet's part must have been a delicate and difficult one, with his pronounced opinions and verdicts, exalted self-estimate and impetuous temper and keen satiric humour (as witness "The Difference," Vol. I. pp. 40-43.) For among his family connections, two, at least, went with the Parliament, viz. William Thornton of East Newton, in the parish of Stonegrave, and Francis Thorpe of Birdsall, in the East Riding, Baron of the Exchequer. Against these are to be reckoned up as Royalists and sufferers in the cause, other relatives in plenty, *e. g.* Wandesford of Kirklington, Yorke of Gouthwaite, Warton of Beverley, Hillyard of Winstead—birth-place of Andrew Marvell—Hildyard of Ottringham,

---

Moore of Bewick, Legard of Anlaby, Cobb of Ottringham, Metham of Metham—his wife's family—Ellerker of Rosley, Langdale of Lanthrop, Creswell of Nunkeeling, Holdenby of Holdenby, Crompton of Driffield, Vavasour of Weston, Slingsby of Scriven, Grimeston of Grimeston Garth, Salvin of Newbigging, Gascoigne of Gawthorp—whither the "sweet Singer" and warbler of poetic prose, Nicholas Breton, was wont to go on summer-visits—Dawnay of Cowick, Constable of Wassand, Danby of Swinton, and Dolman of Pocklington.

One little incident illumines one of these Royalist names. The Register of Burials from 1592 to 1652 is missing unfortunately. But we know from the fragments which Time has spared, that one distressed Royalist at least found refuge beneath his cousin's—our Poet's—roof, and at last a peaceful grave in the picturesque church-yard of Kilnwick. This was Robert Holdenby of Holdenby, Esquire, who is described as "of Beswick"—the day of his burial 19th August, 1656.

One cannot go back on so many once active and passionate personalities, or re-visit the scenes of their several lives, and see there how utterly the dust of oblivion has fallen on them,—without a pang, as one cannot think how idle was the waste of such ideal patriotism—that "fought on" even when the objects of it proved to be intrinsically unworthy—with other than sympathy. Of how many gallant and brave men—on both sides—does it hold when we go to seek after their memories, as George Herbert puts it—that all left of them is, that

"Onely a herault, who that way doth pass,  
Finds his crackt name at length in the church-glass." \*

You get a vivid idea of our 'gentle Cavalier' in his ordinary life ~~leaf~~ from his Poems. I think of him as of the "fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time," who lived out his (comparatively) short life "of forty years and one" among his neighbours; finding among them, with every abatement, scope for simple tastes and habits, and untouched of envy of "the great." To him the truly 'great' were the circle of men of letters who sat at the feet of Ben Jonson. He is proud to enroll himself of 'the tribe of Benjamin,' and his almost idolatrous admiration of "rare Ben" betokens familiar acquaintance.† One is left in doubt whether he knew other of the veterans of the Elizabethan-Jacobean age—as Chapman—Massinger—Ford—Randolph—Shirley. Cowley and Cleveland were only about two years his senior. He celebrates Beaumont and Fletcher; but they were too early for him. Shakespere's grave had held his 'redeemed dust' only a few months when he was born. It is clear that he delighted in an 'interlude' of London society of the liter-

\* Aldine Herbert, p. 231, 1876.

† Vol. 1. 63-65 *et alibi*. Unless I err, Daniel was conscious that his friendship for Ben Jonson led him to over-exalt him as against Shakespere, *e. g.*—

"This, this was Ionson; who in his owne name  
Carries his praise; and may he shine alone;  
*I am not tyed to any generall ffame*  
*Nor fixt by the Approbation*  
*Of great ones;* But I speake without pretence,  
Hee was, of English Drammatickes, the Prince."

(Vol. 1. pp. 29-30.)



ary stamp when he could take a run South.\* But the 'plot' of his life was, that within doors, till far on in the morning, he pored over his Horace and Virgil, Claudian and Ovid, Lucian and Plutarch, and other and less known classics, while without, his horses, hounds, hawks, in country companionship, and as he grandly and arrestingly names her, "*inestimable Nature*," filled up the daily round satisfyingly. You do not come on his name in contemporary lists of secret conclaves and cabals. You have no scandal or gossip of or from him in "high places." You have no stain of self-seeking or furtive bribe-money—the more noticeable in that I fear he was reduced to pecuniary straits latterly; for one of his closing poems is headed "An Occasional Reflection; on being put

\* It seems likely that he knew John Ogilby, befriended by Strafford. His verse-addresses to him are finely-touched in *bits*. *En passant*—I had prepared a pretty full notice of this "honest and good man," and by no means slight-worthy Poet and Translator; but having since read the full memoir of him in the old folio *Biographia Britannica* (1760) I deem it better to refer the Reader thither. Suffice it therefore that his not undeserved fame fell a victim—as so many others—to the wasp-stiletto stab of Pope because of his "Homer." He was born in or near Edinburgh in 1600; died 1676. Similarly I must content myself with these very slight notes on other names, e. g. Amintas (i. 227) may have been Fairfax, the golden-penned Translator of Tasso, albeit he died in 1632: D. i. (i. 229) I have been unable to trace or even guess at: the "famed Poet of the South" (i. 231) I judge was Cowley: Vandike (i. 232)—this great portrait-painter seems to have been a special favourite of Daniel. Probably he had made his acquaintance. From the Portraits, &c., of his MS., I conclude our Poet was also an artist: Sir Thomas Browne (i. 205-8, i. 235) seems to have been a personal friend: the 'Laureate' (ii. 262)—not knowing the exact date cannot be named: Herbert (i. 214, 225) he must surely have met: "Stand in the privy-chamber of his heart." This long anticipates Tennyson's, "the secret bridal chambers of the heart."

in an Act of Sale of his estate" (1653); and it is ominous of the same that he appears to have left no Will, and to have had no 'Administration.' You have a feeling, therefore, that his boast in "Freedome"—already quoted from—is true :—

"I blesse my Starrs, I am vnfitt for noise,  
And busines almost shuns me, to my Choice ;  
I sitt retir'd, while other men are high  
In State-Employments ; 'tis a peircing Eye  
Sees thorough Men, to dispositions ;  
And sorts fitt Agents to Occasions.  
This with its Spectacles, Authoritie  
Can Cull 'em by the head ; and why should I  
Repine ? I glorie rather, and can Sitt,  
T' improve by them, what may be Iust, or fitt.  
I'me happie, I'me exempt ; that I may play  
With my owne thoughts, vnnext, my howers away.  
I am not in Commission of the Peace ;  
Noe Constable, the greater, nor the lesse ;  
I'de nothing Glorie, if I had been made  
Poll' gatherer of the Groats ; I should evade,  
Truly, to be a Parish warden ; or  
A domineering Elder, with the Power  
Our well-affected Parliament can give.  
Fitt Men shall have Emploiment fitt."

(Vol. 1., p. 99, ll. 1-20.)

and again :—

"Sometime I'le take my Stone-bow or my Gun,  
With my true Servant, readie still to run,

d

And fetch the Qvarrie from the Brooke or Bush,—  
 The Mallard, Teale, the Sparrow, or the Thrush.  
 With these innocuous pleasures (I can rest  
 In my selfe quiet ; and display the brest  
 Of all my Crime, vnto my selfe) ; Wee live  
 Gviltye, I hope of lesser Sins. I strive  
 Not now t' exaggerate others Crimes, nor here  
 To make our owne lesse then in Truth they are ;  
 This, if the rigour of the times allow  
 I am content ; if they will not, I know  
 A pleasure, 'bove their Malice ; and the close  
 Barrs of a prison, cannot hinder those  
 My owne free thoughts ; where I some time may have  
 A visit from the Muses, which shall save  
 My Name from Envie and oblivion.  
 Soe being lest my selfe, I'me most my owne ;  
 And what, by them, was put, as a restraint,  
 Is by my patience, turned t' a Complement.

(*Ibid*, ll. 27-46.)

Deeper, fineliter-touched, tenderer in their delightful autobiographical touches are "A Pastorall Ode," (Vol. i. pp. 35-37) and Odes xix., xx., xxi., and xxii. of "Scattered Fancies," (Vol. ii. pp. 50-56) which even Professor Jebb might turn into Greek and be well-employed. Let the student-Reader turn to these ; for they and associated Odes place the man just as he was before us. Then let our selected Portrait of him be studied and re-studied. It will recompence any thinking spent on it, and unless I greatly mistake, send back to the Poems—supremely to "Scattered Fancies" and "Love Platonick"—with deepened zest.

There are Poems in these volumes that invite attention apart from their poetic value or inferiority. I refer to his esoteric political utterances. These are o'times as beclouded and inarticulate as were the ancient oracles, from the Author's fear of his papers falling into wrong hands. I have done my best to interpret most of these veiled hits at personages and occurrences of the day; but I cannot flatter myself that I have succeeded fully. There are Odes and Ecloges for example, thought-laden and not without the real Maker's imaginative light though they be, that remain obscure and "hard to be understood," even after I have taken time to think them out. And so with other noticeable pieces throughout. *e. g.* "The Genius of this . . . Isle" (with its superlative incense to royalty) and "To the Reader" (1. 191) and "To the Tombe of . . . Strafford" (1. 195-7.) The explanation of this evidently intentional element of enigma lies in his so writing that we must read between the lines—more a recent French than an English device.\* Indeed his long historical Poems of "Vervicensis" and "Trinarchodia" and "Genius of the Isle" bear on the face of them, that their heroes were chosen not for any attraction in themselves, but in order to make them a vehicle for expressing the Poet's verdicts on men and things. Approve or condemn, you can't help honouring the man for this loyalty to his convictions; nor less that he willingly sacrificed poetic art to sense of patriotism (as he felt it). One is sick of present-day repudiation of all ethical or didactic purpose and ~~issue~~ <sup>misuse</sup> of the words, art for art's sake; and is glad to fall back on the

\* See Henry IV., st. 113-114, 122, 124, 128, (Vol. iv., 1-98.)

illustrious dead, or the illustrious living (*e. g.* Alfred Tennyson in "Queen Mary," with its thunder-voiced message to England of to-day—greatest since Shakespere's in "King John" and Milton's in "Areopagitica") and get out of the mephitic atmosphere of the many literary artists of our time who have nothing to say, and are devoting themselves to creating a mannered style in which to say this nothing. I may not tarry to enlarge on this; but GEORGE DANIEL inevitably suggested the line of remark, seeing that the MAN speaks out, sings out, at times homelily and dissonantly and confusedly yet unmistakably, the thought and emotion, the feeling and passion, that were in him. As a consequence (*meo judicio*), long as it is since he died, and new as this body of Poetry must be to this generation, GEORGE DANIEL to the readers of these volumes will be no "slim shadow," but a potential and large presence.

Now, turning to his Poems, each Reader will form necessarily his own judgment. For myself I do not think that it is the partiality of an Editor that leads me to affirm—as I do—that in "Scattered Fancies"—"Love Platonicke," especially "Pure Platonicke"—"A Pastorall Ode"—Silvia revolted"—"Scorne returned"—"Supplanted"—"The Farewell"—"An Epode"—"Fame"—"Agonie"—"An Essay; Endeavouring to ennoble our English Poesie by Evidence of latter Quills; and reiecting the former"—"Prevention"—"A Strange Maze"—"After a Storme, going a Hawking"—"Freedome"—"Vanitie"—"Proportion"—"The Usurper"—"The Magazine"—you have the stuff of immortality, none the less that their fancies ('fan-

tasies') take as quaint shapes as the alleys and arbours of old gardens. There is questionless strong thinking united with imaginative subtlety and curious felicity of epithet. You have him at his best in the Poems that I have named, alike, in substance and form. I venture to hope that hereafter no Anthology of our English Poets will be regarded as complete without examples from these. In addition—as in his political "Ecloges" and "Idyllia"—there are scintillations of original metaphysical-mystic thought and sudden darts and trembles of passionate feeling—all grounded on frank, if semi-veiled, personal experience, that remind one of Dean Donne. Such Poems answer to his 'choice' in his 'retired cell'—

—————"I rather Chuse  
More solid recreations, with the Muse  
Which I have Chosen; and my thoughts revolve  
To every Chord of Passion, and resolve  
Some time the Hardest, braver pleasure farre,  
To give bright reason wing, into the Spheare  
Of Truth, her Region." (Vol. I., p. 97.)

If one persist in scrutiny, the darkest and most elliptical portions become translucent. His historical Poems, I must confess, are trying reading. Their average is a low level, and that level parched desert-dust, not grassy downs or daisied or buttercupped meadows. And yet ever and anon, from the undertones of personal conviction and speech to the time and after-time through the dead and their mighty deeds and misdeeds, you are arrested. Sometimes, too, there are asides at once of penetrative verdict and wise counsel that lift them-

selves above their common-place context, and recall Cleopatra of Antony :—

———“ his delights  
Were dolphin-like ; *they shew'd his back above*  
*The element they liv'd in.*” (Act v., 2, ll. 88-90.)

Samuel Daniel set the example of these verse-Chronicles, and others followed with “ far off steps.” The example had been more “ honoured in the breach than the observance ” by our Poet leaving his name-sake alone. Charles Alleyn is much on a par with “ Trinarchodia,” though without the *bits* of imagination and colouring in it. My own experience has been, after working my thorny way through the jungle of the preposterously-punctuated Manuscript, that your patience is tried, you are irritated, you are inclined to give over reading ; but when you go on, something is sure to come in that abundantly recompenses all toil. You can scarcely, indeed, continue through a few pages without catching bird-note, or flower-tint, or flower-fragrance, or glint of dew or brook. I cull a few things, some grand, some dainty, that are typical of many others :—

*Man.*

“ How everie other Thing  
Applies its part, and has a Motion !  
Which (though vnknowne)  
Doubtles, it doth aright performe ; and bring  
Its little to maintaine the whole :  
Man onlie, who should have a Soule  
More noble and refin'd, by Nature made  
Surveieur of the worke, doth nothing Adde.

Diverted from the charge,  
Entrusted to him meerly, as beyond,  
In face and mind,  
The other Creatures ; *with a Thought as large*  
*As all the orbes, and wider too ;*  
*Truth (whose vast Circle none can know)*  
*Was onlie bigger ;* and the Light of Truth,  
Met full and radiant here, from North to South.”  
(Vol. II., pp. 79-80.)

***Selfe Rule.***

"I would have seen my Selfe, as in a Sheath,  
 Within my Selfe ; and, as my owne, bequeath  
     Each part to proper use :  
 My conquer'd Reason, to submit her Power.  
 My Sence, corrected in Exterior  
     Objects, alone, to chuse  
 What I propose ; then doe not aske, what part  
     I would have gvide the rest ;  
     I would have everie brest  
 Capable of the rule of his owne Heart."

(Vol. II., p. 90, st. 4.)

### *Feminine Self-Respect.*

**“Soe doth the Ruffian, (fetteréd in the Brow  
 Of awfull modestie)  
 Pursue his Lusts, when women but allow  
 Familiaritie.  
 You hardly know  
 What Mischeife followes, in his Libertie.  
 Make Short his Fetters, by your powerfull Eye,  
 And keepe him yet a Slave ;  
 Chain\*d by (your Beautie’s Honour) Modestie ;**



Your Tirrannie is Brave ;  
Ladies, I doe not see  
How he can iniure you without your Leave.”  
(Vol. II., p. 107, st. 2-3.)

*Mercy.*

“How fair is Mercy ! ah, can Mortall speake  
How Comfortable ? when a Soule doth Lye  
Chain'd in the fetters of darke Miserie ;  
*Sweet as the Morneing dew, or as a Raine,*  
*When the Sicke Barth lyes Gapeing in her Paine.”*  
(Vol. III., p. 72, ll. 54-58.)

*The Ocean.*

“The white-mouth'd Billowes of y<sup>e</sup> vnsounded Deepe.”  
(*Ibid*, p. 97, l. 54.)

*Hereditary-intellect.*

“had his mighty Sire, with vitall Blood,  
Bequeath'd the Edge of his all-peircing Spirit,  
What Glories had wee seene ! ”  
(*Ibid*, p. 182, st. 183.)

*Conscience.*

“Cunning well-carried, is called Conscience.”  
(Vol. IV., p. 49, st. 194.)

*History.*

“Iust History is a Romance well writ.”  
(*Ibid*, p. 56, st. 221.)

*Heroism.*

“The One-Eyed Scott, (as were he all one Eye)  
To find an obiect worthy of his Arme  
Breakes through impaleing Swords.”  
(*Ibid*, p. 57, st. 224.)

*The Pen.*

"Thus a Quill  
More then a Sword, not Things but Truth, can kill."  
(*Ibid*, p. 71, st. 280.)

*Retreat.*

"Marches must pause, but flights can never stay."  
(*Ibid*, p. 76, st. 301.)

*Young Lives.*

"better Dye  
Extinguish't in the flame than keep a Snuffe  
In the darke Socket." (*Ibid*, p. 87, st. 344.)

Here is a portrait of a lion that William Blake might have taken :—

"As when a Pard, who filcht the Lion's right  
*Evades the Terror of his Shininge Eyes.*"  
(*Ibid*, p. 197, st. 384.)

Even in heavily-laden and lading "*Ecclesiasticus*," there are not a few "*wise saws*" and good advice, *e. g.*

*False Great Ones.*

"Press not vpon him, lest thou be his Scorne,  
Nor stand too distant, least thou be forlorne :  
Seeke not with him to vse the libertie  
Of Speech, nor have too much Credulitie  
Vnto his many words; for w<sup>th</sup> the vaine  
Emptines of much Speech hee'le entertaine  
And hold thee Captive; or, as nothing were,  
Sift from thee what thou knowst, w<sup>th</sup> a Cheere,  
Intending honesty, *and search thy Heart*  
*Thorough w<sup>th</sup> Smiles; then leaue thee where thou art,*

In the thick chase of Ignorance, that while  
 Hee takes advantage, and doth seeke to Spoile  
 Thee in thy owne; and at another day,  
 Thou art the Author of what he shall Say."

(Vol. III., p. 2, ll. 37-50.)

*Obsequiousness and the neglected humble.*

"A Rich man taxéd, he has every one  
 Readie to vindicate him; he dare say  
 Forbidden things, and haughtily display  
 His words to Treason; yet hee's Iustified.  
 The poore, he Slipt, & every tongue could chide,  
 And give a sharpe reproofe. How often has  
 Hee vtter'd wisdom? yet could gaine noe place.  
 All Men are silent to a rich Man's voice,  
 And they extoll his wisdom to the Skyes;  
 But if a poore Man speake (oh, abiect state!  
 And in opinion how vnfortunate!)  
 Every Man darts at him in Spight, and say  
 What fellow's this? and if he stumble, they  
 Rush to his overthrow." (Ibid, pp. 3-4, ll. 72-85.)

*No friend.*

"Vnto whom  
 Can he be freind, who to himselfe is none?"  
 (Ibid, p. 5, ll. 11-12.)

*Heirs.*

"better farre  
 Is one Son Iust then Multitudes w<sup>th</sup> are  
 Froward and sinfull. Better 'tis to Die  
 Summed in himself, then leave a Progenie  
 Of Wickedness: for one of Wisdom shall  
 Populate Nations, but the Wicked fall  
 To Nothing suddenly." (Ibid, p. 9, ll. 5-11.)



*Attention to others.*

"Attend, & doe not interrupt the Storie  
 Of any Man, & it shall be thy Glorie.  
 Thou art but younge, be sober; not vnkind,  
 Not silent, where th' art vrg'd to Speake thy mind;  
 Yet let not trifles move thee, but advise  
 The Motives reall & thy Councell wise;  
 Let every word Speake matter; Labour more  
 To be sententious then an Orator;  
 Appear as ignorant in many things,  
 And varnish it with vnapt Questionings:  
 In Ignorance, be wise; seem t' apprehend  
 High Knowledges; be silent and attend,  
 Soe shalt thou hide thy want, & be as one  
 Who knew their wisdom, yet has nothing knowne.  
 'Tis wisdom to hide weakenes; be not vaine  
 Comparatively, with the Nobleman,  
 To boast thy selfe; & let the speaking Mouth  
 Of Sage antiquitie restraine thy youth.  
 Lightning præcedes the Thunder, (to our sence)  
 Soe to Humilitie is Excellence."

(*Ibid*, pp. 62-3, ll. 21-40.)

*The oppressed Widow.*

"And her complaint is bitter; such complaints  
 Ascend with Tears, & peirce the Battlements  
 Of Heaven's bright Pallace, to the Eternall Throne;  
 Where they have audience to the vttmost grone."

(*Ibid*, p. 71, ll. 35-39.)

So too in "Trinarchodia" and elsewhere, *e. g.*

*Contingency.*

"(Vnhappy flower, too early sprung to live ;  
 Soe peepes the Dazie, & soe perisheth,  
 Eyther by the next frost, or pluck't to giue  
 A Raritie ; soe meets, in either, Death :  
 Wise Plants sleep in their Causes till the Sun  
 Give warrant, & the Ayre Approbation.

But 'twas noe fault nor folly of his owne ;  
 That hee was young, is Nature's fault, not His ;  
 'Twas fitt to make that revolution,  
 Fate had determin'd, who can neuer misse  
 To her Designe ; *what wee contingents see,*  
*Are but the Spoakes i' th' Wheele of Destinie."*

(*Ibid*, pp. 141-2, st. 19-20.)

*Counter-influences.*

"Glocester, who heard of this, & well had thought,  
 Ere this the Kingdome had beene in his Power ;  
 For Vere & Poole remou'd, Hee valed w'd nought  
 To guide the King. 'Tis euer somewhat more  
 Then Honestie wee steere by ; *Not the North*  
*Alone directs the Needle, but the Earth."*

(*Ibid*, p. 172, st. 140.)

*Sneaking.*

"*But sneaking smells of Peasant, though they weare*  
*Blue Ribbands or a star-adorned Cloake,*  
 Ensignes of Honour ; if they quit their Sphere  
 How are they Noble ? Let these nick-nam'd looke  
 How farre they tread from Honour, & disgrace  
 The printed footsteps of their Father's Race.

(*Ibid*, p. 173, st. 144.)

*Fine praise of a patriot-soldier.*

"Some, surmize  
 Judgment scarce warranted the Enterprize :  
 Oh, Pardon me ; for men of Honour breath  
 A purer Ayre ; and somewhat neare to faith,  
 Moves to their vndertakings , something hid  
 Lyes to encourage vertue." (Vol. I., p. 203, ll. 21-26.)

There is the insight of Wordsworth's later-day in our Poet's descriptions of Nature. Let the student turn to "The Spring" (Vol. I. pp. 38-39). I have already marked his fine adjective of "*inestimable* Nature." Vivider still is this—"the *insatiate* Maine" (Vol. III. p. 87, l. 40). There are incidental references to flowers and the living creatures of the fields, fine as any back-grounds of our great Painters. He had a genuine love of the simplicities of landscape. Only so would he have sung :—

"Beautie & Feature, may the Eye-sight please,  
 But a greene Corne-feild, more then either these."  
 (Vol. III., p. 88, ll. 67-68.)

He has generous and sympathetic praise for the Poets of the Past. That he flouts Dan Chaucer is a pity ; but it is unquestionable that it is only modernly that this transcendent Singer has been worthily recognized. Now we are taken captive by his delicately-wrought and artful-careless descriptions of scenery and flower, his humour, his pathos, his matchless fecundity of portraiture, his melodiousness, his humanness ; but "the populace" read him in DANIEL's day alone for the grossness of the "Canterbury Tales ;" and so he rightly condemns such appetite. Contemporaries express

exactly the same opinion with our Poet, *e. g.* John Earle, in his "Micro-cosmographie" (1628), says of "A Vulgar-spirited Man"—"That is taken only with broad and obscure wit, and hisses anything too deep for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money above all our English Poets, because the voice has gone so, and he has read none."\*

His direct allusions to and reminiscences of Shakespere are brief and inadequate. Doubtless the 'Comedy' of Shakespere is beyond all others equally with his 'Tragedy'; but how meagre is the praise, "Reade Comick Shakespere." (i. 223). His rebuke of him for his Sir John Falstaff (Vol. iv., pp. 135-6, etc.) is extremely noteworthy.† There are curious anticipations of later axioms, as of Wit (ii. 257) which inevitably suggests Dryden's memorable couplet:—

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Our Notes and Illustrations will be found packed-full of other noticeable things. *En passant*—I dare to say that any who imagine it a light thing to edit an old Poet, may do worse than study the compressed result of many days and nights of thinking and research in these Notes and Illustrations. Then, there is this two-fold consideration to be kept in mind, that what he himself regarded as his "better poems" were lost by fire (ii. 75, 100); and that the disjointed age forbade him singing as he felt he had capacity to do (ii. Ode xlviii. st. 8-9, and Ode xlix). But take him all in all,

\* See on Chaucer, i. 80, 231.

† I have prepared a little paper on it for the New Shakespere Society.



few qualified judges will dispute the service that has been done in thus rescuing from the hazards of Manuscript only, these Poems of GEORGE DANIEL, or seek to diminish Thomas Crompton's well-worded vaticination :—

“This w<sup>b</sup> is paradox I boldly give  
Thy memory ; when thou art dead thou'lt Live.”  
(Vol. I., p. 20, ll. 15-16.)

It only remains to add (1) That in printing these MSS. I have striven to work on the lines set me by the Poet himself :—

“Deare Muses, wee must part ; yet let me give  
A verse to Time, in charge of my Desire.  
Noe hand, if I am Dead, and these shall live,  
Iniure a Line, or word, I you require.  
Enioy with Freedome, all your owne conceit,  
Let mine not be infrin'g'd, but Equall Great.”  
(Vol. II., p. 123.)

Yet it was simply impossible to reproduce the chaotic punctuation and interrogation-marks of the Scribe employed by the Author. As far as might be, peculiarities have been retained. I now regret that accents have been used at all ; and henceforward shall abandon them in editing English Poetry. (2) That I owe and would record my heartfelt thanks to the Rev. W. E. Buckley, M.A., Middleton Cheney, Banbury : Samuel R. Gardiner, Esq., London, and several other spontaneous correspondents, for cordial and painstaking help in the Notes and Illustrations. My accomplished and self-forgetting friend, Mr. Buckley especially, has spent such an amount of time and thought in co-operation with me therein,

as I feel I cannot adequately acknowledge. My admirable printer, Mr. Robert Roberts, has more than discharged his somewhat onerous task. It has been to him not a mere tradesman's work, as many a shrewd suggestion has proved.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*Park View,  
Blackburn, Lancashire.  
March 20th, 1878.*

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#### POSTSCRIPT.

The MS. of these Poems is a provoking one from its excess and eccentricity of punctuation and non-punctuation, but it has a fine look. It is not in my judgment holograph, though the Author's name may have been here and there written by himself. The mistakes (not in Latin merely) reveal an unlettered Scribe and no very painstaking supervision of the Author. In the commencement there is a double portrait of the two brothers, aged 30 and 29 respectively ("Thus to Posterite, &c.") onward (page 6) is another portrait of the Author, aged 29, in an oval frame—that engraved by Alais for us (Vol. 1.): onward still (page 213) is another portrait of the Author seated under a tree: finally (page 290, after blank leaf) another portrait of the Author in cap and gown. At the close of Ecclesiasticus are seven blank pages and then comes a nude female figure. Scattered up and down are several pen-and-ink designs, shields, &c. I am not without hope that my valued artist-friend, the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, M.A., of Molash, may yet be able to carry out his intention of engraving the whole of these portraits. Meanwhile the one chosen may be accepted as a life-like one.

A. B. G.

# PEDIGREE OF DANIEL OF BESWICK, CO. YORK.

**AUTHORITIES.**—Foster's edit. of Visitation of Yorkshire, 1384, 124; Le Neve's Knights, 157; Harleian Society: MS. Visitation, 1564, with MS. additions by the Rev. C. B. Norcliffe, M.A.

**ARMS.**—Quarterly, 1 and 4, Gules, on a cross or five eagles displayed of the field (Daniel): 2 and 3, Azure, a fesse between three martlets argent (Aslakeby).

.....Daniel of Lockington=

1 Sir William Daniel of=Lucy d. and heir of Thomas Aslakeby  
Beswick, made his Will or Aslakeby of Co. Pal. Durham—out-  
2 Edw. II. (1308). lived her husband: charter to her son  
Robert, 1309.

1 John Daniel of Lockington=... 2 Robert Daniel of Beswick=... Margery=Sir Wilford  
in his father's life-time. 3 Edw. II. (1309) and 41 de Hopsale. Marian=Sir Robert  
Conyers, Knt.

Henry Daniel of Beswick= Robert Daniel—had lands in Easthorpe  
living, 1336. 41 Edw. III. (1367).

.....Daniel of Beswick=

.....Daniel of Beswick=

.....Daniel—whose Christian name was unknown to Flower, the Herald, 1564, =  
William Daniel of Beswick=Alice, d. of Sir John Normanville, Knt.  
ob. 1488: Visitation of 1564 of Kilmick-juxta-Watton.

William Daniel of Beswick=Margaret\*—not named by her husband—d. of Sir Henry  
Will 1 Sept., 1594, pr. 22 March, 1594-5, to be buried at Kilmick. Father-in-law Leonard Redman.

William Daniel of Beswick=Anne, d. of Sir Isabel= Margaret= Ellin= Alice= Elizabeth  
1594, ob. 1540, 1595, Dec. 30. mar. Roger Burgh. mar. Will. mar. Edward  
Dispensation for William Daniel and Anne Salvine, who were married, having received a for- at Kilmick. Lockington. Holderness.  
ged Dispensation.

1 William Daniel of Elizabeth, d. of Richard 2 John Daniel 3 Francis Thomas of= Elizabeth= Jane  
Beswick: ob. 3 = Smithley of Branting- ob. 1560. Will mar. (1) Richard living  
March, 1555-6. ham: she mar. secondly 18 Oct. 1559. gent: bur. John Hardy Grimston  
Robt. Sotheby of Bird- pr. 6th June 1559, at Christopher of Grimston  
sall, and was buried there 29th March, 1560. at Kilmick. Garth in  
Holderness.

Thomas Daniel of Anne, m. 10th Oct. 1562, Beswick, gent. bur. at Kilmick, Robert  
12th April, 1579, at Sotheby, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

1 William Daniel of Beswick=Agnes d. of Robert 2 Richard 3 Christopher Elizabeth=mar. Tho. Isabel=mar. Ralph Anne=mar. John Moore  
bur. in St. Cruz, York, 17 Sotheby of Birdsall: Daniel. Tempest, Esq. of Hansby of Beverley of Burnby-in-Harhill  
Aug. 1600. mar. 6 Nov. 1569 at Pocklington. 1558, at Bishop-Bur- ton. 1558, at Bishop-Burton: hus- bur. 26 July, 1597, at  
neph, Esq. = band died March, 1618.\* (See below.)

\* 1 In Visit. 1585 called Sir Wil-  
liam Gascoigne, Knight, but  
1489, Nov. 3, license to marry  
John Daniel to Margaret Gas-  
coigne of Driffield.







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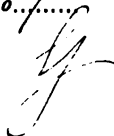
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*This is to certify that the entire impression of the Poems of  
George Daniel is rigidly limited to 100 copies (4 Vols. 4<sup>to</sup>).  
Proof and waste-sheets have all been destroyed.*

*This is No. 7.....*

A handwritten signature, possibly 'J. F. Thorpe', written in ink.

## Daniel's Poems.



Portraits of the Author and his Brother.

*Thus to Posterity ; when wee (return'd  
To our cold Principles) wander, in scorn'd  
Atomes, unknowns ; perhaps, these figures, may  
Vs, to a Time unheard of yet, convey ;  
Or, should they faile our purpose ; can wee blame  
Fortune at all ? when Nature doth the Same ?  
Necessitie, (which noe Care, can prevent,)  
Makes man a foole, and frustrates his intent ;*

Dec<sup>r</sup>. Die Iulij : 1.6.4.7.



# POEMS

Written upon Severall Occasions.



*Pascitur in vivis Livor : post fata quiescit,  
Cum suus ex merito quemque tuetur honos.*  
[OVID, Amores, l. 15. ll. 39-40.]

Apud Beswicke

Ànno Domini :

CIO. MCC. XLVI.



*Coat of Arms and Portrait.*

This Shadow, overshadowed, is a Tipe  
Of my full Selfe ; if you (who see't) are ripe  
To Iudge of Art, behold : a twofold grace  
In one Small Draught ; my Fortune, and my Face ;  
Tis all the Pencill could ; for only Men  
Can draw their inward Selves, w<sup>th</sup> their owne Pen ;

But our Pens flatter ; and wee stranglie raise  
False beauties, in the mind ; as in the face  
The mercinarie Hand ; and sometime put  
A gracefull mole, for a dull morphew'd Spot ;  
Soe neare, is man himself ; that to his owne  
Self, he dissembles, and will not be knowne ;

Thus wee deluded are ; yet, let me Say ;  
If wee know not our selves ; none other may :

*G. Daniel : 23 martij : 1646.*







## An Addresse

By the Author :

not impertinent to the following Poems.

*Au Lecteur.*

**P**hancies are but our owne ; and though wee give  
'Em birth, perhaps they have noe right to Live ;  
Why? doe wee wast our Inke and oyle, in vaine?  
Wasting our Nights and Dayes in fruitles paine  
To bring a Monster forth ? a Prodigie ?  
Or strange Chimæra, of our Fantasie ?  
What End have wee in this? Is't not Enough  
If to our Selves, wee our owne Follies know ?  
If wee poure out, for other Men to Eat  
They'r full, as well as wee, with their owne Meat ;      10  
The World's a tottring Stage ; and Mankind All  
Is but one Antike Individuall ;  
From time to Time, the Same ; noe Age can boast  
The better Interlude ; for what wee most  
Admire, (before our Selves ;) or what we left

Can Iudge of, (After) has nor worst, nor best.  
 This Mockshow, this Colofs', this Maister-peice  
 Of Nature, (as wee call it, when wee please  
 Our partiall frailties) is that brutish Thing,—  
 Degenerate, Foolish, giddy, wavering, 20  
 Voluptuous, Bloodie, Proud, Insatiate  
 Lump of Corruption,—which they wondred at  
 Twelve Centuries a goe; and Time shall bring  
 To its last point, iust such another Thing.  
 There is noe wonder, if within the Sphere  
 Of Nature, ought Irregular appeare :  
 Wee, are that odde Incurable peice  
 Of Error; tis within vs, the Excefs,  
 Defect, or what wee call Deformitie  
 To hinder Nature's first made Harmonie. 30

~~This~~, when I looke at, and my Atome take  
 (A Sand of the rude Heape,) I seeke to make  
 It cleane; and Softly rubbe away the Slime;  
 I seeke it Faire; and weare it, for a Time  
 My Boast, my Jewell; or more Ideot-like  
 I sett it in my Cap, where all Eyes Strike  
 Vpon it; and I, foole, am pleas'd to heare  
 Them rate it high; as though this Graine did beare  
 Proportion to a Piramid; this, clawes  
 My Nature, for a while; but Time, (which drawes 40  
 All Things to Irksomenes;) brings in a packe  
 Of Vanities, whil'st I forgett this Knacke;  
 Careles, I lay it by; whil'st the rude Heape,

(Which rolleth ever) it away doth Sweepe,  
Into the wombe of that insatiate Gulph  
Which Lethe, some doe call.—

Then I run on, forgetting All had past ;  
And my poor Sand, lyes mixt, and gravell'd fast ;  
Chips, Strawes, and Feathers, Bulrushes, and Flowers,  
Then take me vp ; and make my dayes but Howers ; 50  
But as a Child,—not pleaf'd with any long,—  
To get a Rattle, these away are flung.  
What shall I next ? what next shall please my Eye ;  
For All is nothing, but Varietie ;  
Thus roll I Sisyphean Stones, and play  
(Which he can never) all my time away.

Late by the Streame, thus did I playing Sit  
With Cockle-Shells, (a Pas-time not vnfitt  
To my Discretion) : Some, as wise as I,  
Had Shittle-cockes ; (and made them finely flye) 60  
Another fort, had Whirligigs ; and Some  
At Cheek-stones play'd, or Cherry-pit ; of Foame  
Others would blow a Sphære, from out a Shell,  
And run to catch it, like a Starre when't fell ;  
Thus Severally ; but I, as Serious  
As any, to my Folly ; Glorious  
At each Encounter ; and a Victorie  
I priz'd, to all my Ioye's Monopolie ;  
When in the height of All, as Shells must breake,  
Mine broke ; and I discountenaunct, goe seeke 70  
A fresh one on the Shore ; where one I found,

---

And hot for the Encounter, drefs it round ;  
 I washt and Scratcht, and tooke a mightie paine  
 (For it was worth All that ;) till not one graine  
 Of Sand, or Dirt, was Easy to be seene ;  
 Not Troian Hector, in his Armour Sheene,  
 Appear'd more Glorious ; then my Champion was  
 Fitt for the Lists, and I to leave the place,  
 Where I to such high purpose, had bene toying ;  
 When some kind Influence, (greived at y<sup>e</sup> oft foyling      80  
 Of weake mortalitye) told me, I tooke  
 Ioy, in my owne Destruction ; bade me looke  
 To what I had bene doing ; for that Mudde  
 I threw away, was my owne Slime ; and Stood  
 All that remain'd, of what I valued once  
 My dearest Part ; gather againe, what Chance  
 And Providence, are pleas'd to give ; once more  
 Be thy owne Keeper ; from this dismall Shore  
 Not many doe returne.—It ceas'd ; I stood  
 A verie Statua, dull as my owne Mudde ;                      90  
 Not Flint-wrapt Niobe, more stone did rise :  
 My blood was Corral, and my Breath was Ice ;  
 Extasied from all Sence, to thinke what low  
 Delusions drew me ; and I knew not how ;  
 For all the Sordid Follyes, which I fought  
 With Earnestnes, were now before me brought,  
 A Spectacle of Horror ; I must breake  
 This marble of my Shame, my Shame to Speake.  
 What can I doe (Alas) ? but gather in

The little Dirt, which formerly was mine ; 100  
 A fixèd bodie, orient and bright ;  
 Now a foule mixture, darke in my owne Sight ;  
 As to my Reason, the first Chaos was.  
 I must goe on ; Man, while he has in chase  
 The world, and obiects vaine, looseth himselfe ;  
 And his poore Sand, turnes wreck't into the Shelfe  
 Of bruitish Appetite ; the Labour's over  
 If from this Syrte's wee our Sand recover.

Where am I now ? enveloped as Deepe  
 To my owne wonder, as my Shame can creepe ; 110  
 The vast Abisse of nature's vnsearch't wombe  
 (Mother to Reason, Ignorance's Tombe)  
 Were a prodigious Title, to enhance  
 My numbers weighty, and my Name advance ;  
 This might blow vp a Spirrit of that fire  
 Who loves to Speake, what others but Admire ;  
 For who can Speake, what cannot be exprest ?  
 Readers, know little, and the writer Least.

Love is noe more a Ray, from that devine  
 Flame, then this Fish-scale, Phoebus, is from thine ; 120  
 Tis a low bruit Affection, now, which binds  
 In Sensuall Fetters, lowe Earth-seeking minds ;  
 Gold, and Desire, is Love ; let minde and Face  
 Warne Cottages, and be the milkmaid's Grace ;  
 Wee higher tend ; Fruition, of that all-  
 Compounded Evill, is the thing wee call  
 Love, not improperlie ;—and is not witt

Worthy a name? that can be Parasit' ?  
 Clawe my yong Lord, or make my Ladie smile,  
 With quaint Devises, worthy well her while ? 130  
 Getting a goodly deale of patronage ;  
 And my Lord's word, ~~The wonder of his Age.~~  
 Soe are they both—: but Witt, is growne, of Late  
 Like the Trunke-hose, laught at, and out of Date.  
 The Drum, beats loud, to fright our Villages,  
 Swords are the Pens, which everie Day encrease ;  
 Our Laws, are writt in Blood ; and carv'd with Steele,  
 Worthy the Authors—: but I hope wee feele  
 Some ghostly Comfort yet ; Religion  
 Has put of late, her best Apparell on ; 140  
 And wee are all a wooeing fitt to ride,  
 Who should bring in this faire one, fitt for Bride :  
 Well ; wee have tryed Enough, and rifled Each  
 Below the Cloaths vnto the naked breech ;  
 And left em Soe ; and foe alas they goe,  
 Poore Ladies, to this Day, and Like to doe ;  
 What Age has ever yet bene free of these ?  
 Tis true, the last King was a man of Peace ;  
 Yet sawcye Qvills would note some blemish int ;  
 And his fam'd Predecefsors, though in print, 150  
 And painted Cloath, they make her verie fine ;  
 Yes, and her Sister, who did love to Dine  
 On woodcocke Christians, roasted for the nonce  
 With Gutts and All ;—or if wee should Advance  
 To bugbeare Harrie, whose imperious breath

Was Law enough ;—Oh the fine Dagger sheath !  
 And Codpeice of that King !—Let Nero rise  
 Iustified, in his strange Impieties.

Scoure of[f] the Rust ; and fet an Edge on Witt,  
 Let each Line sparkle Courage ; till wee Sitt 160  
 Constellated with Cæsar, in our owne  
 Or other's Flatterie ; let Vertue (growne  
 Long out of vse) adde some graines to the Skale  
 Of what wee claime to ; how shall it availle ?  
 What doe wee see applauded, everie Day ?  
 Vice in a vizard goes the safest way ;  
 The goodly masques, of Faith, and Conscience,  
 Are worne to thrive by ; be't without offence  
 I know none Honest, but to his owne Sight  
 In his owne Cause, is a Strange Hypocrite. 170

The Great Aurelius, had a flight beyond  
 This Region, in the Sphære of his owne mind ;  
 And I admire his Dictates, as they are  
 To him felse-Precepts ; what a Noble care  
 It is in man, to give that Seasoning  
 From his owne Fountaine, shall preserve the Spring  
 (Through all the Ambages of Life's Affaire)  
 Backe to its liveing Source, vnmixt, and Cleare !

I can be pleaf'd, when Lucian laughs at Witt,  
 And makes Philosophie, a Dizzard fitt ; 180  
 Crack-brain'd Menippus, wisely did discern  
 They taught the Things which they would never learne.

I'me Slow in my owne Nature ; Dull, and Rude ;



---

Indifferent, in my humor ; Solitude  
 Affects me cheifly ; bashfull, have noe feat  
 Nor iocund humour, to ingratiate ;  
 Yet not Averse, but rather hammer out  
 What I approve, then Carry mirth about ;  
 I commend freedome ; Mirth, I love, beyond  
 My Genius, and Adore it in my mind ; 190  
 But cannot be Facete ; some Gesture fitts  
 Still in my Face, which noe full mirth befits ;  
 And when I force it in, it comes as patt  
 To make me Laugh, becaufe I know not what  
 I first meant, should be Ieast ; a thousand things  
 Palse, with the Garbe, when the maine Storie brings  
 Little to Iudgement ; now let me recite  
 Things not vnworthy, and I spoyle 'em quite.  
 I have noe gracefull Meine nor faire Accost,  
 Noe Foyle ; Even Diamonds grow dim, in my Dust. 200  
 In my Discourse I'me common ; but can keepe  
 A trusted Secret, as the Centre deepe,  
 Within my Bosome ; I could never love  
 One Individuall Atome, much above  
 Another ; I admire ; to all I am  
 Each severall Species ; for the glorious Name  
 Of freindship and Affection, though it draw  
 My Nature aptly, yet I find it rawe  
 And but a Phlegme, where I would most exprefse :  
 Now tis a Flame within me ; and I lefse 210  
 Consider my owne Interest, then the Claime  
 Another has vnto me, in that Name.

Now whether Education, or what else  
 I doe not know, perhaps from principles  
 Of Constitution, fome vnwonted Awe,  
 Something, vnder what Name I doe not know,  
 Strikes me, in maiestie ; and though I praise  
 All Government, as Government ; I raife  
 My Selfe, with more Delight, to looke vpon  
 A monarch's Scepter, then the Axe, or Gowne. 220

This, when I wondring fixe at ; I behold  
 Our Royall master, in Afflictions old ;  
 But vig'orous in vertue, and Dispred  
 In all his Princelie Rayes ; not hindered  
 As the Eclipsed Sun, by the moon's dull  
 Hydropticke bodie, to obscure him full ;  
 But Charles, whose more illustrious Beams strike throw'  
 The giddie planet, that the world may know  
 Tis but her Errant motion ; Hee, the Same  
 Light, to the world ; Health and Life-bringing Flame : 230  
 Soe Father Saturne, by his Sawcie Son,  
 Seaven yeare agoe, was interpos'd ; tis Runne  
 I hope out, in our Iland ; Meteors must  
 After a while, burne out, and dye ith' Dust :  
 But the great Luminaries carrie Flame  
 T<sup>e</sup> enrich the world, and make it worth a Name.

Freedome, and love of Truth, is all I boast ;  
 I know but little, Hee that knowes the most  
 Is not an Inch beyond me ; I can Sitt  
 Pleased in my owne ; Hee's plungèd in his witt ; 240

For Knowledge is a Quicksand ; where wee can  
 Not free our selves, till wee the burthen, man,  
 Devest ; our Flesh, the Scales which doe obscure  
 Our intellectuall Eyes ; and Death's the Cure :  
 Then chang'd, wee move another Nature ; See  
 And know things trulie, as they truly bee  
 In their owne Causes ; till when, wee pursue  
 A Wildgoose-Chase, to what none ever knew ;  
 Hee that knew All, knew nothing ; or at least  
 Knew, all Hee knew was Follie with the rest. 250

Then bring me wine ; Call in the merrie Crue,  
 Let petty Sphæres their heightned Peggs vp-Scrue  
 To rival with the greater ; and disperse  
 Our frolicke Ioyes, to all the vniverse ;  
 Soe Poets are themselves ; let Dulnes Sitt  
 On the dry brow ; wee live in mirth and witt ;  
 Be sprightly, as the morne ; Anticipate  
 Time, in his motion ; and Astonish Fate  
 To make our owne ; while the dull Sisters winke  
 And pafse our Threds, Halfe-drunke, to see vs Drinke. 260

Are there noe Females in the house come in ?  
 Coy Modesties, where have you Absent bene ?  
 From what, your Wishes rectified, prefer  
 To our Desires ; A Day, has bene a Yeare ;  
 Strike vp a louder Note while wee advance  
 Preparatoryes, to our Daliance.

Me thinkes, againe I thirst ; Swell me a Boule,  
 Lefse Emptie, then the Ayre ; Let mifers howle

At their slow Incomes ; tis a Noble prize  
To laugh at fortune and the World despise. 270

This hideous Peice of madnes has perchance,  
I th' Scæne, lefs Envie, and lefse Arrogance  
Then fome wee call Discretions ; perhaps lefse  
Impietie ; but Sin, who can Exprefse ?  
Tis all within vs ; and our Thoughts scarce know  
What tis wee would, or what wee would not Doe ;  
Soe then wee whine, vpon our Errors past,  
And Swimme our Brains in Follye to the Last.

Our Fancies are our Follies ; and our Boast  
Is all our Crime ; Strange Paradox ! almost 280  
To Stifle Reason ; yet it is most true  
I've found it, in my Selfe ; and Soe may You :

**Ut Surgam Cado.**

**Munitus, et clausus, contra externa  
intra me maneo ;  
a curis omnibus Securus,  
praeter unam,  
ut fractum, subactumq: hunc animum,  
rectæ Rationi, ac Deo subisciam ;  
et animo  
coeteras res humanas.**

*To his honoured friend y<sup>e</sup> authour  
upon his Poems.*

WHEN w<sup>th</sup> thy gallant WARWICK thou begins,  
 Cosen, thou masters Muse, a style y<sup>e</sup> wins  
 oratorie to admiration of verse ;  
 Degraded prose, vnflidg'd yet to rehearse  
 an honourable note, soares not to Say  
 Nevil, who made them Kinges was more then they :  
 Whiles that great Courage w<sup>h</sup> disposèd them,  
 both gaue & tooke y<sup>e</sup> dandled Diadem.  
 more by thy quainter pen y<sup>e</sup> armie bleeds  
 and frisher farr than their heroick deedes. 10  
 But when thy Mifsalanie doth disband  
 thy strickter Sence (deare freind) w<sup>ch</sup>e doth comānd  
 Varietie to ramble here & there,  
 Flowers bandy sent, birds they inchant y<sup>e</sup> aire :  
 This w<sup>h</sup> is paradox I boldly give  
 Thy memory ; when thou art dead thou'lt Live.

Tho: Crompton.

*Vpon a Reviewe of Virgil, translated  
by M<sup>r</sup>. Ogilby.*



HIS, not to Virgil, whom I did Admire ;  
 Not led by Custome, but a secret fire  
 Shot through my Soule, from his abundant Ray ;  
 And not by Votes, led to what others Say ;  
 I did, and doe admire Him ; and I thought  
 A brave Adventure 'twas, who ever brought  
 Him, to speake current English, in the rate  
 Our Langvage carries now ; but I may Say't  
 (Without a Boast) vpon this second veiwe,  
 This Qvill has done All that, and doth pursue 10  
 The heights of fancye, equall to his owne,  
 In a quicke flame, and full exprefion ;  
 In weight, and number, great as the first Soule  
 inflamèd Virgil ; moveing on the whole  
 Bodie, with the same Sinnewes, not a Nerve  
 Lost, to its vse ; (lest Life, & Blood might Sterve  
 Within obstructed Channels ;) everie veine  
 Rises, as High, and to be seene as plaine.  
 May wee beleive the Rants, some Chimists make,  
 To confume Bodies, which againe shall take 20  
 Being and forme ; (a Refurrective Tipe  
 From dust & Ashes,) th' individuall, ripe  
 To all its former beauties, they can raife  
 Numerically iust, to what it was ;

---

These Curiosities layd out, may please  
 Yonge Heads ; & profit old Huniades,  
 Who has found out y<sup>e</sup> true Elixir ; which  
 T<sup>r</sup> attempt, makes others poore, has made Him, rich.  
 But Wee, who move beyond Philosophye  
 In these Experiments, will credit thee 30  
 Great Oracle of Samos ; and averre  
 Soules are not lost, or Dye, but doe transfer ;  
 And the great Genius of y<sup>e</sup> Mantuan, fir'd  
 In a fit Clay, now breaths the same admir'd  
 Accents, which never any durst afsay  
 To imitate, or open, to this Day ;  
 But one, who with a rude & tedious Qvill  
 Doth wound his Readers, & his Author, Kill ;  
 Virgil is dull & Lost ; and only Phaer  
 Resolves his words, verball Interpreter. 40  
 Such, in a Prose, to duller Heads, may Stand  
 With honest meaning ; But let noe bold hand  
 Attempt a Poet, 'cause he learnèd once  
 To construe Latin ; and foe caught, by chance,  
 A Flye, in yawning ; ther's a rule beyond  
 Your Syntax ; tis a Sympathie of mind ;  
 A Soule enricht with sacred flame, to all  
 The Author's Spirit, in th' originall ;  
 A Genius, to the primitive conceit ;  
 Con-centricke wheels, with motion, to y<sup>e</sup> great 50  
 Idea fixt ; not Skip & catch by turnes,  
 Or make his owne, while the rack'd Author mourns,

Tortur'd, in clumfie fingers ; White Hands may  
 Open y<sup>e</sup> folds, and draw the veile away ;  
 Some, now tormented thus ; for all Soules have  
 Not Rest, when their cold Bodies kisse the Grave ;  
 But Sensible in some things, suffer to  
 The iniuries Posteritie may doe  
 Vpon their Labours ; Some, (in those blest Shades  
 Lost to their owne, by what noe time invades 60  
 As they bequeath'd it ; in another tongve  
 Another Note, they know not what they Sung ;)   
 Frequent the Corners & ashamèd sitt  
 Vnder vnverdant Trees ; their Hands commit  
 Outrage on holy boughs ; for through y<sup>e</sup> Place  
 Is nothing witherd : but still-virent Bayes  
 Narcissus, Hyacinth, Sweet Asphodel,  
 (And what our Langvage may not reach to tell)  
 Appeare, and make Elizium but one Grove ;  
 Only y<sup>e</sup> Skirts, some Soules (lefs happie) rove ; 70  
 Whose Relicts, handled by foule Thumbs, have lost  
 Their native Lustre ; These, (who left, to boast  
 Numbers, which not vnworthily have plac'd  
 Them in Elizium, yet) on Earth disgrac'd  
 Would beg a Pasport, (but, who can convey  
 Soules, happie-seated) to revisit Day ;  
 There, they must vexè ; at lest, not there posses  
 Entire fruition, of a perfect Peace ;  
 Till Time, (which fitts the Earth, to make one place  
 Of many orbes) shall throw away his Glasse ; 80



---

Or raife another Qvill, to vindicate  
 The Author, and enthrone him in his State ;  
 Here (till repaired thus) they not inherit ;  
 The weed, they would put on, they cannot weare it ;  
 Triflers, on Earth, are tugging at y<sup>e</sup> Sleeves,  
 Ruffle y<sup>e</sup> folds, and the full Skirt vpheav's.  
 Soe this restored Maro, for a while  
 (Time is not meafur'd there) pinch't, in y<sup>e</sup> toyle  
 Of all his Glorie, suffer'd ; now, hee treads  
 Free, as Musæus, & y<sup>e</sup> clearest Heads 90  
 Of that blest confine ; if a Limit may  
 Be fet, where nothing bounds ; for Place, they Say  
 Is but our Image ; high, & purgèd Soules  
 Leave Time & Place, to dull earthporing fooles ;  
 There, like Himfelfe, in his first Station  
 Hee moves, vnchanged in y<sup>e</sup> version ;  
 All Hee now doth, (& not w<sup>th</sup> care) is but  
 To Harbinger his learnèd name, who put  
 New Robes of Glory on his great Remains ;  
 Radiant, as Light ; & Truth-like, free from Stains ; 100  
 There, Hee prepares them, to receive a Gvest  
 Worthily their Harmony, their Ioy, their Rest ;  
 And frames loud Pæans, Him to gratulate,  
 Worthily plac'd neare to his owne high Seate.  
 Soe did Great Homer, and Theocritus  
 Take Qvarters vp, for Virgil's living Mufe ;  
 Though to a different Honour Homer sung,  
 He caught his from Him, not to doe him wrong ;

And Hesiod there, who fung of Ceres most,  
 Gave his Corne-Chaplets, Virgil's better boast, 110  
 When Hee arriv'd ; Hee now his owne hath torne  
 In equall parts, equally to adorne  
 His freind ; for 'tis vnlawfull any (but  
 Virgill's owne Selfe) another's wreath on putt ;  
 They may participate, Soe share it there,  
 As they have Rivall'd in their fancyes here.  
 What more, may not be told ; tis only left  
 To those who shall enioy those Ioyes, a gift ;  
 Mean-while, iust Admirations may raise  
 Merit, on Earth ; to give desert, a place 120  
 Beyond y<sup>e</sup> mouth of Envie ; thus I yeild  
 My double Tribute ; Hee that cannot weild  
 Armes, must confer his Power another way ;  
 All cannot all things dexterously afsay ;  
 And that I may not end, without a breath  
 From Virgill's mouth ; take it, as I bequeath .  
 It to y<sup>e</sup> world, in Honour of this Pen,  
 Who made Him speake, a Dialect, for men  
 To wonder at ; a worke worthy his Bayes  
 See ; now Ascanius keeps an Equall pace. 130

July 2<sup>nd</sup>  
 1647.

G. Daniel:



*A Vindication of Poesie.*

**R**UTH Speakes of old, the Power of Poesie ;  
 Amphion, Orpheus, Stones and Trees could move ;  
 Men, first by verfe, were taught Civilitie ;  
 'Tis knowne, and granted ; yet would it behove  
 Mee, with the Ancient Singers, here to Crowne  
 Some later Qvills, Some Makers of our owne.

Who has not heard Mæonides' loud Straine ?  
 Macedon's Envie ? who did never yet  
 (That has of Numbers heard, but) heare againe  
 The Ascrean Pipe ? or great Musæus' witt ? 10  
 Who has not heard of Heroes, Demigods ?  
 Of Centaur's ? Cyclop's ? Sacred founts, and woods ?

See antique Rome ; and though you see her plaine,  
 In honest Ennius ; can you but admire  
 Pious Æneas ? or the Mantuan,  
 As Sweet in feilds, as statelie, in Troies' fire ?  
 Not Euxine Pontus, nor the Tirant's Lust  
 Shall make Fame be lefs glorious, Fate lefse Iust.

For after Death, dyes Envye ; all men find  
 Honour due to their merits ; this, he taught 20

And this, he found ; live Ovid (vnconfined)  
 To better mention ; beyond a Thought  
*Of o cur vidi* ; never more exclaime ;  
 Hee wrong'd his owne, and added to thy Name.

Loe yet another ; he who has not heard  
 Pharsalia's Trumpet, never knew his fate ;  
 Corduba's Glorie ; see the Poet smear'd  
 In guiltles Blood, triumph in Neroe's hate :  
 His name shall live ; and he, that cannot raise  
 A verse to Lucan, dye without his praife. 30

A noble Store, doth Italie produce,  
 Which hap'lie may advance, their fame as great ;  
 Danazar, Petrarch, Tassoe's honored Muse :  
 Swift Arne, the Thuscan Soile, noe more shall beat,  
 Nor Swan-clad Po run Sweet, nor fame be Iust  
 If Dant forgotten be, or Ariost' :

Nor shall the Muse of that French Eagle dye,  
 Devine Sire Bartas ; and the happie writt  
 Of Bellay, here shall live eternallie,  
 Eternizing his name, in his owne Witt ; 40  
 From hence, by a Short passage, wee are come  
 To veiw the Treasure of our witts at home.

I am not bound to honour Antique names ;  
 Nor am I led, by other Men to Chuse

---

Any thing worthy, which my Iudgment blames ;  
 Heare better Straines, though by a later muse ;  
     The Sweet Arcadian Singer first did raise  
     Our Langvage Current, and deserv'd his Baies ;

That Lord of Pen'herst ; Penherst whose sad walls  
 Yet mourne their Master, in the Belgicke fray                      50  
 Vntimelie lost ; to whose deare funerals  
 The Medwaie doth its constant Tribute paye ;  
     But glorious Penherst, Medwaie's waters once  
     With Mincius shall, and Mergeline advance.

The Shepherd's Boy, best known by that name,  
 Colin ; vpon his homely oaten Reed  
 With Roman Titirus may share in flame ;  
 But when a higher path hee seems to tread,  
     Hee is my wonder ; for who yet has seene  
     Soe Cleare a Poeme as his Faerie Queene ?                      60

The Sweetest Swan of Avon, to y<sup>e</sup> faire  
 And Cruel Delia, pafsionatelie Sings ;  
 Other men's weakneses and follies are  
 Honour and Witt in him ; each Accent brings  
     A Sprig, to Crowne him Poet ; and Contrive  
     A Monument, in his owne worke, to live.

Draiton is sweet and Smooth ; though not exact  
 Perhaps, to stricter Eyes ; yet he shall live

Beyond their Malice. To the Sceane, and Act,  
 Read Comicke Shakespeare ; or if you would give 70  
     Praise to a Iust Defert, crowning the Stage  
     See Beaumont, once the honour of his Age.

The reverent Donne, whose quill God purely fil'd  
 Lives to his Character ; & though he claime  
 A greater glory, may not be exil'd  
 This commōwealth ; y<sup>e</sup> entrance of his fame  
     Thus as y<sup>e</sup> Sun, to either Hemisphere  
     Still y<sup>e</sup> same Light Hee movèd w<sup>h</sup> vs here.

But as a Poet ; all y<sup>e</sup> softneses  
 The Shadow, Light, y<sup>e</sup> Ayre, & Life, of Love ; 80  
 The Sharpnes of all Witt ; ev'n bitternes  
 Makes Satire Sweet ; all wit did God emprove  
     'Twas flamed in him, 'Twas but warm vpon  
     His Embers ; He was more ; & y<sup>t</sup> is Donne.

Here pause a little ; for I would not Cloy  
 The curious Eare, with recitations ;  
 And meerly looke at names ; attend with Ioy  
 Vnto an English Qvill, who rivall'd once  
     Rome, not to make her blush ; and knowne of late  
     Vnenvied ('cause vnequall'd) Laureate. 90

This, this was Ionson ; who in his owne name  
 Carries his praise ; and may he shine alone ;

I am not tyed to any generall ffame,  
 Nor fixèd by the Approbation  
 Of great ones ; But I speake without pretence,  
 Hee was, of English Drammatickes, the Prince.

Be glad, illiterate English ; y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> may,  
 Heare Lucan, in your best of Langvage speake ;  
 Lucan, y<sup>e</sup> mouth of Story, Sung by Maye,  
 To y<sup>t</sup> his owne ; his owne, foe truly like 100  
 The Roman Genius, as you cannot say,  
 This was by Lucan done, or y<sup>t</sup> by Maye.

Let Nafo sing his best ; and once lament  
 That best, did want his last life-giving hand ;  
 His works, our Sands, though now in banifent  
 A Stranger, in a wild & remote Land,  
 Has polisht out, & impes his wing, to flye,  
 Beyond Rome's Eagles, & her Emperye.

Now leaves he there ; but as he had Disdaigned  
 Her witt, or Empire, confind to his reach ; 110  
 The holy Ground, he treads ; w<sup>h</sup> though they gaind  
 They never got ; he did ; & now doth teach  
 To vs dull Ilanders, y<sup>e</sup> inspirèd Layes  
 Which David fung ; & w<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Preacher sayes.

The noble Overburie's Qvill, has left  
 A better Wife, then he could ever find ;

I will not search too deep, lest I should lift  
 Dust from the dead ; Strange power of womankind,  
 To raise, and ruine ; for all he will claime  
 Is from that Sex ; his Birth, his Death, his Fame. 120

But I spin out too long ; let me draw vp  
 My thred, to honour names of my owne time,  
 Without their Evlogies, for it may Stop  
 With Circumstantiall Termes, a wearie Rhime ;  
 Suffice it if I name 'em ; that for me  
 Shall stand, not to refuse their Evlogie.

The noble ffalkland, Digbie, Carew, Maine  
 Beaumont, Sands, Randolph, Allen, Rutter, May,\*  
 The Devine Herbert, and the ffletchers twaine,  
 Habinton, Shirley, Stapilton ; I stay 130  
 Too much on names ; yet may I not forget  
 Davenant, and Suckling, eminent in witt.

Waller not wants y<sup>e</sup> glory of his verfe ;  
 And meets a noble praise, in every Line ;  
 What should I adde in honour ? to reherfe  
 Admirèd Cleaveland ! by a verfe of mine ?  
 Or give y<sup>e</sup> glorious muse of Denham praise ?  
 Soe with'ring Brambles stand, to liveing Bayes.

\* On margin " Godolphin, Cartwright, Beaumont, Montagne."



These may suffice ; not only to advance  
 Our English honour, but for ever crowne 140  
 Poesie 'bove the reach of Ignorance ;  
 Only dull fooles vnmov'd, admire their owne  
 Stupiditie ; and all beyond their Sphere  
 Is Madnes, and but tingling in the Eare.

Great Flame (whose raies at once, have power to peirce  
 The frosted Skull of Ignorance, and Close  
 The mouth of Envie) ; if I bring a verse  
 Vnapt to move, my admiration fflowes  
 With humble Love, and Zeale in the intent  
 To a Cleare Rapture, from the Argument. 150

*To Time and Honour.*

FAIRE Albion, of the world thou fairest Ile !  
 And thou Deare Yorkshire, thou my native Soyle,  
 My Nurse, my Mother ; oh, how can I pay  
 My Gratitude ? Muse ! teach me what to Say ;  
 How shall I praise thee most ? let me looke backe  
 To former Ages, and I heare 'em Speake  
 With almost wonder ; what prodigious name  
 Can boast he Saw, he went, and overcame,  
 ffurther then some of ours ? Third Edward's Son,  
 Son of brave Sire ! how did he overrun 10  
 The 'face of ffrance ? and Victorie Create  
 In his owne fortune ; pardon, if I say't,

Hee was not Second to those names wee heare  
 Pronounc'd with Admiration and feare ;  
 Not that Great Alexander, nor the name  
 Of Punicke Hannibal, nor Cæsar's flame,  
 Outshine his Glories ; had he seene a Day  
 As large in Time, he'd beene as great as they ;  
 Him Shall I praise ? or his brave father most ?  
 Or his great Grandsire ? or of Richard boast ? 20  
 That Richard Lion's-heart ; and from that Stemme  
 Bring downe the Glorie, to fifth Harrie's name,  
 Or the fowerth Edward ; these and many more  
 (Though not in flame) in Blood-inferior,  
 Might I repeat ; but better let them goe  
 To swell huge Chronicle in folio.  
 How shall I praise thee most ? in thy full peace !  
 Thy nat'rall Bounties, and the large increafe  
 Which everie yeare forth brings ; thy inborne wealth,  
 Thy selfe-existence, where wee need noe Stealth 30  
 Of Marchants to enrich vs ; but might rest  
 Safe in our Selves, with native bounties blest ;  
 Shall I praise one, or All ? for All are thine.  
 Noe more will I admire the Southerne Shine,  
 Nor Easterne perfumes, nor the wealth o' th' west ;  
 But thinke thee fairest, Sweetest, richest, Best ;  
 fforgetting Chaucer, and Dan Lidgate's Rhime ;  
 Loe here, the Glorie of our modern time,  
 A learnèd Age ; Since great Eliza's reigne  
 And peace came in ; the proud Italian 40

And iustly proud in Poesie, will allow  
The English (though not Equall) next him now.  
The noble Sidney, crown'd with liveing Bayes ;  
And Spencer, cheif, (if a peculiar praise  
May pass, and from the rest not derogate)  
The learned Jonson, whose Dramaticke State  
Shall stand admir'd Example, to reduce  
Things proper, to the light, or buskind Muse.  
Many the present Age afford, of which  
Heare flakland, Digbie, Beaumont, Carew, Rich, 50  
In their Composures Severall ; with whom  
Maye, Allein, Randolph, Shirley, Rutter come ;  
Sons of thy wombe all these ; with whom may I  
(Though in a weake and humble Poesie)  
Thy glories Celebrate, and quitt the Score  
Nature obligeth me ; I aske noe more.  
Not that I covet fame ; let those high names  
Inherite all the Glorie of their Thames,  
And live to many ages, though I fall,  
In scorn'd Dust, and have noe name at all : 60  
Suffice it I may sing vpon thy flood,  
Neglected Humber ; or my Muse (lesse proud)  
Sport in the Sedges of my neighbouring Streame,  
Poore as my verse, neither deserving name.  
And may the village where I had my birth  
Enclose as Due, my Bodie in her Earth.



*A Pastorall Ode; The Eglogue  
is Lost.*

COME leave the Citie's strife  
 And chuse a Countrie Life,  
 There place my Ioyes ; and let my wandring mind  
 Be fixt, and there confin'd ;  
 There, with my lovèd Sheepe,  
 And my owne Silvia, I as prince, can keepe,  
 Crown'd Monarch, in her Brest,  
 Equall loving, equall Blest ;  
 Come, come away, my thoughts, be fixèd here,  
 ffor greater pleasures have y<sup>e</sup> greater Care. 10

What though I doe not find  
 My Galleries, there Lin'd  
 With Atticke hangings, nor Corinthian Plate,  
 (Ensignes of greater State  
 Plac'd for more ornament)  
 Is't in these vanities to find Content ?  
 I doe not Covet these ;  
 An humble Roofe may please  
 An humble mind ; and who can tell ? there may  
 Be troubled Thoughts in Downe, as well as Hay. 20

Though Gray or Russet be  
 My height of Gayetie,  
 Though I nor Plush, nor gaudie Sattin have ;  
 Enough, I doe none Crave :  
 What though, my Backe, or Thigh,  
 Not Cloathèd be with Woole, in Tirian Dye !  
 Nor Beaver's fleece enrich  
 My Browes ! tis not the Itch  
 Of Glorie takes me ; I can often find  
 In Garments trimme, a Discompofed mind. 30

The Colchian Bird's to mee  
 Noe baite of Luxurie,  
 Nor doe I feeke th' Ionian Partridge, more  
 Then Hens, from my owne Doore ;  
 The Lushious oyster is,  
 And Lobster, though of treeble price  
 Not moveing ; neither feeke  
 I Spanish Wines, or Greeke,  
 To Stirre my Spirrits : I can gladly bee  
 Sated with lelse, and Shun the Luxurie. 40

What tho' perhaps I want  
 Beauties, and have no hant  
 Where I may wanton, and quench lustfull fires ;  
 Noe need ; for those desires  
 I doe not harbour ; Soe  
 I flye the Sin, and the occasion too ;

---

ffor Silvia is to me  
More then varietie ;  
In her deare Eyes I ioy, and can take thence  
A flame of Modestie and Innocence. 50

Noe Lustfull Raptures me  
Hold in Captivitie ;  
I feeke noe wanton mistrefs, I can Spend  
(And wish time might not End,)  
Daies, and Years, with Silvia ;  
Shee, to my pleafed Thoughts, is more then they  
Can fancie, in their Dreams ;  
I would, thefe foule extreames,  
Not lefs then Scylla, or Charibdis Shun ;  
There is an Isthmus, I would fixe vpon. 60

The gaudie Citie's pride,  
Nor what they boast beside,  
Nor their full Treafures, nor their furnisht roomes,  
Where Silken Madam comes ;  
Not all the Cloaths they weare  
Nor their high feasting, and luxurious fare ;  
Not Madam's felfe, can make  
Mee, countrie Life forsake ;  
Noe ; let them riot, revel, feast, and vant  
Their garments rich as thefe, the Sin I want. 70

Ile shun Court Care, and the proud Citie's strife,  
Center my Ioyes, in a poore Countrie Life.

*The Spring.*

NOW the Springe enters ; now the Sun doth Cheare  
 The quick'ned Earth ; and trees by Cold made bare  
 Now gin to bud ; the Earth doth now begin  
 To flourish, in her Sweet and glorious Trimme ;  
 The Silver Streams bound vp by winter's Cold  
 Glide fairly, where they murmured of old ;  
 The goodly meadowes, russet late, and Dead,  
 In a fresh Drefse, are now apparelled ;  
 The mountaine tops are bar'd, and where the Snow  
 Late covered, the Spring begins to Shew. 10  
 Thither, the Lads, dull'd with the winter's rest,  
 To ioy in wonted Sports, doe gladly hast ;  
 Now Ioyes the Industrious Bee, and the Ant now  
 (Embleme of Providence) her felfe doth Show,  
 Warne in her winter's Store ; doth now againe  
 Labour, and make provifion, to fustaine  
 Her little bodie, for the after-day ;  
 Now flyes the maggot, in her paintings gay,  
 (Signe of faire weather) and doth now invite  
 Decrepit years, to tas't the Spring's delight. 20  
 I will not call the Cuckooe, with the Spring,  
 (Vnnatural foolish Bird) let her voyce ringe  
 T' affright the Citie, and an Omen carrie  
 Of fte, to fooles, and old men, when they marrie ;  
 But here the Redbreast and gray Linnets Singe,

---

The poore wren flutters with an Eager wing,  
To gaine yond' highest Sprig, and there doth pay  
A Ceremonious Himne, to welcome day ;  
Whilst from that Grove, the haples Philomel  
Sweetly, though Sadly, doth her Storie tell ; 30  
The little Dazies, shake their Deawie Locks,  
The ambitious woodbine climbs againe, and mocks  
The tardie Gilliflower ; the lillye in  
Her liveing Robe of Innocence, doth Shine ;  
ffor those of Cost and Art, to me are poor :  
Nature is Rich, and Curious in her Store ;  
And this fame Marigold, or violet here,  
To the transplanted Tulip, I preferre ;  
Loe, where the Larke, borne on her active wing,  
Pouers forth her Song of Ioy, vnto the Spring ; 40  
Lambs ioyous friske, and play now each with other,  
Neglect the Teate, and leave the Ewe, their mother ;  
Inspired with the Time, may my Muse frame  
Notes with the Larke, be Sportive with the Lambe.





*The Difference.*

I KNEW him here alive, whose everie Breath  
 Was Health, and med'cine 'gainst Disease and Death;  
 Kept constant Times of Sleepe, and could not Eate  
 But at set times, and of such kind of Meat;  
 This, was grosse feeding, th' other, was foule & nought;  
 And such men, to infirmities that brought;  
 This, full of Humor, that, decayed the Blood;  
 This, was a binder; th' other was not good;  
 Hee kept a Diet in his drinke, nor would  
 Hee tast this, t'was too hot; and that, too cold;                10  
 This, too too searhing was; and that, did bring  
 Inevitable Death, or a worse thing;  
 But ffleumotorie, Wormewood, Sage, Rosemarie,  
 Bettonie, and such moe, as make me wearie  
 In the recitall; tunn'd in Liquor vp  
 Each, to his Seafon; and that soveraigne Cup  
 Of Antimonie cheifly (which he taught  
 With as much Zeale as he from whom 'twas bought :)  
 Hee kept 'em in a booke, the Cures 't had done,  
 Of Sores, and Sicknes, all beneath the Sun;                20  
 ffrom Raging ffleavers, even to that wee call  
 A Beggar's Ague,—why, it Cures 'em all;

ffrom the poore Village Scabbe, to the hot Pox,  
 And all the Sores tooke from vnwholfome Smocks ;  
 It cures (almost a Miracle to see),  
 The new-found Rickets, halfe-lost Leprosie ;  
 Wer't pofsible, 't would bring a Maidenhead  
 Backe to the Partie, and revive the Deade ;  
 ffor 't has, from fuch an one, tane halfe a Score  
 Odde doting years ; from fuch, as many more ; 30  
 It has made an old Crazèd vfurer be feene  
 Neglect his twenties, dote ypon fifeene ;  
 It has done feats, fuch as the Bath nor Spau  
 Ere boasted ; Such as England never Saw ;  
 Some, in his owne Experience ; Some, he tooke  
 ffrom worshipfull good Credit ; and his Booke,  
 It was the Best, he ever knew ; and Hee  
 Had read from Galen, downe to Alestree ;  
 Hee'd tell me foe ; and fay, he oft could take  
 Things from th' Posteriors of an Almanacke, 40  
 Very behoofull to the Regimen  
 Of health ; the Times, and Seafons, How and when  
 Wee should apply all med'cine, in an Hower  
 Soe Criticall, it might our Health afsure ;  
 When best to Bath, and when 't was fitt to bleed,  
 By way of Nature, or by way of need ;  
 When everie nat'rall office most prevailes ;  
 Knew when to blow his nofe, or pare his Nailles ;  
 In everie thing precife ; now, this he'd eat,  
 And the next meale, th' other was wholfome meat ; 50

ffruits, Some were waterish ; windye Some ; and then  
 These, taken moderately, were good agen ;  
 To bedward, take this ; next your heart, tomorrow,  
 Eat this, or Drinke, and it will heale you thorow ;  
 This may your breakefast be ; thus you may dine ;  
 Sup thus ; but take a glaſs of this betweene ;  
 In anie Cafe, thus would he talke, and Strive  
 With Cost, and Care, to keep himſelfe alive ;  
 Hee Studied Med'cine, and obſequiouſlye  
 Ador'd his Cuſtome ; Yet I ſaw him Dye. 60

When loe, another ; in a Careles kind  
 Gurmonds his Meat, and takes as he can find ;  
 Hee neer examines Health, but as he needs,  
 Hee eats, or Drinkes ; he never reckes what breeds  
 Humors, or Bloods ; Sweating, and Broyling hot,  
 Hee drinks cold water, and not knows a Iott  
 Of Cold, or Sickneſs for it ; he can goe  
 Clad as in Summer, ſoe in froſt and Snow ;  
 Neer knew the Cup, nor needs it ; and the hard  
 Names of Infirmities, make him more feard 70  
 Then any ſickneſs, in it ſelfe ; for theſe  
 Hee knowes, as Incident ; and noe Diſeaſe  
 Has ſoe much Terror to him, ſoe much ill,  
 As an Apothecarie's miſticke Bill ;  
 feares Death not more then Phisicke ; and the Time  
 Obſerv'd by Star-gazers, concernes not him ;  
 The moone he values not, nor much the Signe,  
 Vnles when virgo doth with Scorpio ioyne ;

---

His Zodiack's Gemini ; and then he reck's  
Her thirteene Changes but to forty weeks ; 80  
Tis Venus Yeare, let Luna's paler shine  
Gvild Nunneries, and all her Months vntwine,  
ffor poor despairing widdowes, that they may  
Cherish fresh hopes of a new wedding Day.  
And why are these lefse happie (but much more)  
Then the poore Milksop, you have feene before ?  
Who like the Sottish Ape, with too great Care,  
Loofeth his dearling Cub, his health, vn'ware ;  
And then is glad to hug the hated whelpe, 90  
Infirmitie : I doe not fcorne the helpe  
Of Phificke, but contemne the rule, which some  
Put themselves in, a Liveing Martirdome ;  
ffor who foe mad ! (to Chuse,) would love difease,  
With Trouble, rather then his Health, with Ease ;  
Yet some Men doe't : fuch wee can not wish worse  
Then still to fuffer in their owne made Curfe  
And may they langvish ; for ev'n Charitie  
ffaints to give Selfe-Sold Slaves their Libertie.

*Parted, per pale.*

**WHILEST** some Men Honours raise, from Dust and Sweat;  
 And others labour to attaine the Seate  
 Of flavour, with a Prince; and others strive  
 By groveling Industrie, but low to live;  
 I thanke my Equall Starrs, which foe dispose,  
 I'me neither Scorne nor Envie to my foes;  
 I am noe Extract of a Prince's blood;  
 Nor can I bring a line downe from the flood;  
 I can not reach from Brute, nor bring my name  
 Addition to the antique Brittish flame; 10  
 The Norman Conquest puffsles my dispute;  
 I dare not stand the tryall, in a fuite;  
 Nor say, from such a Knight, or such a Lord,  
 I am deriv'd, and give a Herald's word.  
 I will not bring an Ancestor againe  
 ffrom such a Harrie, such an Edward's reigne;  
 Reputed then a Squire; nor buy a Roll  
 To boast my Predecessors by the Poll;  
 Or shew the severall Matches blazon'd faire,  
 Baron, et femme, and tell you how they beare 20  
 Gules, or, vert, azure,—heathen words for Red,  
 Yellow, green, blue; how fairly am I fled  
 By fortune, that the Colours, which I claime  
 Hereditarie, to my house and Name,  
 Are but the Same, whereon, and with, I write,

And which I love,—poor Common Blacke and White.  
 I neither boast, nor Skorne, a faire discent,  
 Noble, and Herald-vouchèd Ancient ;  
 But I contemne the vanitie of these  
 As I doe Infamie ; I would not please 30  
 Arrogance, in a Sillable ; but stand  
 Ioy'd, to behold the honor and the Land,  
 (Drawne from a noble Ancestrie) survive,  
 And by a worthy Nephew, kept alive.  
 I was not borne foe low ; but would I bring  
 Wind, to swell out the Bladder whence I spring,  
 It would appeare as Eminent, as high,  
 As those, who boast a longer Pedigree ;  
 And if not burst by malice of this Age,  
 May stand as long ; but, why should I presage 40  
 A Ruine to my selfe ? when those who now  
 Put vp of late, and beare a hopefull brow  
 May die forgotten ; when those, yet to spring,  
 Are fall'n, and none to speake of such a thing.  
 When those, who glorye Heralds bookes, and all  
 The Sin they sprung from, shall to nothing fall,  
 I may survive ; But what ! is Poetrie  
 Come to be Larded, with ranke Heraldrie ?  
 Soe some Cookes spoile good Meat ; yet not amisse,  
 ffor divers Palats ; some like that, some this : 50  
 And much good as they relish, may they finde,  
 A Phesant, bacon-farc'd, or pure, in kind.

*Woman Charactered.*

**C**HAST, as an aged Hermit, at his Death ;  
 faire, as the morning, sweeter then the Breath  
 Of Violets ; and as the Turtle, true ;  
 Where She affects, never enquiring new ;  
 And (feing the world 'counts it an ornament)  
 She Shall be rich sufficient to Content ;  
 Not starrs, but equall Sunns, are her faire Eyes,  
 Dreising the Sphere, where all perfection Lyes ;  
 Soe sweetly modest, as in either Eye  
 (Without a gvide) men might read Chastitie ;                    10  
 The common Praife, of Lillie, and the Rose,  
 ffresh as in Iune, here in December growes ;  
 Her necke, her brest, her wast ; (for lower, I  
 Not dare to fall,) might ravish everie Eye ;  
 To adorne these, Motion, which in foe faire state  
 Shee doth Exprefse, Iuno might imitate ;  
 Sober, to speake, but when her Accents come,  
 Minerva present, would be stricken dumbe ;  
 A Mind beyond Exprefion ; vertuous, more  
 Then Anchorit<sup>s</sup>, ev<sup>n</sup> in their Dying Hower ;                    20  
 All these, in Woman ; but which, which is Shee ?  
 All women, are foe ; or at least, should Bee.



*Silvia revolted.*

**W**HEN I, vnto the fameles Devia, now  
 Vtter my song, the emptie winds disperse  
 My Laboured Numbers, and let noe man know  
 Their Souid : ah ! there have I, in mightie verse,  
 Had better Audience, of my fellow peeres ;  
 The proud Amintas did not scorne, to bow  
 And give Attention ; nor disdaine to ioyne  
 His verses, with the notes which then were mine.

When hee, the bright Vrbana magnified ;  
 And I my Silvia fung, in Equall Sound ; 10  
 Silvia, the fairest, mortall ever Eyed ;  
 But ah ! my grieve ! there is my heart's great wound.  
 Sylvia, whom once I almost Deified,  
 Revolted is ; and newer Loves hath found.  
 Ah faithles Silvia ; whether shall I flye,  
 ffor Pafsion, to enrage my Poesie.

Whither ! but to the Eyes of Silvia false ?  
 And dash my bitter Inke against their shine ;



---

Defame that glorious feature ; which exalts  
 Her name, to wonder, in some verse of mine ; 20  
 Crie recreant, and recant what ever calls  
 Her faire, or worthy ; Draw another Line  
     And what I said, unsay ; or shall I keepe  
     In modest limits ; and let Passion Sleepe.

I will not wrong her Name, which gave mine Life  
 In a Cleare Mention ; She to whom I sung  
 A Thousand Sonnets, and brought Numbers rife,  
 To Celebrate her Glories ; She who hung  
 My browes with virgin Chaplets ; never greife  
 Shall blind my Iudgment, with foe foule a wrong ; 30  
     But Silvia, in my verse, shall keepe a Seat,  
     Though me she Scorne, and happilie forget.

Though me She Scorne ; and give her love away  
 To proud Penandro ; and the guiltie Crue  
 Rivall her favours ; I may see a Day,  
 She will be glad to grace my love anew ;  
 Meanwhile, in Libertie, I will Asay  
 My fancie (taught by her) and re-accrue  
     My Thoughts into their Station ; and then Scorne  
     Her faith retracted, old, and overworne. 40

*Scorne returned.*

ARE you the only faire, false Silvia? noe :  
 'Twas I that gave the lustre to your Eyes ;  
 And sung your Beauties greater farre & moe  
 Then Nature gave, or all the flatteries  
 Of your deluding Glasse could ever Show.  
 I plac'd a liveing Rose  
 On either Cheeke ; and drest  
 Those Lipps faire, which disclofe  
 Pearles, in their liveing Nest.  
 I drest, with polish't Ivorie that brow,  
 And to your lockes put all the Sorceries  
 Of Nature ; 'twas I, brought  
 All perfect Lineaments vnto your fframe ;  
 And in huge Numbers taught  
 A Character of Beautie, in your Name.  
 Then are you fond, to flye your owne desert ;  
 And your neglect, may bring my Love to Scorne ;  
 Ile chuse another, who in everie part  
 Shall have more Sweets ; farewell, oh false forsworne ;  
 Ile bring an Æthiope, and with small endeavour  
 Raise better feature there, then you had ever.

*Supplanted.*

DISLOYALL Silvia ; See  
 What now your Scorne has done ;  
 I have my Libertye :  
 Goe follow you your owne.  
 I finge another Name, and finge her faire ;  
 Loe, where she Comes, with thousand Cupids sett  
 In either Eye ; and all the Sweets, which were  
 Your beautie's prize, in her againe are mett ;  
 You were but what I finge you ; when I call  
 My verses backe, your Beauties vanish All. 10

See ; (to torment your foule)  
 Who has tooke vp your place ;  
 I must Confesse, a foule  
 Deformèd, Sootie face ;  
 Darke as the Night, her Eyes ; her haire vndrest,  
 Like Adders on her Curbèd Shoulders fall ;  
 Her Limnes Distorted, and her name profest,  
 Leud Prostitute to Everie Stranger's call ;  
 Yet, in a liveing verse, I will transforme  
 Her faults perfection, and her name adorne. 20

Splitt your proud heart with greife,  
 To know, another must  
 Gaine, by my verse, a Life ;  
 When yours, hid in the rust

Of Sad Decay, noe mention shall find ;  
 My deare NICOTIANA is more true  
 And not foe Common ; (though with every wind  
 She varie Love) and flairer much then you :  
 This Common Strumpet of the Times, to you  
 Is flaire, and Chast, (and though still changeing) true. 30



*To Nicotiana. A Rapture.*

**C**OME, my Nicotiana ; weele renew  
 Our free delights, and Appetite pursue ;  
 Wee fearles will Enioy those reall Ioyes  
 Lovers would paint, in their fantasticke toyes ;  
 And boldly Iustifie what wee have done,  
 Though thousand Curious Eyes were looking on.  
 Come ; with a hundred Blandishments weele trye  
 Strange Subtleties, in Love's great misterie ;  
 In varied formes, thy pliant Limbes shall cast  
 Their knots, at once about my necke and wast ; 10  
 Thy poudred Trefses, over mine shall spread,  
 And strangelye mixt, make it but all one head ;  
 Close, as the power of Love can Ioyne vs, then  
 Wee will new Ioyes invent ; such as the Pen  
 Of wanton Poets pufle ; my free hand

Noe bashfull blush shall ever Countermand,  
 But in a Thousand formes, thy Trefses part  
 And slide along, with vncontrolled Art,  
 Thy daintie Bodie ; not to fear a frowne,  
 ffor soyling of thy new white Sattin Gowne ; 20  
 My willing Lips shall part, to catch thy Breath,  
 Sweet, as the Hony-deaw, which Hybla hath.  
 There will I hang ; and all my veins inspire  
 With Ardent Wishes, taken from thy fire ;  
 Hard on my Lips, thy wanton tongue shall prefs,  
 And by new Chimistrie in Wantonnes,  
 Send the rich Qvintessence of all I feeke,  
 In Dalliance through that faire Alimbecke :  
 There will I sucke, with Cunning Industrie, 30  
 Thy Spirrits Extracted by Love's Alchimie.  
 When we 'are be-qualm'd, that long imbraces has  
 Made dull Desire, and wee shall only pafse  
 ffaint breathings, I will summon a fresh Store  
 Of Vigour, farre more Active, then before ;  
 And with neat Tittilations, new provoke  
 Decaied fire in thee, to the full Stocke ;  
 Invent new postures, & out-doe the old  
 ffictions, to make 'em Storie ; when with bold  
 Vncurbèd flames, wee grapple ; and not part,  
 But to renew our Action, and our Art. 40

Let fooles be modest ; and the novice say  
 Hee did the Act, where no Eye could betray ;  
 Such pettie fears, our gen'rous Thoughts despise,

Our pleasure is made rich by many Eyes ;  
 And with an Equall glorie, wee dare vye,  
 In Artfull Sleights, to all the Standers by ;  
 Such Confidence is manly ; doth appeare  
 Worthy all Titles, wee can glorie here ;  
 Thus, my Nicotiana, wee will move  
 Careles who see ; fearles who know our Love. 50



*The farewell.*

THUS could I foole away my Time, in Toyes ;  
     And paralel her Name  
     (Obscure) to all your fame ;  
 Create a Harmonie, to all the Ioyes  
     I had, in Love, of you ; draw threds of praife  
     Into a Volume ; and Erect  
     A Trophie, to out-shine you, many waies ;  
     But know, I doe neglect  
 Trifles of female Love ; I will not draw  
     A line, to Eyther, more then idle howers 10  
 Permit ; (when I releas'd from the Awe  
     Of Sober thoughts) if lighter fancie Skowers  
 Like wanton Hobbies, at a Dore ; then well  
 In Skorne and Mockage, of your falshood, tell  
     Perhaps I may : FAREWELL.

*An Epode.*

FARRE, from the Cittie's Strife ; as far from fame,  
     I wish to keepe my name :  
 Careles of popular vote, or vaine Applause,  
     To mine, though for Iust Cause ;  
 Let the bright Inke, which Phebus doth distill  
     Through everie Noble Qvill,  
 Run in a Clearer path ; had I bene borne  
     Below my fate ; the Scorne  
 Of other men ; and had noe more extract  
     Then what my selfe could Act ;                   10  
 Yet in this obscure fortune, had I ben  
     Capable of a Pen ;  
 I would have Squar'd a way, for my owne verse,  
     As void of vulgar fears,  
 As overborn by Selfe opinion ;  
     I would have made my owne  
 Iudgment, an Equall Arbiter, to Define  
     The worth of everie Line ;  
 And let ffastidious Censures of the Times  
     Gvild loose and borrowed Rhimes ;                   20  
 Such, who or want or what they have, betray  
     To the most Sordid way  
 Of Ignorance. Such as affect the vote  
     Of Stentor-follie's Throte,  
 Or ravil out the Loom of all their witt,  
     To play Court-Parasit'.

---

These waies I hate and Scorne ; if what I penn'd  
    fell to foe bafe an End,  
My gviltye Qvill would splitt, my Inke would rife  
    Into my face and Eyes. 30  
Iudge, Great Apollo ! if I have done ought  
    With a presumptuous Thought,  
That any name could make my numbers flye  
    Beyond their Poesie.  
To noe Collossus could I ever bend,  
    Or at the Court attend,  
With my owne Sin and follie in a Sheet ;  
    To prostrate at the feet  
Of painted greatnes. Not a Lord, one drop  
    Of my Iust Inke, shall hope 40  
Beyond his merit : I dare not abase  
    Soe much, my free-borne Muse ;  
But vtter Truth. It is not in their ffate  
    To raise, nor Terminate,  
A true Composure. Wee admire the Good,  
    Without Alloy of Blood ;  
And Iustly praife them, beyond all the Date  
    Of Brafs or marble State.  
We adde to them, if Either, and doe give  
    Their Vertues breath, to live, 50  
In Mention ; and the honour of one Name  
    Shall nere be old with ffame.  
But 'tis Enough ; I hate a Servitude  
Either to Might, or to the Multitude.



*To the Memorie of the most worthy and  
excellently vertuous Ladie  
The Ladie Alford.*

Objt : 1.6.3.6.

*An Elegie.*

SAY not the Marble's hard, nor those Seas cold  
Where Winter, vndisturb'd, his Court doth hold.  
Noe more the Steele needs Hammers ; harder farre  
Then Stone or Steele ; colder then North Seas are,  
Or Scythian Snow ; some say, a heart is found.  
Let that heart hear this verse & it will wound  
Him to the Qvicke ; for marble drops to Dust,  
Christall resolves, Steele softens in his Rust,  
To hear't ; or let me speake ; for (She commands  
Who ballanceth the world with vnbrib'd hands). 10  
Iustice commands my Qvill, & bids me tell  
The Erring world, it never knew her well.  
I might Speake Miracles : should those who stray  
In Libian wasts and fad Hircania  
Repeat her Storie, Tigers would be mild,  
Lions forget their hunger ; the still wild  
Indomitable Ounce, instead of blood,  
Would licke their Tears, & weepe another flood.  
Should men (then Beasts more Savage) such as are

Arabian Theeves, or Cham's curst offspring, heare 20  
 Such a Divinitie, in Nature taught ;  
 Thei'd leave their Barbarisme, & be brought  
 Glad Penitents to vertue : Her Name might  
 Informe a Scythian ; the dull Muscovite,  
 Bound in the Ice of Servile Thoughts, might take  
 A flame from Honour, and all Rapture speake.

How then may I (who gather not from flame,  
 Vertues, which give the Lustre to her Name,  
 But one who knew her Such) while I should here  
 Give her vp to the World, but turne all Feare ? 30  
 Ah ! might some better Qvill, with better Art,  
 Sing her a patterne ; whilst my opprest Heart  
 Might rue the Losse in Silence, and thee Bee  
 Safer Committed to Posteritie.

Ah, might it be ! but since it must not be,  
 I tender here, my Zealous Elegie ;  
 To say She was, (what everie Pen can Say)  
 Vertuous in Particulars ; wee may  
 Dilate 'em Severallie ; but if I shall  
 Exprefse her trulie, Shee indeed was All. 40

But looke not here to finde her. See her name  
 And read her Storie in the Booke of Fame ;  
 There hap'lie you may find it. Oh ! recant ;  
 Draw backe that word. How narrow, and how scant  
 Fame gives a vertue ? Ah, her lavish Breath  
 Is but to let the world know of some Death  
 Or novel farley. Presentlie Shee Dyes ;

A false and weake record of Memories ;  
 ffor Envie lackies Fame, &, as she will,  
 Takes from the good, and gives it to the Ill. 50  
 Oh looke not there to find her ; she was farre  
 Too good for Fame to tell, or Men to heare.

Noe, cast thy Eyes vp yonder ; put away  
 Thy foule Corruptions and thy Weights of Clay.  
 Strip, Strip thy Soule, light as the Aire, and pure  
 As Innocence, to quitt the Earth, and veiw her,  
 Seated in Glorie. Oh, there looke and read  
 Her Name and vertues, fairlie Charactred.

Melt, Stonie Hearts and Eyes ; come weep with Mee ;  
 Ne're had wee cause, till now, of Elegie. 60  
 Now, if your Pafsions will give leave, weele ioyne  
 Our Stupid Brains, and Drop, perhaps, a Line  
 To her, or Word ; or if not foe, our Tears  
 Shall speake a Sorrow, though wee want a verse.

Nor that while Thames has water, or can vant  
 One Swan or Cignet, can She ever want,  
 Though mine should faile ; (but ffate forbids to dye  
 The verse which stands to keepe her Memorie).  
 ffor there, first Ayre She breathed ; hither Sent  
 To the Dull North, to be our ornament ; 70  
 And give a Splendor, which wee may admire,  
 And blefse, now Dead ; whilest at the Hallowed fire,  
 I light my Taper, and am told to bee  
 (Soe farre as now my greife gives Libertie,)  
 Her Poet in my best. But ah ! my Teares  
 Qvench my Dimme Taper, and conclude my verse.



*To : D : i :*

·1·6·3·7·

RARE Mirror of the Age, who dost present  
 All formes to Life, and all Time represent  
 In its owne Colours ; dost aright discern  
 Twixt vertue and ostent ; whence Men may learne  
 To vndeceive themselves, in their Surmise  
 Of former Times, more vertuous or more wise.

Wee'r mad ; Mad All ; Our grandfires mad as wee ;  
 Their ffathers mad ; Mad from all Ancestrie.  
 ffrom high'st to lowest, from the worst to the best ;  
 ffrom Kings to Pesants, from the Sordid Nest 10  
 Of Infamie, to where the Eagle builds.  
 From Groves to Cities ; & from thence to feilds.  
 Who's free ? Not Broome-men, nor the baser fort,  
 Who drefs the Citie, and defile the Court.  
 Not Hee, whose Acres gave his Father Witt.  
 They carrie ffate ; Hee shall run Mad with it.  
 Not he, whose birth's his Boast ; nor Hee, whose blood  
 Was drawne from Dunghills, or the fearfull wood :  
 Who calls a Halter Heraldrie, and Swears  
 His father found Armes where he lost his Ears. 20

Lend me thy Spirit, that I may pronounce  
 Power, Povertie, Pride, Basenes mad at once.  
 Bring in the Antique fopperie. Loe here  
 A Civicke Garland, which was bought too Deare.  
 Bring in the Paphian Shrub, by soft hands knitt  
 Into a Chaplet ; or sad Willow gett.  
 Th' Athenian olives bring ; bring Atee's wreath ;  
 Roses or Cypres, Mariage or Death.  
 Bring Grafse or Ivie, or the Laurel hither,  
 Bound in a faggot ; mad, mad Altogether. 30  
 Burne 'em for Shame, and let vs rather Chuse  
 Long nose-bell'd Horses, such as Children vse ;  
 Cimbals for Dinne ; and Shittle-Cocks for play ;  
 The Peacock's Tayle, to make our ffrontlets gay ;  
 All Bedlam-witted, walke in Bedlem wise,  
 With long-eard Caps, and Bells to make a noife.  
 Wee're mad at home, as if wee should repaire  
 To China, for Digression of Ayre ;  
 Mad beyond Cure. 'Tis well. Let's All together,  
 Poets and Poleticks, no matter whither, 40  
 T' our long-lost Ithaca, hoife failes, away,  
 ffor Hellebore, to the Anticyra.  
 Ha ! ha ! Democritus ; let's laugh to fee  
 Bedlam the gen'rall Vniversitie.  
 Wee have gain'd a freedome, in what others lost ;  
 And Poets are but Equall mad at most.  
 What is it that the world will now advance ?  
 All Learning, vanitie ; and vertue, Chance.  
 One's mad to lavish out ; He's mad to Spare ;

That with a Numerous Issue ; this noe Heire. 50  
 Some, Shaddowes please ; another banns his ffate.  
 Hee's rapt ; another rages Desperate.  
 This loves an outward forme ; that fashion loath's.  
 Be'it but in clean-washt hands or well-made Cloathes.  
 Hee'le Dance ; another Doats. This Sings, that's Sad.  
 Lines tending to a Centre all ; They'r Mad.  
 There are Degrees of Madnes in our Schoole ;  
 ffrom wifedome's Chaire, to the cold Porch of ffoole.  
 Deep Plotts are Madnes ; Mirth Distractiōn ;  
 One's talking Mad, another more in Action. 60  
 This great Intruder will not let alone  
 Religion. Oh, it makes Religion  
 A Thousānd ffaces vnder one selfe Hood :  
 And Each is best, where but one can be good.  
 Some are precise ; Some their owne thoughts pursue ;  
 One keeps the old ; that, runs to everie new.  
 This makes Religion for me & nothing else ;  
 That loves the Steeple, but he hates the Bells ;  
 Makes Schisme Zeale ; takes Doctrines from a Dreame ;  
 And tears the Coat, because it had no feame. 70  
 Organs fright fome ; another hee's not able  
 To heare the Altar called more then Table.  
 Soe painted Windows were defac'd, and All  
 SALISBURIE CHURCH WAS THOUGHT APOCHRIPHALL.  
 Sr, Had I langage, I would Court the flame  
 Of your abundant thought, and give a Name,  
 Yong in the world, your Rivall. I have beene  
 Sometimes admitted, and in Raptures seene

(That Emprefse of Humanitie, who rules  
 Vs in our Selves, the Monarchie of Soules :) 80  
 Your owne *Ægeria*. *Sr*: let vs be free,  
 (As dying Hermits on Earth-pillowes bee)  
 ffree from the fate of Rivalls, to repine  
 Her too much being Yours, too little Mine.  
 Let foolish Lovers who bring viols in  
 To Lust's hot Qveene of well-apparell'd Sin ;  
 Who sleepe in Silken Laps, on Roses tread,  
 And know noe fate beyond a Maidenhead ;  
 Let them be iustly Iealous for the Cause,  
 And Cruciate themselves by their owne Lawes. 90

Not that I hope to Live by Verfe, or seeke  
 To gaine my Name an Inch by what I speake.  
 Not that I'me poor, or proud ; or hope, or feare,  
 To Dye, or Live, with or without a Teare ;  
 Write I this Paper only that I might  
 Let the world know how I receiv'd your Light ;  
 That I might Shew how much I doe Admire ;  
 (I dare not Envie Say) fuch a retire.  
 But that's a Common fate, and may be tooke  
 The way to Sordid Ends. I love your Booke, 100  
 The harvest of your Time ; through which I trace  
 Vnited Rapture with diffusive Grace.

But let not, *Sr*, my lost words take you from  
 Your better Thoughts. Ile rather stay at home,  
 A willing hearer, and my owne Thoughts please  
 Vpon your Labours, to my vse and Ease.



*To the Memorie of the Best  
Dramaticke English Poet*

Ben : Ionson :

.1.6.3.8.

GREAT Flame of English Poets gon ! how shall  
Wee strew our flowers at thy Funerall ?  
What obsequies performe ! what rites prepare  
Vnto thy Herse ? What Monument but were  
Too narrow to Containe Thee ! or what State  
But were beneath the honour of thy fate ?  
Noe, rather, wee (remaining of the Tribe,  
Sad Orphans) can but wish what wee ascribe  
Vnto thy Merit. All wee bring to thee,  
Is but our Tears, our filial Pietie.

10

Great Lord of Arts, and Father of the Age !  
The first and best Informer of the Stage !  
How shall wee speake of him ? what Numbers bring  
T' empafionate, and worthy Orgies Sing ?  
What Shall we Say ? Shall wee in a Iust Zeale,  
Rebuke the Age of Ignorance, and tell  
Aloud his Merits ? Shall wee weepe, or boast



---

His worth ? or Lofse ? shall wee say, when wee lost  
 Him, a fad Night of follie did orespread  
 This Iland, as wee see, and wee are dead, 20  
 Rather then Hee wee weep for ? For Hee still  
 Lives to instruct the Age with a Strong Qvill.  
 And as he did from Ignorance reduce  
 Th' abus'd Stage, Soe has he left to vs,  
 (Who act vpon this greater Theatre)  
 Grave morall Pandects, Strong, & yet foe Cleare  
 Hee is his owne Expositor ; and wee  
 (If fottishly not blind or worfe), may see  
 Vertue in Act ; and everie gracefull Step  
 She treads may be our Path ; but wee all Sleepe, 30  
 Vncapable of what Hee taught ; or how  
 To valew what Hee left vs. I could bow  
 (And would the Age might doo't without offence)  
 To name him, with a Modest Reverence.  
 For Shall wee kneele to Titles ? and observe  
 fformalities to thofe, who nought deserve ?  
 (More then their Name or painted outfide give)  
 And shall My Lord have a prerogative  
 ffor vertue, in his Ancestors ? (though hee  
 Perhaps the Shame of all his Pedigree ;) 40  
 And our Great Lord of witt, where vertue in  
 Her Sphere did move ; where Art and Iudgment Shine,  
 (Infeparable) bee with Common Men,  
 And vulgar Mention named ? oh ! the Pen  
 Of Witt and Truth forbid it ! Rather let

The worthles present Age his Name forget.  
For wee are Emulous fooles, and will admitt  
Noe Rivalls in the Claime wee lay to witt.

But After-Ages, (more Iudicious,  
Vnswaied by Pafsion, only Sedulous 50  
To honour vertue,) shall, (I will not Doubt)  
Advance his Name ; when the despised Rout  
(His Scorne) shall perish, in the filthy Smoake  
Of their owne Follies. Then, all Eyes shall looke  
With Ioy and Admiration, to receive  
A Light their Fathers could not. I will leave  
Only this little : Iudgment shall Allow,  
(When Men have Eyes to see & witt to know  
Who merit most) the greatest Eulogie,  
For Langvage, Art, and all Dexteritie 60  
Of Witt, to Him : and happ'lie were the flame  
Extinct, wee might recover't in his Name.  
A Charme foe stronge, Who ever shall reherse  
Ben : Ionson, cannot chuse but make a verse.

*Vpon Ben Ionson's Booke.*

BEE not Deceiv'd (Dull world) Hee is not Dead ;  
 Rumor is false ; open His Booke, and read.  
 It is Himselfe ; there, Everie Scene affords  
 Words above Action ; Matter beyond Words.  
 If, Readers, what I say, will not suffice  
 T' evince your follies, I dare bid you twice  
 What yet you have not Done ; open and Read ;  
 Recant, or else 'tis You, not Hee, that's Dead.

*To my Muse.*

A WAKE, awake ! See through thy Curtains Spred,  
 Auroræ blushes, having left the Bed  
 Of old Tithonius. How She quitts the place,  
 With hairs Discheveld ore her ruddie face !  
 Rife, and salute her, crie a haile vnto her,  
 Prevent Appolloe, her more Active wooer :  
 See, how he brisks himselfe, within yond Cloud,  
 Readie to Enter. Now the Horfes proud  
 Breath fire, & trample with a furious heat,  
 To hurrie in the Splendent Chariot. Yet

Open thy Eyes (Dull Muse) and let in Day,  
 Th' hast, as well as Hee, a word to Say.  
 Now tis too late ; th' hast lost (ah rue the fate)  
 A Time, which even the God, would Emulate.



*Wounded.*

SEE, how my Goddeſs, from her well-ftored Qviver,  
 Did take a Shaft, and how She haſt'ly ſent it  
 At a poor Hart, (poor Heart) and peircèd never ;  
 And therefore, happilie, She rather ment it :  
     But whither 'twere by Chance, or witting done,  
         Shee, ſhee can only tell :  
         But with the blow he fell ;  
 And thrill'd by her keen Shaft, laments and greiv's alone.

The gallant Heard, (proud heard,) and happie Heard,  
 Who never yet were peirc'd ; how ſtately they                   10  
 Pace ore the fertile Launds ! vnhurt, vnfeard :  
 How now this wounded Heart they drive away,  
     Who whilome was the faireſt Beaſt impal'd,  
         The florſters cheife delight ;  
         By hap, or rather Spight  
 Pines, Langviſhes, and now is Dead, ere he knew what Hee ayld.

*The Dedication of a Poem, now lost ; written in the Royall Expedition against the Scotts.*

*To the King.*

ALL fitt to serve you, in this great Designe,  
 Where Action fires brave Minds, to entertaine  
 Bright hopes of honour ; and your Subjects stand  
 A Gward to you, a Glorie to your Land ;  
 Where Armes are only vfeull. Sir, excufe  
 (When now Bellona thunders) a Sad Muse,  
 Who can noe other way her Tribute bring ;  
 But a weake forme of words, the offering  
 Of a neglected Poet, who to Fame,  
 Bequeaths his Numbers, rich in your great Name. 10  
 Tho' Sir ; if I were happie, this might live  
 A Time beyond what all your Annalls give ;  
 And when the brasen Trumpe of Historie  
 Shall splitt with Time, and to Posteritie  
 Give scarce the Names of your dead Ancestors ;  
 When Statues, Monuments, and high-rear'd Towers  
 Shall drop to Dust, and lye forgotten, in  
 A heape of Ruines ; when the mouth of Sin  
 Shall spitt vpon Iust vertues and deface  
 The Light of Truth, and Maiestie disgrace ; 20  
 When all the world shall fuffer, in her Iawes ;  
 Wee stand Secure, and doe not feare the Lawes

---

Of Surly fate, nor the Decrees of Time ;  
 Confident in the force of mighty Rhime.

But Franticke Poets erre : 'tis you can give  
 A Life to verse. The great Prerogative  
 Of Numbers cannot stand without the Breath  
 Of Maiestie ; that only frees from Death,  
 Creates a Poet, and gives verse her wings ;  
 This, Sir, wee know ; and thus this Poet Sings.

30

---



---

*This was plac'd in the End of the Same Poeme.*

*To the King.*

THUS, Sir: againe I kneele. May heaven blefse  
 Your high Designes, with Glorie and Successe.  
 May victorie Attend you. But how low  
 Imperfect Wishes fall, to what wee owe ?  
 May you be great and Happie, and Survive  
 Glorious to flame ; that Poets may derive  
 (Poets long Ages hence), from your great Name  
 All their Invention, all their Art, their Flame.  
 I need not wish (what Heaven ordains) the Glorie  
 Immortall, when y' have past this Transitorie.  
 I would not live to See the Change ; though once  
 I know it must. Long, long 'bove fate, or Chance,

10

May you reigne here ; and then I wish as much  
Glorie as Immortalitie can touch.

Enough ! and if these Accents strike your Ears  
With the least pleasure, I will bring a verse  
To your Great Name, shall be an Emulation  
To all the haughtie Poets of your Nation.  
My hopes live in your Breath : and to your Eyes  
My Numbers fall. The Poet lives or dies, 20  
As you pronounce. Sir : you may raise a Name  
From obscure Nothing, to the Best of Fame.  
A Name in nothing happie, but to Sing  
The Glories of soe Great, soe Good a King.



*One desiring me to read, but slept it out ;  
Wakening.*

NAY, doe not Smile : my Lips shall rather dwell  
For ever on my Pipe,  
Then read to you, one word, or Sillable.  
You are not ripe  
To Iudge, or Apprehend  
Of Witt. Ile rather Spend  
Six howers together in Tobacco-taking,  
Then read to you, and cannot keep you wakeing.



*One boasting himselfe Iudge  
of pure Witt.*

ARE you the Judge of Witt? Dread Monarch, haile !  
 What haughtie Poesie  
 Comes with vn-humbled knee  
 To pay due homage ? Willinglie I vaile  
 The faire pretences which I might alledge.  
     Dread Monarch, Haile !  
     Are you the Iudge ?  
     Wee cannot fayle  
 In our expectancies. How iustly fitt,  
     From Nettles to the Bay,  
     He will dispose ? Noe way  
 T' evade his Castigations. I would Spitt  
 A little Rheume before my Triall come.  
     Adiourne thy Court, one hower at lest ;  
     For be it knowne, I now am prest  
     Vpon a Sad Designe :  
 That done, I prostrate all the little Mine  
     Vnto thy Doome.

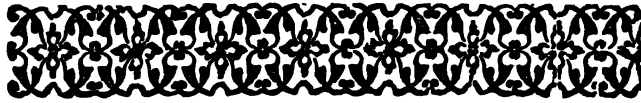


*Reversed ;*

NOE, noe, Ile rather fuffer all the brand  
     Of Infamie  
 Envie or Ignorance can thrust, than stand  
     To any Hee  
 For Iudgment. Hee, that would asurme the Chaire,  
     Is sway'd beyond  
     The strength of his owne Mind,  
 By vulgar Pafsions. Had he kept the Square  
     Of Equall Reason, I had bin  
     A vassall to his vote : 10  
     But when I saw Follie creep in,  
     Applauded for his Coat ;  
 I fate me downe, and rather chus'd to give  
 My verbe to Everie Eye, then by him Live.

For him I valued, as a man, refin'd  
     From all the Dross  
 Of Time, or Fashion of a Steddie Mind ;  
     Brought to noe los  
 With Envie, nor exalted with the Name  
     Of high-borne witt ; 20  
     Knew all the Rights were fitt  
 In a true Poesie ; could distingvish Flame ;  
     But oh ! vnequall Iudge ! none more  
     Was in Affection blind,

Proud, bitter, Envious : & noe power  
 To rectifie his Mind.  
 This when I saw, Thought I, who cannot gvide  
 His owne Affections, How shall I be try'de ?



*Ænigma.*

A CRABBÈD Stumpe : yet Sillie Husband's Care,  
 (Too much Indulgent, to the great impaire  
 Of his more profitable Howers), did dresse  
 And Manure it ; more valewing encrease  
 From this vnhopefull Impe, then all the Store  
 Hee had beside ; and he had many more :  
 And what his Art, or Industrie, could bring  
 To make it fresh, he did, in everie Thing ;  
 Still was it Seir. Noe Leafe would ever péepe  
 Or Blofsome Spread ; but Nature as asleepe 10  
 Continued in the Trunke. The Husband (wed  
 To his first vndertakings), Cherishéd  
 The hopeles Stocke, with more then common Care ;  
 And, to a better Soyle and better Ayre  
 Transplanted it ; yet could he gather small

---

Or little Hopes that it should beare at All ;  
 Only a liveing Sap it did retaine,  
 (Without all verdure : thus it did remaine  
 Thrice Seaven Summers, without any Show  
 To repay his great Care. At last one Bough, 20  
 Without or Leafe or Blofsome) did produce  
 A ffuite, of bitter and vnsavorie Iuice.  
 Some who did tast it, wormewood would compare  
 Vnto its relish ; and fome others Sweare  
 Henbane had lefse of venome ; for in Strange  
 Tumors it blister'd ; and the blood did range  
 With an vnwonted Heate and violence,  
 Through the infected Bodies. Such offence  
 Came in its first production : still the fond  
 Artificer would hope something beyond ; 30  
 Though the Cheife Gard'ner would have had it cast  
 Into the ffire, (or throwne out with the wast.)  
 Hee, with a Cultivating Hand, doth give  
 It all the Rites, for which, perhaps, in five,  
 Sixe, or Seaven yeare (though Leafe, nor other green  
 It ever had the least), there has bene Seene  
 Some ffuite, which I, in Curiositie  
 Once tasted : tis a harsh one, and a Drie ;  
 Worfe then a Medler ; but more Calme, more Safe  
 Vnto the Palat, then the first by th' halfe. 40  
 Loe here, the Issue, of his hopes. And now  
 Againe it is declin'd ; for fuch as know  
 Fruit by appearance, thinke the last year's ffuite

Deadlie, a Aconite ; and in the root  
 Some say a Canker lyes ; to gnaw, and wast  
 The tree, vnverdant from the first to the last.  
 Nor is it Strange (and take the Sence together ;)   
 The Thing, which never flourished, should WITHER.

*Fame.*

MORTALL, wouldst thou wooe a Feature  
 In a glasse ? or please thy Eye  
 With a Shadow, for a Creature ;  
 Or bring all thy hopes to Dye  
 In the Earlie Spring of Nature,  
 For a breath of vanitie ?  
 Or resigne what you may claime  
 To the vogue of vulgar ffame.

Quickly Come, and here behold  
 The Strange Mirror she presents :  
 Earth and Ashes, Seeming Gold,  
 To enrich your Monuments.  
 Frees from Envie, keeps from old  
 The feature of your faire intents ;

Publisheth in liveing Storie  
All that can adde to your Glorie.

Would you be thought rich or wise ?  
Valiant ? or be ever yong ?  
Handsome ? nothing Shée denies,  
That has being from the Tongve.  
Were you odious for your vice,  
Infamous, as could be Sung ;  
Time should keepe your Monument  
Vertue's liveing ornament.

20

But noe more, let Sence retire,  
And with Reason's Eye Survey  
The vast Shadow you admire,  
Waneing, wasting, with the Day.  
Time is false and Fame a Liar :  
Vertue only, fixt, and may  
Create, beyond the breath of fame,  
A Thousand Honours to your Name.

30



*Agonie.*



H, I am Cold : the wombe of Earth may thaw  
My frost ; not waters in their Current draw  
Such Chillnes : I am Cold  
As the Sad house of winter, or the ffeet  
Of Rocks involv'd where the waters meet ;  
And yet I am not old.

Oh, I am Sad : as virgins, when they loose  
Their pregnant hopes of him they meant for Spouse ;  
Or widdowes, in their Fate.  
Sad, as a Parent for his hopefull Heire ; 10  
Or as a Prince depriv'd of Crowne and Chaire ;  
Yet hardly know for what.

Oh, I am wounded : deeply stricke, and beare  
The fatall Iaveline, with me everie where ;  
Into the Marrow thrill'd,  
A Thousand Dolours now afaire my hart,  
Of which, Alcides hardly knew a part ;  
And yet I am not kill'd.

Oh, I am Sicke : as women in their throes,  
Or men in rageing feavers ; to my woes 20  
    The Gout and Stone are Ease ;  
Fire in my Brest, and Poison fills my veins ;  
Bane in my Breath, and Frensie in my brains ;  
    Yet know not my Disease.

Oh, I am Dead : if it be death to dwell  
In Shades of night, in Mansions next to Hell,  
    In fears and Miferie ;  
In Darknes, where noe hope of Light can enter ;  
In greifs vn pittied, as though in the Center ;  
    And yet I cannot Dye. 30





*An Essay ;  
 Endeavouring to ennoble our English Poesie  
 by evidence of latter Qvills ; and  
 reiecting the former.*



SHALL I be onely Hereticke in Witt ?  
 Forbid Appolloe, rather let me Splitt  
 My lab'ring Qvill to Death. Noe, when I first  
 Enterd a Poet, Modestie (the worst  
 Companion of Sedition), brought me on  
 In tremblings and faint Sweats. I did not run  
 To Snatch the Laurel and vfurpe the wreath  
 To my owne Browes ; but dasht with everie Breath  
 Of a supposed Censure, happilye, lost  
 The Glorie of my Youth. Then be it most 10  
 Abhorring to my Thoughts, to lay a New  
 Foundation, or varie from the true  
 Vndoubted Rites of Poesie ; or bring  
 But Cleare and pregnant Reasons, any Thing.  
 This Ingenuitie and Candor must  
 Allow of fforce ; and if a Schisme thrust  
 In all my verse, a monstrous Horne, or foot  
 Cloven, to light of Iudgment, blot me out



Of fair opinion ; and my Name Ile give  
Vp, Witt's Apostate, ever more to live. 20

Nor would I yet be bitter, or engage  
My selfe in Controversie to the Age,  
With Sword and Buckler Langvage ; but, withall  
The Modestie of Truth and Reason, call  
A long-spread Error backe ; and ratifie  
Some proofes to free me from this Heresie.

Shall wee, who are made Iudges then, and keepe  
Minerva's holie Balance, fall asleepe?  
And let the giddie Rout give weight and poise  
To Indesert? For Shame ; let vs arise 30  
And yet informe the Age. Shall wee derive  
Our English flame, our Glories Primitive  
From antique Chaucer? Blefse me witt, if right  
Were onlie right, I feare a present night  
Would cover all his Credit. This I wage  
Onlye for Truth ; in reverence to the Age  
Wherein he writt. But to the proof, and see  
Her firme Records, kept by Mnemosyne.

See, antique Greece, and see her in her Spring,  
Verdant and glorious ; not lesse flourishing 40  
At her first rise then after. Heare the String  
Of sacred Orpheus, or hear Linus Sing ;  
Or to the Prince of All, Mæonides,  
Attend with reverence. Tell me, were not these  
When (Learning hardly Crept) bright Suns? and Shine  
Even to these Times of ours, with Light Devine?



Your Grandsires Laugh'd once at his Baud'rie  
 Laid out in Rime ; (forfooth rare Poetrie !)  
 But where he comes the nearest what you meane,  
 You'r wearie, there your selv's, and leave him Cleane.  
 Perhaps you'le say, (as you have heard some say)  
 He was a glorious Poet at that day. 90

And why that Day? was ffancie in a Cage?  
 Rapture impounded? 'twas in the Darke Age;  
 (As you would call it) when the former Sung;  
 Scarce then had witt more then her mother tongve.  
 And yet they gain'd the Sphere, from whence wee bring  
 Our Cheifest Flowers, our best Embellishing.

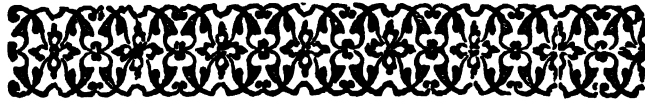
Forget Third Edward's raigne ; They did not write  
 In that Age with the Spirrit they could fight.  
 For then I'de yeild ; (and in my Conscience wee  
 Vse Pens, as well as Swords ;) Suffice it, Hee 100  
 Was disadvantage'd of naught in Time  
 But Langvage ; which wee never made a Crime.  
 Why may not wee better exempt his Name  
 Then vse it? adding nothing to our ffame ;  
 And take the Radix of our Poesie  
 To honour more in this last Centurie,  
 The noble Sidney ; Spencer liveing Still,  
 In an abundant fancie ; Ionson's Qvill  
 Ever admir'd ; these iustly wee may call  
 Fathers ; high-placed in Apolloe's Hall. 110  
 But then wee want Antiquitie, as well  
 Dan Geoffrie wants his Age ; for wee might tell

Of antique Brittish Druids, and bring in  
 A hundred Rhiming Fellowes, that have bin  
 Tall Men at Meeter. One there was that Sung  
 I know not in what Number, nor what tongve ;  
 A gallant Storie of Giganticke feats,  
 Incharnted Castles, onsets, and retreats  
 Innumerable ; of a flying Bull  
 And fix blue dragons. Oh most worshipfull ! 120  
 Bring in these fopperies, because they Smell  
 Mustie and antiquated, therefore well.

Come to a Clearer Light : doe not delude  
 Your selves (heroicke English) to intrude  
 His name, the Cheif, in your faire pedigree :  
 Worthe is still worthy in it selfe ; were Hee  
 (Good Man) alive to heare it, sure as ought  
 Hee'd thinke you lost more then he ever taught ;  
 To heare the Crue come in with open Mouth  
 And Crye, oh Chaucer ! Chaucer has a Tooth ; 130  
 Oh perilous ! and foe he had a Tongve :  
 Read him againe, heele shew you how it hung.

But let not me, my first Designe out goe ;  
 (Which was vpon Sound Arguments) to Shew  
 A Spring more worthy ; whence wee may derive  
 With greater Honour, the Prerogative  
 Of English Poesie ; and Clearlie evince  
 Noe Age can be call'd Darke to a Cleare Sence,  
 As in the Ancients. This I doe, and must  
 ffreely averre, which, if the Age will thrust 140

Vpon me, as an Heresie, how Cleare  
 Stand I to Iudgment? I can never feare  
 Such Censure from the wife ; and I contemne  
 Loud follie in a Thousand : fitteth them,  
 And Mee with them, better to let it fall,  
 And please them in a Canterburie Tale.



*Prevention !*

TWAS Late and Cold ; when with a mightie Flame  
 Possesst, I, to my quiet Studie came ;  
 Rich in a high-pitch'd Rapture, well-compof'd  
 In every Facultie : my thoughts dispos'd  
 In sober Contemplation, of a Brave  
 Designe in witt, a Fancie which might save  
 A Name to Honour, and almost create  
 Eternitie, and Time anticipate.  
 Quicke form'd in each part ; soe strong, soe pure,  
 I could not wish a better ; and Ime sure 10  
 The pregnant Age, a richer could not boast ;  
 Which surely might, (had Poesie bene lost),  
 Have rais'd a liveing flame, but (oh, the Sad  
 Curse of Posteritie) when now I had  
 Survaied it true, in all Dimension,

Of perfect feature, and the holie Crowne  
 Had kist with humble Reverence, which then  
 I thought vnrivall'd Mine, and kift agen ;  
 I had the rich Idea in my braine,  
 Soe livelie fitt, fo prest to entertaine 20  
 My willing Qvill, and had my pen foe neare,  
 I thought it done ; but was prevented here.  
 The harvest of my Time, in which I thought  
 To reare my liveing Name, now fell to nought ;  
 ffor busie, how to thawe my Iet, to Inke,  
 It fled my thought before I ought could thinke :  
 That Peice for which I thought from future Times  
 T' have gain'd whole Hecatomb's of Tribute Rhimes,  
 Lost in a Cloud, I know not how, nor where,  
 Nor doth a Member of that forme appeare. 30  
 Starrs inauspicious never knew to Crofse  
 Our prosperous Muses with a greater Lofse ;  
 When, manie years hence, I this verfe shall read,  
 'Twill Splitt my foule with greife, when I am dead :  
 Depriv'd Posteritie shall teare this Sheet,  
 Distracted in the ffate, to thinke how great  
 A flame might once have warm'd 'em. I could teare  
 A Rheme to Atomes, and all Qvills forswear,  
 While I repeat it. Had the greedie fflame  
 Snatcht all my Trifles, and but left my Name 40  
 This Trophie, I had stood above all rage  
 Of prefent Malice, or an ignorant Age.  
 This glorious fruite ! halfe-ripened ! to be lost,

---

In the Cold bowells of a greedie frost,  
Has raised in me a fire of Rage, to thawe  
The Articke Circle, and make void all Lawe  
Of winter, to the Rufsian. I could melt  
Those ever Rocks of Ice, which never felt  
One ray to warme them ; make a Sea to fflow  
Within the Continent of Alpine Snow. 50  
But I am blind in Furie, and transgreffe,  
All modest rules ; loofing, in Emptineffe  
Of Pafsion, future Glories ; and almost,  
In Error, has my fantasie more lost,  
Then late, in Accident ; Yet will I Charme  
Thy Subtle power, fearing a future harme.  
Let Winter dwell vpon the Island Shore,  
And with his breath bind Shallow waters ore ;  
Fetter, in Gviues of Christall, the full Streams  
Of Tanais or Volgha ; whilst our Thames 60  
Runs with vntroubled waters, in a Cleare  
And even Course. Thou hast noe Title here ;  
Why on my Standish, Tirant, didst thou fall ?  
Thou hast not right to freeze an Vrinall ;  
Doth not the bright-haird God in glorie Shine  
(Throughout this Ile to crush all Power of thine)  
Phebus, afistant to all brave designe ?  
Ah then, why did he suffer this of mine  
To perish ? fure Hee is not as of old  
(When Witt Succeeded) antique Poets told, 70  
Soe much a freind vnto the harmonie

Of Numbers, and true ayme of Poesie.  
 Either he never was, or he has lost,  
 Latelie, the Soveraigntie which they All boast.  
 Or if he be the nourisher of witt,  
 Why would he suffer Ice to smother it?  
 Noe ! Phebus is my foe, or he has Swore,  
 Since Ionson Dyed, t' allow his Heirs, noe more :  
 I know not what to Iudge ; but if I live,  
 Ile trye this Fancie fled, how to revive. 80



*The many Scurrile Pamphlets (going vnder  
 the name of Poems,) frequently  
 printed ; occasion'd this.*



HALL I be Silent? cause I am not heard  
 In the full Croud? noe ; let the Pile I rear'd,  
 Tumble vpon my head, ere stand to be  
 An obiect of their Praise or flatterie.  
 I must Confes, a Novice in the world,  
 I Courted her Applause, & my verse hurl'd  
 Into her Lappe ; and my Ambition  
 Was, not to be a Poet, but foe knowne ;



---

And have my Name made famous : this, I fought,  
 And gain'd. But ah, I wish all this were nought : 10  
 I now retract my follyes, and Contemne  
 The vulgar in their Noife. I would not seeme  
 To be at all from them ; nor did I feeke  
 Opinion meereley, when I was most weake ;  
 But to the Modest flights of a yonge Muse  
 Encouragement ; not Praise, but an Excuse.  
 And this I did, not to the vulgar Crue,  
 But to the Serious head and Sober Brow.  
 Drawne out by whom, I ventur'd on the Stage  
 Of Censure, with my Poems to the Age ; 20  
 And found Enough of Candor, to the Ayme  
 Of what I hop'd. Thus entred into flame,  
 I trode a larger Step, and ventur'd on  
 A higher Pitch, where noe opinion  
 Was lost to my Endeavours ; therefore, may  
 This vindicate my Spleene. I doe not say  
 I hate the world, or I contemne her praise,  
 Because I wanted any : many waies  
 I had beyond my Merit, and Suspect  
 My owne, for her applause ; to see how deckt 30  
 In her Encomions follie doth appeare,  
 And Ignorance, it Selfe, is famous here.  
 This when I see, I must Confesse I rise  
 With Indignation, and her vote despise ;  
 Torture my Selfe, a Poet, in the Name :  
 And count my ornament my greife, my Shame.

To looke vpon the Age, and see what things  
 Come vailed, vnder the adulterate wings  
 Of Poesie. Oh ; I could splitt my Qvill,  
 Forget my Manhood, if it were not Ill ; 40  
 To see that pure flame fall, a prostitute ;  
 And Coiture of Ruffians, cause her ffruite ;  
 When to the Twang of meeter, Poesie  
 Shall fall to Sordid Groomes ; and Infamie  
 Attends the Name ; oh, let vs teare, the bright  
 Lawrel of Phebus, in a iust-raisd Spight.

Dull Age of Ignorance ! and shall I steere  
 My vefsel to thy Compasse ? noe ; I here  
 Loudlie profes it to the world, I Claime  
 The honour of a Poet, and the Name, 50  
 With all the Title Modestie can vrge.  
 I am a Poet ; and I bring as large  
 A Stocke as may suffice to keep witt in  
 Her native Colours. What I loose or win  
 To bloat opinion, that below my fate  
 I ever value : come it foone, or late.

*Vpon a late printed Booke  
Entituled :*

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*



ITTIE my Ignorance ; I must confes  
I could not fathome it.  
Beyond my reach ; and all I knew, was gvefs.  
Why should I boast my witt,  
Against my knowledge? Trulie in the Scope  
I was to seeke ; and could but blindly grope  
At the intent,  
By my owne Sence ; vnapt to Apprehend  
Any true ffigure, by the worke you penn'd.  
Astonishment  
Supris'd my Iudgment, and I was afraid  
That either I was fottish, or you mad.

10

Perplexed thus, 'till fecond Thoughts (which wee  
Often account the best)  
Came in vpon me ; then I plainely fee  
Abundant Rapture, prest  
Vpon a great Designe ; deepe Misterie  
Strangely involved ; and a Fantasie,  
I know not how,  
Borne, in the Region, of a troubled Zeale ;  
And all things Nothing : For ought I can tell,

20

I doe not now  
Write, what I write ; nor live, nor stand, nor breath,  
Nor See, nor Read, the Booke which you bequeath.

This is my Sence ; nor thinke I wronge  
The honour of your Booke ;  
That I a weake pretender, and but yonge,  
Vnseasonéd, to looke,  
With a Discerning Eye, into the Darke  
Wombe of your fancie, and apply your worke 30  
By my weake witt.  
Bee yet appeaf'd, to satisfie your Feare ;  
Stay, take the Secret with you, in your Eare—  
I know't not yet.  
And if you write a Second, youle engage  
Mee, and the world, to Cleare it in each page.



*A Strange Maye.*

**T**HE Earth, in her best verdure ; and the Spring  
As glorious as antique Fame, did Sing  
Her constant Tempe ; all the Meads were fett  
With bright Enamel ; and the feilds were fitt  
Allmost, for the keene Sickle ; which might feeme,  
Iustly, a wonder, if wee doe esteeme

Our colder Latitude. For who shall Say  
 (Without reproofe), the Harvest is in Maye?  
 Now Maye it was. What vast Hyperbole  
 Will ferve but to speake truth? the blooming Tree 10  
 Crack't with its weight of ffruite; and wee almost  
 Might, by the Season, August have Suppos'd:  
 All Eares were fill'd, and everie tongve could prate  
 Of Prodigie; and gvefse, I know not what.  
 Some wifer, left it in the Misterie,  
 And from the Cause, look'd what the effects might be.  
 The avaritious Husband claw'd his Eare,  
 And deem'd to have two Harvests in a Yeare.  
 Thus flood the Earth, to Miracle almost;  
 When, the more Miracle, a biteing frost, 20  
 With a bleake northerne wind, orerun the feilde,  
 And nipt the Swelling Graine, the fruits it kill'd;  
 The painted Meadowes, chilléd in their pride,  
 Grow wan; and flowers run backe agen, to hide  
 Themselves, in warmer Crannies of the Earth.  
 Never was such a Change, since the great Birth  
 Which Chaos teem'd; and though it Ruine threat,  
 Who knowes? but when the Sun, in better Heat,  
 Shall mount his Throne in Cancer, with his rayes  
 May quicken them, and give a new encrease; 30  
 Soe satisfye our Hopes, that men may Say,  
 The Sun, in Iune, Conquer'd the Storme in May.



*When the Cloud of Calamitie, had somewhat  
overspread vs, and the whole Kingdome  
plunged in warre .1.6.4.1.*

NOE more let's part, Deare Muses ; high in Mirth,  
I left inviting Freinds, to give a Birth  
Of timelie fancie Light. How often did  
I frame excuses ? how more often Chidde  
ffor my retirèd howers ? You, my delight,  
My Life, my honour ; you, who more invite  
My Soule, then all the world ; whom I more prise  
Then all my fortune, or the triviall Tyes  
Of Nature, or blind Chance ; for haveing You  
'Tis Light, ioy, Health, to me ; I never knew 10  
A Day too long to serve you, or a night  
Soe tedious or Dull, I wisht for Light.  
The howers are fleet, and Time, me thinkes, has wings,  
When my enfranchis'd Soule doth fixe on things  
Soe beyond groveling Nature, as you teach.  
Mortalitie has a short date to reach  
The perfect notion of Things, how they are  
Or how they ought ; yet many things appeare

Well-formed in your Glasse, which to the Eyes  
 Of vulgar Sence, in vgly Chaos lyes. 20  
 I doe not blush to ferve you ; but I boast  
 (If I may Glorie ought) that being tost  
 Vpon the Billow of a rageing time,  
 I can repose my felfe ; & bring a Rhime  
 ffrom an vntroubled thought ; still foe secure  
 Is Innocence. Oh ! when within the Mure  
 Of my lov'd Studie fett, bright rapture heaves  
 My fancie from the Earth ; my Sence then leaves  
 Inferior obiects, and without dismay  
 Dare looke in Danger's face ; & tread the way 30  
 Of freedome, vnappall'd ; my chofen Muse  
 Leads me to Truth ; but ah ! it was but thus.  
 Time is noe more ; now stormie daies disperse  
 Compos'd fancies, and diftract all verfe.  
 Alas, our Muses frighted from their rest,  
 Run giddilye about, with hairs vndrest ;  
 And mantles torne, throwne Careleslie, to hide  
 Hardlie those parts of follie, men deride.  
 What but vnpolite fformes, and ffancies raw,  
 Can fuch a time produce ? Yet let vs draw 40  
 Something to tell Posteritie wee might  
 Have done it better, in a clearer Light.  
 Yet Silver-footed Peace may blese our feilds ;  
 And (though the present season hardly yeilds  
 One Sparke of fuch a Hope) I'me confident  
 To see Astrea call'd from Banishment.

Once ere I dye, Ile see Apollo Smile ;  
And all the Muses frolicke in our Ile.  
Ile force from yonder Hill, a Helicon  
Purer then Greece or Rome have ever knowne ; 50  
And Cope with the fam'd Poet of the South,  
Who from the Royall patronage tooke growth ;  
Though now his feathers Summ'd, he shoot his Quills  
When Hee, perhaps Maye wither. My Store fills  
From vnexhausted Arsenal. Not then  
To our late honored Laureat' shall my Pen  
Doe homage for a Line ; but rise as high  
In a firme Rapture, and full Poesie.  
Then, my dear muses, wee may meet and Sing  
In Peace Secure, the fears, which wee now bring. 60







After a storme, going a hawking.

*This was written before the foregoing Poeme  
though here placed after.*



LONG bound in Ice and horrid Hills of Snow  
Such as the fur-clad Rufsians ever know ;  
Wee are releiv'd now, by a gentle raine,  
And take the pleasures of the feild againe.  
The Restive Horse, now knowes the dexterous hand  
Of his old Rider ; runs to his Command ;  
The gentile Greyhound, (in his Ease growne high)  
Frisks with Delight, to see his lord applye  
The Collar to his Necke ; and hopes againe  
To triumph, in the blood of poor Watt flaine ;  
The generous ffalcon, (heavie, with her Ease)  
Plyes her firme ffathers ; and doth boldly feize  
The trembling Qvarrie ; or Enue the fflowe  
Halfe dead with feare ; others (more brave) controule  
The lofty Heron's flight ; and venture all  
Their Life and Honour, with him in the ffall,  
Vndaunted ; yet, with fuch a cautious flight

10

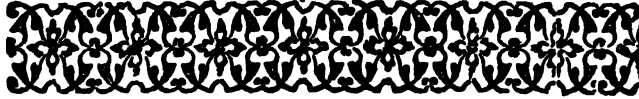
They almost teach a Rationall to fight.  
 For can wee thinke it lelse, to see her arm'd  
 And haughtie foe fall dead ? her selfe vnarm'd : 20  
 A Glorious victor in his Blood, and, proud  
 Of Conquest, scatters all his plumes abroad.  
 Such ioyes the Season doth to Men present  
 And (yet) a peace gives freedome, but content,  
 In my retiréd Cell. I rather Chuse  
 More solid recreations, with the Muse  
 Which I have Chosen ; and my thoughts revolve  
 To everye Chord of Pafsion, and resolve  
 Some time the Hardest, braver pleasure farre,  
 To give bright reason wing, into the Spheare 30  
 Of Truth, her Region ; where the foole is Still  
 In our protection ; give her way to kill  
 The Harpie She has ruff't ; for I dare say  
 She has earn'd her Bells, to bring downe such a prey.

But wee are all ill Falconers, and Strive  
 Against our pleasure. If wee keepe alive  
 The Bird, wee are better pleas'd, and take her downe  
 With a false Qvarrie ; but the Lure is knowne,  
 And she disdains to stoope ; but (madded) tries  
 Her wing at everye lesfer Bird that flyes ; 40  
 Another such a Checke, and though you boast  
 Your Care and Cunning ; shee's for ever lost.

Such Bunglers are wee all ; and if wee can  
 Abuse our selves, wee glorie in't. Oh, man,  
 How art thou wise ? In what can Iudgment claime

---

Her right ? or vertue, In what more then name ?  
 Hurried away, by vanitie and Sence ;  
 Proud, in all Sin of Disobedience ;  
 To everie Pafsion fubiect ; and more fraile  
 Then rotten Sea-tost barks, without a Saile. 50  
 Oh God ! what is thy Creature ? he, who once  
 (Equall almost, to Angels), did advance  
 His glorious Crowne. Oh whither is he funke :  
 ffrom that perfection ? as a Shadow Shrunk  
 From his Creation. This were thought enough  
 To bufye all men, were wee wife to know  
 Our owne Necefsities ; but this wee keepe  
 Our burthen Still, and in thefe fetters fleepe ;  
 Which wee make light with Fancie ; and esteeme  
 Rather as bracelets, ev<sup>n</sup> to glorye them. 60  
 But wretched that wee are, infenfible  
 Of our owne ruine ; though wee doe not feele  
 The weight and mifcheife ; 'tis apparant in  
 Our members, worne and fretted to the Skinne ;  
 And privilie the rust our marrow gnawes.  
 Inevitable Ruine fadly drawes  
 Vpon vs, careles of our overthrow ;  
 And often fall, before wee feele the blow.  
 But ah, defist fond Qvill ; the Inke thou haft fpilt  
 Runs to thy Shame, and argues thy owne gvilt. 70

*Freedome.*

**I** BLESSE my Starrs, I am vnfitt for noife ;  
 And busines allmost shuns me, to my Choice ;  
 I fitt retir'd, while other men are high  
 In State-Employments ; 'tis a peircing Eye  
 Sees thorough Men, to dispositions ;  
 And forts fitt Agents to Occasions.  
 This with its Spectacles, Authoritie  
 Can Cull 'em by the head ; and why should I  
 Repine ? I glorie rather, and can Sitt,  
 T' emprove by them, what may be Iust, or fitt. 10  
 I'me happie, I'me exempt ; that I may play  
 With my owne thoughts, vnnext, my howers away.  
 I am not in Commifsion of the Peace ;  
 Noe Constable, the greater, nor the lesse ;  
 I'de nothing Glorie, if I had ben made  
 Poll' gatherer of the Groats ; I should evade,  
 Truly, to be a Parish warden ; or  
 A domineering Elder, with the power  
 Our well-affected Parliament can give.  
 Fitt Men shall have Emploiment fitt. I live 20  
 Obscure ; Blood, Tears, nor oppression  
 Burden my Soule ; my Gvilt is but my owne ;

Whilest higher Sin, attends the higher place ;  
Sin of Participation in the Case.  
I'me as I am, Content ; and free, to pittie  
The faction of the Countrie, Fraud o' the Cittie.  
Sometime I'll take my Stone-bow or my Gun,  
With my true Servant, readie still to run,  
And fetch the Qvarrie from the Brooke or Bush,—  
The Mallard, Teale, the Sparrow, or the Thrush. 30  
With these innocuous pleasures (I can rest  
In my felfe quiet ; and display the brest  
Of all my Crime, vnto my felfe) ; Wee live  
Gviltie, I hope of lesfer Sins. I strive  
Not now t' exaggerate others Crimes, nor here  
To make our owne lesse then in Truth they are ;  
This, if the rigour of the times allow  
I am content ; if they will not, I know  
A pleasure, 'bove their Malice ; and the close  
Barrs of a prison, cannot hinder those 40  
My owne free thoughts ; where I some time may have  
A visit from the Muses, which shall save  
My Name from Envie and oblivion.  
Soe being lest my felfe, I'me most my owne ;  
And what, by them, was put, as a restraint,  
Is by my patience, turned t' a Complement.

*Vanitie.*

SOE Time but turns his Glasse ; and the same Sand  
 Consummates his full Period ; though wee Stand  
 Fixéd on former Ages,—happier farre  
 As wee suppose,—Alas, alas, they are  
 But the same Miserie ; they knew the greife  
 As well as wee, which follows humane Life ;  
 Ambition, Envie, Iealousie, Distrust  
 Was then, as well as now ; and ever must  
 (While Men have their Corruptions & desires)  
 Delude the world. Hee scornes what thou admires ;     10  
 What thou Contemn'st, he glories in ; and all  
 The Ioyes of men are follie. What wee call  
 Felicitie, is but a Shadow, taste  
 Vpon the Fancie, and in Fancie lost.  
 Light as the breath wee trust to, is our Ioy ;  
 Our Pleasure, trouble : & our Boast, a Toy ;  
 Wee only aime at Trifles, and present  
 Thin formes to gvide vs, in the banishment  
 Of a depravéd Nature ; oh, the Sad  
 Anxietie of Pafsion ; I am made,     20  
 Some time, a Thousand Men, in my owne Brest.

Againe Contracted ; and if one, the least  
And most imperfect Shred from Nature's loome.  
A despis'd Atome, in her rayes. To whom  
Shall I appeale for wisedome ? and get light  
Of Iudgment, to informe my erring Sight ?  
In the Darke Maze of Error, whether run  
My giddie feet ? What never-resting Sun  
Can tracke the path of Mortalls ? or disperse  
One Beame, beyond our follies and our fears. 30  
Good God ! what is our Glorie ? Wee furnife  
Only at truth ! & though wee are not wise,  
Wee are proud to boast our wants ; and all our owne  
Is ever best. Oh God, wee are vndone  
In our owne proiect ; and our glorie is  
A Lumpe of Pride, a Shop of vanities ;  
Our learning (fairest Light) wee make a bait  
To ruine Sence : and reason captivate  
In gvives of Error. Into what immense  
Inextricable Laberinth wee drench 40  
Our vnderstandings ! and the Charter, which  
Nature gave absolute and free, wee pitch  
Into a Model, with restriction,  
And Artfull rules, when Reason wanted none ;  
For how is She Eclips'd ! and Limited  
To the proportion of another Head !  
As though another Hercules had plac'd  
Witt's great Ne vltra, never to be pafs'd.  
This is not the least Follie ; through wee stray

---

As farr from Truth, in the Contrarie way. 50  
Oh vanitie of Mortalls ! to bequeath  
Your Labours to Posteritie, in Death.  
How doe wee Covet Glorie ! and contrive  
Our Being to the Future ! Shall I give  
My Name ! and what I ever purchaséd  
With Industrie, to the vncertaine head  
Of a Supposéd Time ? How madly spend  
Wee then our oyle ! Is this our Ayme ? our End ?  
Ah, too too well, I see, in everie Line,  
Wee tread this Path ; and this poor verse of mine 60  
Stands record to my Shame, that I intend  
Somewhat to raife by it, and to some End :  
Perhaps, to doe a greater worke then praise  
Can flatter Witt into ; perhaps it Strayes  
With follie, more then I my selfe can feare ;  
For tell me, who are Equall Iudges here ?  
Alas, wee but deceive our Selves ; what witt  
Will here resigne ? what Follye will Submitt ?  
Thus, discontented Fooles, wee spend the oyle  
Of a Sad Life ; Incessantlie All Toyle. 70





*Proportion.*

**M**AN, (Screen'd, by Flesh and Blood, and wrapt within  
 Th' impenetrable Curtaine of his Skin),  
 How shall wee pourtray out ? what antique Qvill,  
 Or famous Moderne, boasts of fuch a Skill ?  
 Not great Apelles, nor fam'd Titian  
 Had anie Colour for the inward Man :  
 Much Celebrated Angelo could give  
 Life to his worke almost, in perspective ;  
 And our late honoured Vandike may raife  
 Himfelfe a Trophie, from another's Face ; 10  
 But this exceeds their Cunning ; all wee know  
 Of this, rests in our Selves, & what wee owe  
 Vnto Philosophie ; whose gentle hand  
 Can put aside the vaile ; and then wee Stand  
                     Naked and plaine ;  
 As in the outward face, and all the parts  
 Exterior. Each severall imparts  
 A diverse ffeature ; & noe two can bee  
 Soe like in Face, fuch Twinns in Symmetrie,  
 But a difcerning Eye may eaf'ly find 20  
 A difference. Soe is it in the Mind ;

Noe two, in the same Mold ; and vnto Each,  
 (As in the Bodie Naturall), his pitch  
 Is limited, and not one Inch can adde  
 In Stature, to the measure that he had ;  
 Nor Change his Face to a Complexion  
 Fairer then that which Nature made his owne.  
 Soe is the diuerse Face of Reason ; and  
 The vnderstanding, cannot put a hand,

Beyond that Reine.

30

It now appeares, as plainly to my Eye,  
 The Mind and intellectuall Phisnomie,  
 As the Corporeall Shape ; and I perceiue  
 The same Discordances which wee conceive  
 In all exterior formes ; and Each man best  
 Suits with his proper owne. Can I diuest  
 My Swartie Hewe ? and put vpon my face  
 A better Tincture ? or new features place  
 Where the old were imperfect ? Neither may  
 I put away my Reason, though it Stray  
 And be a Monster to another's Eyes !  
 Yet knitt foe Close vnto my faculties  
 It cannot part ; noe more, then heat from fire ;—  
 A Qualitie Inherent and Entire :

40

It is the Same,

In vnderstanding, given severallie  
 To the proportion ; & shall therefore I  
 Despise my selfe ? because my Stature is  
 Perhaps an Inch or Cubit below his.

Because he (with a longer Arme) can reach 50  
That thing, with Ease, which I with all my Stretch  
Cannot attaine. There is a height beyond  
His vtmost. Man, is all of Pigmey kind ;  
And though our Giant vnderstandings reare  
Themselues on Tiptoes, to the wishéd Sphere,  
How are they lesse then Nothing ? & his leape  
Is but to fall againe ; whilst others reape  
A larger Harvest, with a lesfer Toyle.  
But noe man has the Stocke ; noe Inke, nor oyle,  
Can bring a Name, 60  
Beyond his Circumscribéd Power. Wee All  
Have proper Motions ; and they rise, to fall  
Vnpittied, who adventure on a path  
Of foe much ruine, as noe lesse then Death  
Attends each Step. Yet man, in Time, be wise ;  
Bee thy owne Mirror ; See Deformities  
As well as Beauties ; and correct them there,  
With as much Diligence, and as great Care,  
As in a glafs, thy face, should'st thou perceive  
A Spott, to lessen Beautie. 'Tis, beleive, 70  
More worth thy Care, to rectifye this part  
Then all thy Face ; Bee happie, as thou art ;  
That is, Bee pleaséd with thy owne ; and See  
Some Creatures Creepe, as well as others Flee.



*The Userper.*

I SAW the World, and wond' red at the Sight ;  
 (For I was rais'd above the common Light  
 Into that Region, where wee eas'lye see  
 All formes at once, mixéd or diverslie ;) 10  
 Hence I look'd downe, and saw the Creatures, All  
 fixt in their Causes, and made Severall  
 To their distinct and fingle Motion ;  
 Which wee distingvish strangely, to our owne  
 Capacities ; and Rationall prefer,  
 Proper, alone to Man ; the Beasts (more nere  
 Then Plants, or Trees,) wee call but Sensitive ;  
 And those, by Vegetation, meerly live.

Or wee are blinded, or wee quite mistake  
 The Square, which wee our selves, our gvide would make :  
 If it be rationall, to move, and live  
 A part, t' afsist the whole, and each part give  
 His proper furtherance ; and who most faile  
 To advance it, are most irrationall.  
 Man cannot boast of Reafon, (nor dispoſe  
 Defects or Eminencies, vnto those 20  
 Inferior Creatures), Lordinge ore the rest,  
 Forfeit to his prerogative : the least

And most vnprofitable member in  
His Motion. Oh, how often have I bene  
Dash't to the pit of Shame? To thinke man, made  
His great Creator's Image, and array'd  
With Glorie next to Angells; and beyond  
All other Creatures, both in Face and mind,  
Had Reason then, or what wee would define  
By severall Notions, to that gen'rall Line; 30  
Made Lord of all the world, to vse, and know:  
A Thing foe fordid and ignoble now  
Wee cannot speake him, and the Creatures vye  
fforces and foyle him; they, imperfectlye  
Move to their End; Hee, from perfection,  
To this low step, is fall'n. Oh! haples Son  
Of humane frailtye, yet in Time recall  
Thy Birth-right, noble in th' originall;  
And tis not lost to thee; leave of to speake  
His Ruine; and his Reparation make. 40



*The Magazine.*

RISE with the morne, and gather vp the Deaw ;  
     Flye to the East,  
 And rifle all the Sweets the Phenix drew  
     Into her Nest ;  
     Plunder the west,  
 Nature's Exchequer ; Search the Subtle wombe  
 Of waters for their Wealth, and bring 'em home.

These, are not of Content but of Desire ;  
     Wee are our owne  
 Treasure, and wonder, if wee but Admire      10  
     What wee have not knowne :  
     These over-blowne  
 Will wast to nothing ; but the living Store  
 Rests in our Selves, not seeking any more.



*A Pause.*

**G** : IVE me a little respite, that I may  
       **D** : rawe somewhat of a better forme. To pore  
**E** : ver on Bookes, takes all the Ioy away ;  
       **A** : nd makes a free-borne Muse, her selfe abhorre.  
**O** : h never may the Muses know a Day  
       **N** : ot given to Libertie. I will noe more  
**R** : ifle my braines, to please Men ; or to pay  
       **I** : ust obligations. From thy liveing Store  
**G** : rant me fresh raptures, Phebus ; I will play  
       **E** : afie, and quicke ; but not I can noe more      10  
**E** : nvite me not (Deare Muses) to trye that  
       **L** : ittle I have, against my owne Conceit.

THE END OF THESE FIRST POEMS.

# Love Platonicke

*A Small Poeme ;*

First Written 1642 : by the fame Author ;

*Taken from the originall into this  
place copied ; .1.6.4.6.*

NON est forma Satis, nec, quæ vult bella videri ;  
Debet vulgari more placere Sibi ;  
Dicta, Sales, lusus, sermonis gratia, risus,  
Vincunt Naturæ candidioris opus ;  
Condit enim formam, quicquid consumitur artis,  
Et nisi velle subest, gratia tota perit.







## Love Platonicke

*To Cinthia ; coying it.*



OE longer Cinthia I have I spent  
My time, but for a Complement?  
Have I read all  
The Solemne Dictates of a noble Love?  
Taught all the Misterie which doth behove

A naturall

Pure fflame to exercife?

And you in Heresies

Yet wander ! noe more vexe

Your Selfe, in the Stale Error of your Sex.

10

Not any doctrine, in our Schoole,

Tends to the ruine of a Soule.

You may be bold

To follow all our Precepts, and observe

A Stricter Modestie then those who fterve

Love, in the old

Mantles of Mother witt ;

They doe not know the fitt

Freedome of Nature, in

That Pafsion of the Soule, without a Sin.

20

Come, let me gather a new Flame

From thy bright Eyes ; the old is lame ;

And I forget

The better Principles, while I dispute

You into Faith. Come, 'tis a modest Suite,

And might be writt,

A vestall Canon. Fye,

'Tis meere Simplicitie

To hinder your owne blifse !

Would you Absent, there were noe ioy to this.

30

The brutish Pafsions of Lust,

Wee doe not know ; nor the vniust

Power of the will.

Our blood is Calme and Cold ; and all the root

Of Nature is Corrected ; here, noe doubt

Can move that Ill,

Your Ignorance suggests :

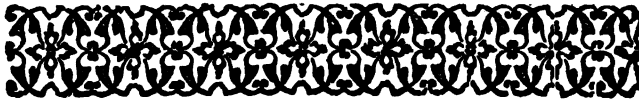
Wee have more open brests,

And thinke but what we fay ;

And doe the Same, in the fame free cleare way.

40

May I not yet enioy the free  
 Pofsefsion of my Selfe, in Thee ?  
                                     Let Men Suspect  
 By their owne gvilt, our Sin ; it fhall not move  
 Our Innocence. Daigne yet an Equall Love ;  
                                     Prize noe respect,  
                     To that Beatitude,  
                     Wise Mortalls have purfu'd,  
                     With Free and Chast desires ;  
 Warm'd with the best (now call'd) PLATONICKE fires.     50



### *To Cinthia Converted.*

COME my Cinthia, gladly fixe  
           Thy bright and Chaster Eyes on mine ;  
 Yet be free, and let vs mixe,  
           In noe base Corporeal twine ;  
 But in the freedome of our Soules embrace,  
 Knitt by the mutuall Glance of Either's Face.

Happie are the Minutes, which  
 Wee Spend and keepe in this enjoying ;

---

Tainted with noe Sordid Itch  
 Of sensuall Pleasures, ever Cloying ; 10  
 Wee freely move within our Selves ; and Eyther  
 Moves in the other, one and both together.

My better selfe, in all the tye  
 Of Chast Affection, thinke I prize  
 Noe Ioy to this Societie :  
 Not all the Treasure of thy Eyes  
 Was fuch a forcive Character, to bind  
 My Love, as this great Sympathie of Mind.

Nor let the vulgar blame vs in  
 Their owne surmises, fond and weake ; 20  
 Wee are not giltye of that Sin,  
 Which they are bold to doe and Speake ;  
 Let them Enjoy their Active heat, whilst wee  
 With Soules Combined, in our Selves are free.

Deare Cinthia, breath thy Innocence  
 Into the Closet of my heart ;  
 Whilst in a mixt Intelligence  
 Wee Ioyne the Soule in every part ;  
 Soe generate new Loves ; and keepe entire  
 The faculties, unstained with Desire. 30

*Cinthia confirmed.*

CAN it be love, which the rude Action  
 Of Nature may Compleat?  
 Or can the Sences' Satisfaction  
 Proceed from noble heat?  
 Can Love at once  
 Create and Ruine? or an Ayme intend  
 To an ignoble End?  
 And yet advance  
 A Face of vertue? Love can never bend  
 Two wayes at once.

10

*To the Platonicke pretender.*

DULL foole, to mock a flame  
 Beyond thy Fate;  
 Thou canst but prate  
 Of Common Love, veil'd in another Name.  
 The word PLATONICKE pleases thy Conceit;  
 And some new thing  
 Thou would'st have others vnderstand in it;  
 But canst not bring  
 One Accent, to evince

It, from the Common Sins 10  
 Of Appetite and Naturall Defire.  
 The word is all thy Flame !  
 Dull Sinner ! doe not blame  
 These Iust reproaches, if a Zealous fire  
 Let the world see,  
 A strange Hypocrisie.  
 For in Platonicke Love thou canst doe more  
 With yeilding Females, then in Lust before.  
  
 Ladies beware, he will deceive you, in  
 That Face of vertue, to the Act of Sin. 20



*Pure Platonicke.*

NOT Roses, ioyn'd with Lillies, make  
 Her faire ; nor though her Eyes be blacke  
 And glorious, as th' Etheriall Qveene,  
 Are they my wonder ; I have seene  
 Beautie, and scorn'd it, at fowerteene.

Not to have a Skin as smooth  
 As Christall ; nor a Lip, nor mouth,

---

Bright Cytherea's ornament ;  
Move me at all. Let them invent  
A Drefse, to move new blandishment ; 10

I am not taken. Not the Faire  
Enchantments of well-order'd haire ;  
Not a Leg, nor Foot, nor hand ;  
Nor the parts wee vnderstand  
Most attractive, mee command.

Though I give all Beautie prise  
To the value of my Eyes ;  
Yet I doe not love a Face,  
Nor dote vpon the outward grace ;  
These respects can have noe place. 20

Wee distingvish nothing to  
The outward fforme, as Lovers doe ;  
Nor value by the rule of Sence ;  
Wee know noe Sexe's difference,  
Equall in Pre'eminence.

To the Sympathising mind,  
Neither hinder, neither bind ;  
But in either's brest wee move,  
And Affections Equall prove :  
This is pure Platonicke Love. 30





*Court-Platonicke.*



H, be free, as Equall ayre ;  
 Though not foe gen'rall (my Faire ;)   
 Beautie doth attract the Eye,  
 In rayes of the best Sympathye ;  
 Here I live Eternallye.

The darkest Day were richly Spred  
 In the full Treasure of your head ;  
 The Earth vnverdant may goe seeke  
 Her Flowers in Winter ; but your Cheeke  
 Has all, and more then wee can Speake.

10

Sabæan Gummes flye in your Breath,  
 To recall Life, and ruine Death ;  
 See it in me ; for I noe more  
 Am living man, then in the power  
 Of what your Kisses doe Secure.

The Tirant layes his Scepter by,  
 Commanded by your awfull Eye ;

And dares not Strike, if you but will  
To have me Live ; Oh, yet awhile,  
Secure your Servant in your Smile. 20

Something moves within my Brest ;  
Something not to be exprest ;  
Nature wills, when two agree,  
Some nearer ioynd Societie  
Then a discursive Harmony.

Let vs perfect all our worke ;  
Nature's fires should never lurke ;  
And the Act alone can Seale  
Mutuall Ioyes ; which to reveale  
Were Treason—and I will not tell. 30



*Anti-Platonicke.*

NOE longer torture Mee, in dreams  
Of reservations and Extreame ;  
Nature, never yet, in Two  
Such a Calmenes did bestow,  
As you would pretend vnto.

Give me buxome Youth, and Blood  
Qvickned in the vnderstood  
Caution of Love ; a free desire  
To meet with mine, in Equall Fire,  
And doe the Act, wee both Conspire. 10

In the free and Common way,  
I would all my heats allay ;  
I have little Skill in love,  
Little leafure to Emprove ;  
But by Nature's precepts move.

In everie Step, I tread that path,  
And to new Dictates want a Faith ;  
If I see her yonge and Faire,  
Fresh, and Blith, and fitt to payre ;  
I have whol'some wiſhes nere. 20

My blood burnes, I cannot hold ;  
Strong defires make vs bold :  
I must vtter all I thinke,  
Not in a Qvestion, or a winke :  
Such mustie follies ever stinke.

But I vrge and preſe it cloſe,  
All I know, or you ſuppoſe ;  
Women are noe longer Chast  
Then vntempted ; they would taſt  
Men, with Equall Heat and Haſt. 30



*To the Sweet feminine  
Platonicks.*

LADIES, (for only to the Feminine  
Wee breath these gentle Ayres ;) it resteth in  
Your power to raife vs, (beyond all the right  
Wee claime, to Poet,) in this present Flight ;  
For love Platonicke is a Dreame ; (a Dull  
Imperfect glance of the most beautifull  
Obiect our nature claim's to ;) wanting you  
Who make that vp an Act, was but a Show.

THE END.



# **Uervicencis:**

**A Poeme ;**

**Written by the fame Author :**

**1.6.3.9.**

**Vixere Fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi ; sed omnes illachrimabiles  
Vrgentur, ignotique longa  
Nocte ; carent quia vate sacro.**





## Uervicensis.

### *The Argument and Apologie to the Poeme.*

<p>V : V : arwicke appears : a Sullen Ghost  V : nto this Poet. Seemes to boast  L : awles rebellion ; and make good  I : niustice. To be vnderstood  M : ore clearlie, the first ground was laid  I : n Confidence the Royall Head</p>	<p>V : V : ould be remifse. Vnhappie Those  V : V : ho worke theire Ends where they suppose  L : enitie an Encouragement.  I : n all this Scene, our Argument  I : s not to move pretences, how  D : esignes may be revivéd now.</p>
---	--

M.D.L.L.V.V.V.V.V.V.I.I.I.I.

## *Vervicensis.*



FLEETING Shadow, in the horrid Vale  
Of Erebus, comes to revisit Light,  
In hope of Comfort. I am fet to waile  
In the darke Confines of Eternall Night ;  
And, Mortall ! know I must, if thou now faile,  
In Charitie, t' enlarge my haples Spright,—  
Wander vpon the grislye Stigian Shore,  
Vnheard, vnpittied ; mourning Evermore.



---

What have I done? ah, what have I misdome?  
 Am I forgot on Earth? where once I stood, 10  
 A Second Atlas, to support the Throne;  
 And gvide the Kingdome, as my felfe thought good;  
 Is that great Power forgotten? Will there none  
 Revive my glories? Shall I sinke in mudde  
 Of dismall Lethe? and my Glorie fall  
 To Time a Spoile? as I had none at all.

What boot's it then to be of Noble race?  
 What to be Wise? What to be valiant?  
 Or what to stand in Fortune's highest grace?  
 Seeing, in Death they fall. I, who could vant 20  
 Her favours with the best, must now give place.  
 Vnhappie that I am, thus long to want  
 My Convoy over the infernall Foorde;  
 Where happie Soules get waftage, with a Worde.

The Surlie Ferriman denies mee palse,  
 And twitts my great Name with disgracefull words;  
 Tells me (to vex my Soule) how great I was.  
 Once able to Engage ten thousand Swords,  
 And Create victorie; rul'd by the glasse  
 Of poasting Time, a Suppliant at his Foords; 30  
 I only hang vpon the Lipps of Fame,  
 Vnworthy of my once renownéd Name.

Oh the Decree (I dare not say vniust)  
 Of Fate ! which guides the vniverse, and gives  
 To some Men greater Favours vpon trust.  
 Am I the only Abiect ? Shall my griefes  
 Bee lost in Ayre ? Must, must, ah never must  
 I hope to be a partnerre in the lives  
     Of happie Names ? Shall my afflicted Soule  
     Bee fixed here, Eternally to houle ?

40

This only rests : a Poet must reherse  
 Mee to the world, and offer vp my name  
 In the bright Colours of immortall verse ;  
 A Sacrifice to a ne're-dying Fame :  
 Here rest my hopes ; for only these can pierce  
 Rutheles Infernalls ; these, can only tame  
     Hell's Bandog, in his furie, and command  
     Charon to waft mee to that happie Land.

Could I obtaine this, I were happie Ever ;  
 Then might I free lie Solace in the feilds  
 Of bright Securitie, where Death comes never ;  
 Where everie object all Contentment yeilds ;  
 Where God-like Heroes reioyce together ;  
 And All in vnion live ; where Iustice weilds  
     An vncontrôlléd Scepter, and disposeth  
     In Equall parts, that none can say, he loofeth.

50

Some gentle Muse, (in pittie of my Tears)  
 Make it your Taske, my bright and active Storie ;  
 I Envie none you did or doe rehearse,  
 But I esteeme mine Equall to their glorie. 60  
 Scarce anye, but they gaine the Life of verfe,  
 Vnask't, vnfought for; yet (alas) implore I,  
 And find noe Ayde ; I who could once have had  
 Liveing, ten thousand Hands, now want one Dead.

One hand to save me from the gapeing Lawes  
 Of blacke oblivion ; and my name preserve  
 By force of Numbers, which revert the Lawes  
 Of Destinie. Doth not my Name deserve  
 A place of mention? Oh, what Envie draws  
 Or what Affection gvides you, that I sterue 70  
 Neglected? Loe, they live, whose bones are rotten ;  
 Only Great Warwicke's Name you have forgotten.

In the Domesticke Iarrs, the Civill broiles  
 Of Faction, you may read of Warwicke's Name,  
 In bloodie Letters written ; where the Spoyles  
 Of a Sad Kingdome fills the mouth of Fame  
 With giddye Rumor ; and the haples toyles  
 Of Natives, stand distracted, as they came,  
 How to resolve. In midst of these, descrye  
 Great Warwicke's Name ; which Warwicke once was I.

I was a Yorkist, and I gave the fire  
 To this great Clap ; my Youth and Spirrit then  
 Tooke an Occasion, that I might aspire  
 Into the good Opinion of Men ;  
 'Twas I that first gave hope to his desire,  
 And made the Action live ; rais'd him vp, when  
     Hee would have Slept, and let his Title fall ;  
     I was his Strength, his hope, his All in All.

The King neglects his Title ; whilst wee wrought  
 Vpon the Anvile of his patience ; 90  
 And Secret Plotts now into Action brought ;  
 But yet, to give our Treason some pretence  
 Of Iustice, Yorke averrs he only fought  
 Publicke redrefs against the vile offence  
     Of Somerset and others ; thus he Came  
     An humble Suppliant, in the People's Name.

For that he should (as manie would suggest)  
 Ayme at the Scepter, or old Titles bringe,  
 To gull the Multitude ; his loyall brest  
 Would rather breake, then harbour such a thing : 100  
 Noe ! thinke not, Harrie, (saies he) but I Reste  
 With a pleas'd Soule, to looke vpon my Kinge.  
     This gave it varnish to the world, and tooke  
     The good King, who iudg'd onlie by the looke.

Thus satisfied, Hee thinkes it is but iust  
His Cozen Yorke should orderlie proceede,  
When Somerset steps forth. Great Sir, and must  
Your Actions fall to Censure? let me bleed ;  
I feare not death, to serue you ; but I trust  
You cannot fall, to let a Rebell tread 110  
In your dishonour ; let him know your power,—  
His pride,—to stand the King's Competitor.

Not Sir, but I dare suffer in a Cause  
Where all my fault is but my Zeale to you ;  
I gladly fall vnto your Equall Lawes,  
In verdict of my Peers ; but you may know  
Another reach ; see how his Title drawes.  
My Leige, 'tis too apparent ; either goe  
And cut him Short, depifing his faire offer,  
Or (my Soule's-torment) in dishonour suffer. 120

Buckingham vrges it, in the same way ;  
You are a King ; or be foe, or be none.  
Meet him with all your power, and let a Day  
Stand Arbiter betwixt you, for the Throne ;  
Give, give him Battle, all the Lords now Say.  
The King stands in Dilemma of his owne ;  
Hee would, yet would not grant ; he would refuse  
But not denie ; till they inforce it thus.

For Shame, Sr, see the danger ; what a Staine  
 Vnto your Blood ! what a nere-dying taint 130  
 (Shall it to all Posteritie remaine  
 In your remifsnes,) to the Line of Gant !  
 Wee loofe our words, whileft they come on amaine :  
 Meet the Stout Rebel, make proud Yorke recant  
 His follie. Sir, you trifle. Thus the King,  
 Will he, or nill he, they to battle bring.

But it were tedious, if I should relate  
 The Circumstance of everie Action.  
 I only glance at thefe, and rather treat,  
 In my owne Storie, what my felfe have done ; 140  
 How once I merited the name of great ;  
 What fame I got, what victories I won ;  
 How once I gave, and tooke, (not prettie things  
 But) Crownes and Scepters ; made and vnmade Kings.

Wittnes St. Alban's, in the overthrowe  
 Of Harrie's forces ; wittnes, in the fall  
 Of Mignon Somerset. Historians know  
 If Warwicke be forgotten here : you all  
 Have gull'd Posteritie ; I gave the blow ;  
 And let me tell you, Yorke himfelfe would call 150  
 My Arme his victorie, and fay I floode  
 A Bulwarke to the Title in his Bloode.

The King retires, his Armie put to rout ;  
And Yorke (pretending it to be in Zeale),  
Seekes an attonement, having found him out.  
Hee takes it kindlie, and accounts it well,  
To purchase Qviet, and secure his doubt ;  
But Yorke had higher Aymes. The weake King fell  
    Into a second Non-age. Yorke must sitt  
    As Lord Protector ; and Hee suffers it. 160

But the Virago Qveen, (who could resent  
A lesse indignitie,) doth aggravate  
Th' aggrevéd Lords, and to their discontent  
Adds a disgrac'd King, a deforméd State.  
(Women are moveing orators,) she Spent  
Her words to purpose ; and determins straight,  
    By force, to right the greivance ; and once more  
    T' enthrone the King, Sole Monarch, as before.

She cannot suffer what the Husband can ;  
And my great Name was horror to her Soule ; 170  
(But fet beyond the measure of her Span ;)  
She cannot suffer Warwicke. 'Twas a foule  
Dishonour to the Realme, to let a man,  
An Enemie, have govern'ment and rule.  
    Shall Yorke sitt Regent ? and proud Warwicke keepe  
    The strength of Callice ? meacocke King, you sleepe.

She vrges him againe, and makes him take,  
 Once more, the feild, against the power of Yorke.  
 The Second Time they meet ; now like to make  
 A finall End of all, and seale the worke. 180  
 Now Yorke and Lancaster are at the Stake !  
 Oh, horrid fate ! Can such a Treason lurke  
     In Trollop's heart ? Ah, he's revolted, lost  
     In Coward Thoughts, whom once I trusted most.

And thus wee lost the Day. The Iollye Qveene  
 Thinkes the Storme past ; and by a Parliament  
 Repeals, restores, as best to her was feene ;  
 Confers place, Honour, office, Government,  
 At her owne likeing ; and with others, mine ;  
 Which Somerset must have, to that end sent. 190  
     But Stay, yonge S<sup>r</sup> : carrie your Mrs : word,  
     You cannot have it ; ther's a stronger Sword.

Againe the Fire breakes out, and in the Claime  
 Of Yorke, I take the feilde, well furnishead  
 With able Souldiers ; to whom dailie came  
 Supplies from everie Qvarter ; whether led  
 By faction, or to gratulate my name,  
 (Which glorious then to all the world was spread,)  
     I know not ; but I then flood in the feild  
     ' Bove twice twelve thousand, that did weapons weild. 200



The Qveene against me came, with all her Power ;  
 (For the good King had almost lost his Name ;)   
 The Armies meet, (in an vnluckie hower)  
 Nere to Northampton. Now the Blab of ffame  
 Magnifies Warwicke ; and that Action fure  
 Had bene Enough to give all valour fflame.

Hearke, muficke to my Soule, the Soldiers crye  
 Warwicke for Yorke, Warwicke and victorye.

The Qveene flyes North-ward ; Yorke, in Parliament,  
 Vrges his right in blood ; againe is made 210  
 Protector of the Kinge ; and by confent  
 Proclaim'd heir to the Crowne. The Qveen gets ayde  
 Once more, to trye the Hazard of Event.  
 Yorke gives her battell, to his Lofse ; way-layd  
 And mifinforméd of their Strength, he tryes  
 The chance of Battle ; Crown's the worke, and Dyes.

Dyed, and with him my noble Father fell.  
 Ah, then where was I ? where was Warwicke then,  
 When Reiner's Daughter triumph't ? Oh the Hell  
 Of Destinie ! Shall I be absent, when 220  
 I were most vfefull ? Shall proud Marg'ret tell  
 Her Boasts in Salisburie ? that Man of Men.  
 Noe, know proud Qveene, thefe stand to doe the worke :  
 Warwicke, and March, for Salisburie and Yorke.

March tryes his Freinds, and in his Father's right,  
 Vrges his owne ; Ormund and Wiltshire ioyne  
 With Penbroke, to surprise him, if they might ;  
 Or vanquish his small forces. In a plaine  
 They meet yonge Edward, resolute to fight ;  
 (Brave Spirrit ! who foe yonge begins to shine ;) 230  
 Hee stands a victor ; and the Earles (who might  
 In Power have grasp't him) make a shamefull flight.

This fired my Rage ; let it enflame thy verse,  
 T' empafionate for me. Shall Yorke's cold vrne  
 In a warme Ocean of Scarlet Tears  
 Be drench't, by pious March, and I but mourne  
 My equall Lofse with Sighs, or woman's Tears ?  
 I blush to thinke it : noe, let Warwicke burne  
 In a brave heat, and to my father's Name  
 Thunder Revenge on that imperious Dame. 240

Be I vnworthy of my Name or Birth ?  
 Vnworthy an Opinion with Men ?  
 Bee I by Heaven accurst, disgrac'd on Earth ?  
 All Miserie befall me, (that the Pen  
 Of Skillfull Wizards blot vpon the Hearth  
 Of Destinie,) if this blood-gviltie Qveene  
 Survive, in Peace ; and in the fatall Storie  
 Of Salisburie, erect her Envie's glorie.

And let the readie Ministers of fate  
Record my vow, for ever permanent, 250  
Vpon a brazen Pillar. You who waite  
In the high Court of Truth, and doe frequent  
The vncorrupted Barre, at Iudgment's Seat ;  
You, whom I most admire ; you innocent  
Spirits of Ioy and Light, be instant now,  
And Chardge me gviltie, if I breake my vow.

The furious Qveen shall know he had a Son ;  
She knowes that elfe, but She shall know the price  
Of a rash Murder ; and not she alone.  
May Heaven forget me, if my ffather Dyes 260  
Vnsatisfyed in blood ; the Royall Throne  
Shall not exempted be ; when my Lord cryes  
In Dust, Revenge ! Warwicke, revenge my blood !  
I'de to his Deare Name facrifize her Broode.

But know, proud woman, Warwicke cannot pay  
His Debt, with threats, nor chatter out in words  
His Anger ; you shall know, another Day,  
What he allowes for Current ; when bright Swords  
Shall Advocate ; when barbed arrowes play,  
Vpon the Helmes of your Lancastrian Lords. 270  
Brave Rhetorique ! when bloodie Clifford shall  
Appeafe poore Rutland's Ghost, in his owne fall.

But these were dreams of Pafsion. In this heat  
 I brought fresh forces, to affront the Qveene,  
 Strong in her Northerne Ayde ; and now wee Mett ;  
 With equall resolution, both are feene.  
 Till by a freind's foule Treafon, all our great  
 Designes were frustrate. How oft have I bene  
     Betrayed by freinds ? 'tis Treason must doe that  
     Which force or fortune could not ; hardly Fate. 280

We are betrayed ; and Warwicke who would stand  
 The Mouth of Thunder, in his Honour's right,  
 Must flye for Safetie. All our men disband,  
 To secure Life, by a disgracefull flight.  
 Th' unluckie King, brought thither by our hand,  
 Is left without retinue, to the Night.  
     Ah, my false Dreams ! Shall Marg'ret once againe  
     Triumph in Yorke, and my great father Slaine ?

Ah noe ! they will have Iustice ; can she stand,  
 And their Iust blood, foe heavie on her head ? 290  
 Her Glorie, my Confusion ; Warwick's hand  
 Is feiz'd with palfey ; vfeles, he'es a foole  
 A Coward ffoole, to suffer her command.  
 Were he not Lead, or Ice, as Coldly dull ;  
     Hee would breake out in ffurie, make Yorke shine,  
     And quite extingvish the Lancastrian Line.

It cannot stand with Honour, nor my Name,  
 To suffer it ; Great Warwicke, once admir'd,  
 Valour's heroicke Genius ; the true flame  
 Of Action ; with Scandall, is retir'd 300  
 Into the Ebbe of a disgracefull flame.  
 Death to my Soule ! breake Spirrit ; I am fir'd  
 Beyond another Treason. March shall rise  
 King of this England, or else Warwicke dyes.

Thus Iniuries adde to the fire of Rage,  
 And Rage vsurps the Seat of Reason now ;  
 Th' enflam'd Sence is readie to engage  
 A man for all things, to his over throw.  
 Blame not my Pafsion, if I too much wage  
 The fruitles warre of words ; for you all know 310  
 "Iniuries prest the Thoughts ; prest Thoughts will Speake :  
 " Hee wants noe remedie, that none will Seeke.

And though, perhaps, this vanitie of words  
 Appeare in me too weake and feminine ;  
 Heare me thus much. When miserie affords  
 Noe other way, how glad are wee to speake !  
 And when our pungent greifes, (more sharpe than Swords  
 Of Enemies,) doe violentlie breake  
 Vpon vs ; who wants Langvage to discusse  
 His owne to what he would ? as thus, or thus. 320

Soe did I mine ; and all that I could Say  
 Was little to the Cause ; for some time prest  
 With Thought of Treason, now another way ;  
 ffresh pregnant Hopes surprise my willing brest.  
 But then, againe, my Rage doth soone allay  
 These Dreams. My murd'red ffather, and the rest,  
     Crye Blood and vengeance. These would seem to rend  
     A Rocke of ffortitude ; when my best freind,

The brave victorious March, (who strucke me mute  
 With Shame, to thinke of my lost Enterprife,) 330  
 Breakes in vpon me, with a kind Salute ;  
 My Noble Cozen, Action feldome dyes,  
 In Plots of Treason, though they hang in doubt ;  
 Wee have not lost our Spirrits ; Warwicke, rife ;  
     Rife my Life's freind ; let Lovelace dye, thy Scorne ;  
     Baselye forgotten, as he was forsworne ;

Contemne his ffollie, and pursue the Claime,  
 (An obligation to Posteritie ;)  
 The dull King sleeps, and is it not a Shame,  
 Wee should be slav'd by Pride and Beggerie? 340  
 She, who brought nothing with her but her Name,  
 And Bug-beare Titles of high Ancestrie.  
     The Kingdome suffers, and the Scepter stands,  
     A distaffe, in a froward woman's hands.

---

Succeed our Hopes, for doth not Edward's dust,  
 (Our mightye Grandfire Edward, Hee who once  
 Made Valois tremble,) rise and crye vniust  
 Vpon our Heads? and that brave Scourge of ffance,  
 (Whofe Name was Terror, and whose ffame may boast  
 All the true Glories which can Man advance,) 350  
     Doe they not breake their Marble, in a grone?  
     That Such a Nephew should posses the Throne.

Was not my Grandfire, Lionel of Clare,  
 Before the hope of Lancaster? and thus  
 His Daughter married was to Mortimer.  
 Mortimer's Heir doth now suruive in vs;  
 And I, from him am March, noe more then Heire  
 To England's Crowne! of Blood ambitious;  
     Thus, I vnseele a Subiect's Eyes, to looke  
     Vpon a Throne, vsurp't by Bolinbrooke. 360

Only, my faithfull Cozen, let me have  
 That Arme, to gvarde it, which begun the Claime;  
 Let the trivmphant Beare and Ragged Staffe,  
 A Trophie Stand, t' enrich the breath of ffame,  
 In Edward's Title; and I shall be safe,  
 Maugre the malice of that haughtie Dame.  
     And let it be my Ioy, when Starrs attend  
     Our better fortunes, to call Warwicke freind.

Suffice it, Cozen, rather now to bring  
 Our Strength to vindicate our right in Blood ; 370  
 And to the Dust of Yorke, enthrone a King.  
 May his pleas'd spirit triumph in our good :  
 Loe, where the Citty comes ! oh, happie thing,  
 If by a gen'rall voice, yonge Edward could  
     The Royall Throne ascend ; without the gvilt  
     Of foe much Christian Blood, as may be spilt.

Thus hopefull March : when with a louder voice,  
 I greet the people. You, in whom wee trust ;  
 Brave Citizens, in whom our Action ioyes ;  
 How stand your Thoughts ? Loe, Edward to the iust 380  
 Scale of your vertues, lets it fall to Choice.  
 His right in Blood ; you know the Title. Must  
     The old King raigne ? or will you now proclaime  
     Your wishes to the hope of Edward's name ?

If you Delight in fetters, and approve  
 A woman's Rule ! If Pride and infolence  
 Endeare your thoughts ! If you can basely love  
 Your Servitude ! you need noe other Prince.  
 But freinds, wee know you groane ; and to remove  
 Your Burthen, Edward labours. Innocence 390  
     Attends on Truth, and Iustice would restore  
     You to the freedome you have knowne before.



When 'Edward, Edward ! all the people Crye ;  
 Long live King Edward !' oh the sickly tast  
 Of giddie-headed Popularitie !  
 Shall they not, one day, crie him downe as fast ?  
 Can Yorke's proud Son only on them relye,  
 And be secure ? Oh transitorie blast !  
     I can see humane Errors now, and trace  
     The steps of follie into everie place. 400

Thus was he King ; and thus I made him King ;  
 Nor would Hee blush to Say, it was my hand  
 That feated him. For the light humminging  
 Of People, did but as the Colour stand  
 To the Designe, and carried vp the Thing.  
 I layed the ground, I entred, and I mann'd  
     His Title with my Blood. It was not fflate  
     But Warwick's Arme, enthron'd him in his State.

ffor thus Hee said ; If ever I survive  
 A King in Storie, let them know, I am 410  
 Supported by his Hand, who did it give,  
 Sole vnder Heaven. I carrie but the Name ;  
 The glorious Title, I with ioy derive,  
 As a light Sparke, from the resplendent flame  
     Of Warwicke ; let it stand thus in my Storie ;  
     Edward's the Crowne, but Warwicke's be the Glorie.

However freinds, heare you what I confes :  
 This Man, my ffather Yorke, would often Say,  
 Gave Life to Action ; Action, Successe ;  
 And would revenge his Cause another Day. 420  
 ffixe on him, then, with me, in the Excesse  
 Of Ioy and Gratitude. Oh never may  
 My hopes fucceed ! May I accurfed stand  
 When I forget to honour Warwick's hand.

Mean-while the Qveen, not Idle in the North,  
 Leavies a mightie Armie, to bring downe  
 The great opinion of yong Edward's worth,  
 And once againe restore her Husband's Crowne ;  
 Now let fame triumph, with her wings stretch't forth ;  
 Let now her trumpet publish the renowne 430  
 Of Warwicke ; I may speake it without boast  
 I did Create the Day, which once was lost.

The Day was Lost, the pafsage almost won ;  
 Our heartles Soldiers at the point of flight ;  
 When, (as the beames of the resplendent Sun  
 Chaseth away the vglie ffoggs of Night,  
 And glads the world,) I to the People run.  
 Warwicke ! I Crye ; once more, doe Warwicke right !  
 Hee falls not bafelie, that with Warwicke dyes ;  
 Chardge brave Companions ; be he curst that fflyes. 440

Let, let, that fatall Day record my Name,  
In bright vermillion Letters ; that Sad Day,  
Where thrice twelve Thouſand fell ; beſides, of flame,  
Northumberland, Lord Beaumont, Dacres, Gray ;  
That Day, the ſaddeſt Day that ever came  
To Lancaſter ; and ſome are bold to ſay,  
That England ever Saw. Let that Day ſtand  
A Trophie, to enrich great Warwicke's hand.

Victorious Edward, now the way made Cleare,  
In the late overthrow, was crownéd King ; 450  
Which to ſecure, he ſeekes how to Endeare  
The people firſt ; then as a Strength, to bring  
Alliance to adorne the Regall Chaire,  
And give a better Colour to the Thing.  
How great ones ſtand vnſure ! how Crowns of State  
Obnoxious are to the rude whirle of fate.

But wee are Happie now ; almoſt Secure ;  
Our worke is done. Edward and Warwicke ſtand  
Above all fate. We but deride her power,  
Ioyn'd in the Sacred and religious band 460  
Of our owne Thoughts. Hee was a King noe more  
Then Warwicke's freind, and Warwicke's mightie hand  
Was noe more vſefull, then to ſerve the flame  
Of Edward's Glorie, in a Loyall Name.

Wee liv'd but Each in Either, as the freind  
 Of his own bosome ; trusted with his Soule.  
 I goe for ffrance, a Proxie, to commend  
 Affection ; and as I erst did rule  
 In Campes, foe now in Courts ; I got the End  
 Of my owne wifhes ; though a Ladie's Scoule 470  
 (I must confes,) more danted Warwicke's heart,  
 Then the big face of Warre, or warlike Smart.

And let me tell you, though I gave my Name  
 A Sacrifize vnto the Coales of Warre,  
 And rather fought the Merit then the fframe  
 Of Souldier ; though I be known afarre  
 A Surly warriour ; as who never came  
 To the fweet Court of Ladies. Oh you are  
 Abuséd in the Report ! Slav'd by a fface  
 I have bene oft ; by Warre I never was. 480

Thinke not I was a Novice ; nor Suppose  
 Mee ignorant or Rude in way of Court,  
 Despising Love or Beautie : like to those  
 Who put on Sullen lookes, and grumble short :  
 Who Snuffe poore Women vp, with a hot Nose.  
 Such was I never ; for I must report  
 My selfe a Courtier ; Active, Qvicke, and Stronge,  
 A gracefull Person, and a pleasing Tongve.

This, Edward knew ; this, knew the Court of france ;  
 This, Ladie Bona knew ; but what of this ? 490  
 Edward, at home, tooke by a fface, a Glance,  
 fforgets himfelfe, his Honour ; Warwicke is  
 Abus<sup>d</sup> in his Court-Errand. He can Dance  
 With bright-Ey<sup>d</sup> Ladie Grey, and toy, and kifse.  
 Sitt Warwicke, with the Shame ; and france, the Gall ;  
 He keepes his Mistres, and in her, keeps All.

Iniurious Edward ! to engage thy freind,  
 And take another way. Can Warwicke brooke  
 Such a Contempt ? May all Disgrace attend  
 My Memorie : may I be ever Spoke 500  
 The Scorne of men, if here I make an End.  
 I have a feeling Soule ; and Eyes to looke  
 Vpon the wrong. Am I disgrac'd, abus<sup>d</sup> ?  
 Neglected, Scorn<sup>d</sup>, Betraied where I was vs<sup>d</sup> ?

Am I forgotten for a fface or looke ?  
 Neglected, for a woman's witching Eyes ?  
 Am I disgrac'd, in what I vndertooke ?  
 Lewes may thinke me base, if Edward prife  
 My Name with Scorne. I now stand Thunder-strooke,  
 To my Dishonour. What new thoughts could rise 510  
 To please the King, that I should suffer in  
 The Iawes of Scandall, to secure his Sin ?

Or say, proud Edward, though I were as tame  
 As thou could'st fancie me ; as coldly Dull  
 As the slav'd Rufsian ; 'tis not Warwicke's flame  
 That only fuffers. France and Savoy, full  
 Of Iust Displeafure, will purfue thy Name.  
 Are Princes Stales ? and Warwicke made the Gull ?  
     It fires my Soule with Rage ; I was not borne  
     Ignoble to retire ; or Live in Scorne. 520

Dare Yorke's proud Son forget himfelfe foe farre,  
 To abuse my fervice ? Was I fent to play  
 With ffooles, or Children ? I could ruin Dare  
 ffor ever, to his follie. But I may  
 Wrong my owne Honour, ere I be aware.  
 Suffice it, he has Married Ladie Gray,  
     Past all recure. Yet thus much let him thinke,  
     Warwicke perhaps not Sleeps, when he may winke.

Incenséd thus,—for haughtie Spirrits can  
 Not brooke repulfe ;—with Clarence I confpire, 530  
 To restore Harrie,—now a forlorne Man—  
 And bring downe Edward. Hee from this takes fire  
 And vrges it to me. Once backe againe,  
 Wee Ioyne, and make a partie more Entire.  
     Two voves t' afsure it ; yet he breakes 'em both,  
     The word of honour, and his Marriage oath.

from whisperings, wee breake to open words ;  
 (But words detract from Noble action ;) 540  
 And now wee come, prepar'd with thirsty Swords,  
 To seeke an honorable Satisfaction.  
 Nor were wee Despicable ; many Lords  
 And Men of Worth came to assist the faction,  
 And adde to the Designe, which hopefull grew ;  
 As Lincolne, Wells, Dymocke, and Montague.

One blow wee gave, and Pris'ner tooke the King ;  
 But he escapes, and moves vs to a Peace.  
 Hardlie can painted Apples wife Men bring ;  
 Good words take women, and may Children please ;  
 But I too well knew words ; Soe wolves, will Sing ; 550  
 I knew I went too farre againe to cease.  
 " Revolts are never reconcil'd " ; I knew  
 Old policies too well, too well, to hazard new.

And now the Spirrit of my iniur'd freind,  
 Heroicke Wells, breakes out, against the Power  
 Of Edward ; too too weake to gaine the End  
 Of Victorie ; but his great fire no more  
 Would suffer him to pause, or re-attend  
 More pregnant hopes, or the King's gracious hower.  
 Hee thinkes that MAIESTIE and fortune Smile ; 560  
 Both, to a purpose, often to begvile.

How farre doth Pafion blind vs ! How was Hee  
 Hurried beyond his Reason ! Oh, the Sad  
 And bitter Thought of fuch an Iniurie !  
 A ffather's Death makes my great ffreind halfe Mad.  
 Brave Spirrit of Wells ! Oh, might thy fortune be  
 As glorious as thy Cause ! Can Iustice adde  
     Nothing to vertue ? Number will prevaile,  
     And turne the pin of bright Astrea's Skale.

Ah, pittie that it should ! Soe fell my freind,  
 Carried by ffurie to a brave revenge ; 570  
 Regardles of his Strength, but of the End.  
 Shall, shall, faies he, the faithles King infringe  
 His Roiall ffaith ? the promife he did fend  
 To my dear ffather ? Oh revenge, revenge !  
     I run, to facrifize my Pietie  
     To the King's murder, Rage, and Tirranie.

Nor can I fuffer, in a Cause foe good.  
 Religion bids me goe. All good Men Crie  
 Revenge ! revenge thy noble ffather's blood.  
 And shall I trifle ? Let me rather Dye 580  
 A thousand Times. What poore and abiect moode  
 Hath thus long feiz'd me, that I doe not flye  
     Vpon the Tirant, and purfue the wrong  
     As ffemale Lions, who have lost their yonge ?



Enragéd thus, he fell ; thus our Designe  
 Suffred extreamlie. Wee to ffrance retire ;  
 And in a firme Confederacie, ioyne  
 With the late Qveen, who burnt with inward ffire.  
 Nor does shee now at Edward's Name repine,  
 But to th<sup>e</sup> occasion subiects her Desire. 590  
     With her, the Prince, Oxford, and Pembroke Swear  
     To ioyne with Harrie, for the Regall Chaire.

Our hopes Succeed ; wee enter once againe,  
 And put King Edward to a hastie flight ;  
 Hee leaves the Land, with a Distracted traine.  
 Wee labour here at home in Harrie's right,  
 And give him freedome ; but hee (holye Man)  
 Neglects his fortune ; of a modest spright :  
     A Soule beneath a King, and rather fitt  
     In a cold Eremit, or vow'd Anchorit. 600

For ev<sup>n</sup> that Day the People had run backe,  
 To Edward's part, if I, for the weake King,  
 Had not flood vp ; and Cryed, with Ioy awake,  
 Dear Countrimen ; and to your Sovereigne bring  
 Your voves of faith ! And knowing it would take  
 Better, I tell 'em, Warwicke did the Thing.  
     Warwicke is Harrie's ffreind, to live or Dye ;  
     When ' Warwicke, Warwicke,' all the People Crye.

Warwicke and Harrie ! Long live Harrie King !  
 The giddie people Crye. He takes their voice 610  
 As neither glad nor greivéd at the Thing ;  
 Yet rather by Co-action then Choice.  
 How humane Natures scarce show whence they spring !  
 Son of brave ffather ! who admir'd the noife  
 Of Action ! great Soule ! who tooke the Crowne  
 Of Haughtie ffance, and left it to thy Sonne.

Great Soule, whom I admire, whose active glorie  
 Shall shine in Truth's bright Annals, and Survive  
 To all Posteritie, in happie Storie ;  
 When Braſe and Marble faile, when Mortalls give 620  
 Vp interest of all their Transitorie ;  
 Then ſhall thy vertues ſhine, thy Actions live,  
 And Time ſhall bring a Poet to reheſe  
 Thy liveing Glories, in a deathles verſe.

Loe, I have done the worke ; Loe, where I ſtand,  
 A King, or more. Harrie but wears the name,  
 The Honour mine ; the fface Hee, I the Hand ;  
 Now Warwicke ſtands, the ornament of ffame.  
 Brave Soveraigntie ! not vaſſalls to command,  
 And tirranise with Slaves ; but to vnframe 630  
 The Seat of Kings, and have bright Scepters fall  
 Before my feet ; to make and vnmake All.

Did Edward thinke I slept? Has he forgott,  
 Ingratefull Boy, this hand? Could he furmise  
 Warwicke should feele the ffire and not be hot?  
 Was my Complexion made for Iniuries?  
 Where, where has Edward foe much cunning got  
 To see my Phlegme, or Atra bilis rise?  
 You are mistaken, Prince, and ere this, know  
 You were mistaken, to vse Warwicke foe.

640

'Tis not your flemings that can now restore  
 You to your Kingdome; nor your Brother's witt  
 Betray vs, with faire promise, to your Power;  
 Glocester! who like a brooding witch, doth Sitt  
 On plotts of Mischeife! you pretend noe more  
 Then right of birth, the Dukedome; and 'tis fitt,  
 A modest Claime; but Warwicke can noe more  
 Bee fool'd with words, nor trust you, though you fwore.

I come to crosse your hopes, and give an End  
 To your Ambition; fet a period  
 ffor ever to the worke. Oh, pardon, ffreind;  
 Pardon, great Soule of York! with whom I stood;  
 Pardon, my father's Ghost! if I offend;  
 'Tis not for Marg'ret, nor her Sickly brood,  
 I leave the Partye, but 'gainst Edward's faith  
 I ioyne with Her, to satiffye my wrath.

650

fforgive me, Equall Heavens ! if I preserve  
 My honour, dearer then a thousand Lives,  
 To my Life's hazard. Let the Scithian fterve  
 In chains of Ice, and voluntarie Gviues 66o  
 Adorne the Muscovite ; I would deserve  
 A noble ffreedome ; and though Edward Strives  
 T' eclipse my name, with infamous disgrace,  
 Know, Edward's follie made me what I was.

But I am growne Discoursive. Rather now  
 Hear how I fell ; (but thus I fell before,)  
 Treafon must worke, (what hardlie fate could doe,)  
 Great Warwicke's ruine. Hee, who latelie Swore  
 Noe fate should ever feperate vs two,  
 Revolted is, with Shame. Oh Clarence ! more 67o  
 Accurst in this, then thy owne Thoughts can bring  
 Of Hell ; who broke with God, to ferve a Kinge.

But not your Cittye freinds, in whom you trust,  
 Nor the bright London Dames, your better ffreinds ;  
 Shall ferve to voice you King ; nor the vniust  
 Revolt of Clarence. While yet Warwicke fstands,  
 Warwicke opposeth it ; and, Sr, you must  
 Grapple with furdie Limnes and Sinnewie hands.  
 Noe filke-wrapt wantons here ; but Soldiers' fteele  
 Shall graspe Luxurious Edward, till Hee feele. 68o

This Day must stand an Arbiter to both ;  
 (Pardon if I offend,) this blest Day,  
 In memorie whereof I would be loath  
 My Sacrifice, in humane blood to pay ;  
 It better fitts with holie Christian oath  
 The vowes of Peace and Innocence, to lay  
     Vpon the sacred Stone ; and solemnize  
     This Day to Rest, when God and Man did rise.

When the World's Saviour, God and Man, did rise  
 From the darke Confines of vnsounded Deepe,                      690  
 A Miracle of Ioy to humane Eyes ;  
 Shall I profane the memorie ? Oh, weepe,  
 Weepe, stonie Eyes, and let my Soule in Cryes  
 Of true Contrition, this good Easter keepe.  
     Oh let Religion keepe my Courage in !  
     Ill thrives the Action that was lay'd in Sin.

For though I prise a Iust acquir'd Glorie  
 Before the best of Life ; yet I am taught  
 There is a Life, beyond this transitorie,  
 To which Life, Honour, Name, should stand as nought. 700  
 That I expect ; that happines adore I,  
 Eternall Ioyes, which ravish mortall thought.  
     There wee must give account ; all Actions there,  
     Iudg'd, and rewarded shall be, as they were.

Oh, then I tremble ! and this Heart, which never  
 Could stoope to feare, is frozen in my brest ;  
 Then I collect my Soule, then I endeavour  
 To put of Man, and frailltie to divest.  
 My honour, Blood, and Name I quitt, for ever ;  
 I am a Christian ; and be that the best 710  
     Of all my glories ; and to that dear Name  
     This Day, I would not fight, my Glorie's Shame.

But pardon, Edward comes with the big fface  
 Of warre against me ; I must take the feild :  
 Necefsitie compells. Thou fatall place,  
 Vnluckie Barnet ; boast not if I yeild  
 To supreme ffate ; I fall not with disgrace,  
 But as I liv'd, with Honour ; I was kill'd  
     In a brave Service ; and my Name, which flood  
     The Boast of ffame, I varnish't with my Blood. 720

Thus Warwicke fell, and that great Name, which once  
 Was heard with Terror, they pronounce with Scorne ;  
 That Hand, which did fupport or ruine Thrones,  
 Is vfeles ; and great Warwicke lyes forlorne,  
 Mingled in Dust with base and abiect bones.  
 Soe all men Dye, as had they not bene borne,  
     Like fummer flowers ; and ferve but as a prey  
     To greedie Time, and merciles Decay.

Let this Suffice my Hopes ; I now may palse  
 The horrid waves of Acheron, and give 730  
 The world a Knowledge of what once I was ;  
 Soe may the Name of Warwicke ever live,  
 In forcive Numbers. Let me to my place  
 Of Peacefull Freedome, Thou who didst revive  
 A wretched Soule, and re-erect my Name ;  
 Ioy, in thy Thoughts, I vanish as I came.

*The Ende.*

*To the Memorie of the great Earle of Warwicke*

Richard Nevile :

REPOSE, Heroicke Dust ; thy better part  
 Inherit Glorie. Thus my little Art  
 Can give noe more ; but when this verse of mine,  
 (How long foever Muses grant it Shine  
 And shadow out thy Storie,) shall decay ;  
 Rife brighter to Posteritie ! and may  
 Diligent Poets of another Age  
 New drefs thy Glories in a high-borne Rage ;  
 Equall to antique Greece, or Rome's owne fire.  
 Vnprofitable Muses can aspire 10  
 In wishes onlie : but I doe thee wrong ;  
 Live, till men thinke true Glorie lives too long ;  
 Even till thy owne Name can noe more be Sung.

*The End.*

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*

**“The Genius of this Great and  
glorious Ile.”**

A Poem,  
By the same Author :

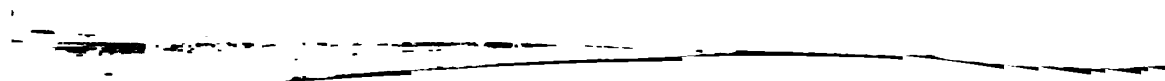
This was first Written 1637 : the originall Coppie  
was lost ; this is taken from an imperfect  
Transcript, by a freind preserved.

——*et nunc, puerilia monstro*  
*Haud tamen erubui* :——

Ex Cl : Claud : in laud. Stil : lib 3<sup>d</sup> :

*Fallitur ; egregio quisquis sub principe credit*  
*Servitium : numquam Libertas gratior extat*  
*Quam sub Rege pro*.....







## “The Genius of this Great and glorious Ile.”



Y the Sweet Streame, with pleasant Mirtles crown'd,  
Sweeter then those in the Idalian grove ;  
And then these, Sweeter noe where can be found ;  
Here Zephir's calmer breath doth ever move ;

Never did it rough Boreas' furie prove ;  
Nor ever did the winter drifles here ;  
The Earth still clad, the Trees were never bare.

Perpetuall Spring ; that it not differ could  
(Vnles excellling that which flame doth Sing)  
ffrom the Sweet vale of Tempe, where of old, 10  
The Gods ffrequented ; nor the flamed Spring

Of Thefsalie, where all the Muses fing ;  
Could boast foe pure a Head, foe cleare a Streame :  
Equall in All, if 'twere adorn'd by them.

Come then, Come hither, Muses ; Come, you Gods ;  
Blefse, and be happie, in this fragrant vale.  
If fuch Divinities may keepe abroads

Vpon our Earth, then let me now prevaile.

Come all you Graces, doe not feare to dwell  
With vs ; here Paradice on Earth is now, 20  
But 't will be Heaven in All, when blest in you.

The wood-nimphs here shall waite you ; here the ffawnes  
And prick-ear'd Satires shall your Groves frequent :  
Sporting themselves over your fertile lawnds,  
The Naiades in Azure vestiment,

With Hairs vnbound, the willing Sand shall print ;  
ffaire-facéd Sirens shall the fences Charme  
To a Delight, and doe noe further harme.

More to delight you : when you but looke vp  
Into the Grove, what diuerse Carrolling 30  
Doth there entice you ? Here vpon the Top  
Of a sharpe Hollie, Philomel doth Sing ;  
Her, Cheif I name ; but all the rest doe bring  
Their seuerall Notes ; the thrush and Linnot here,  
The ffinch, and owfle, caroll all the Yeare.

But Stay, noe further my vnsteddie verse.  
Let better Pens give the Exprefion trulie ;  
Lest I detract more, I noe more reherse  
Such Beauties ; I, too bold and too vnrule,  
Doe too much take from, and doe too much fullie. 40  
This in my praise ; Silence, my Muse, and rest  
Thee, on the banke with flowerie Mirtles drest.

Solace thy Selfe to see blue Tritons friske,  
 And how they Skulke, the weake inferiour frye ;  
 Whilst Neptune, to court Amphitrite doth briske,  
 And heav<sup>e</sup>s his Trident. How obsequiouslie

The waters calme ! how readilie they hye  
 In ! when the Ruler of the Seas doth play ;  
 The fishes Ioy, and Sport, and yet obay.

But whither ramble I ? doe I not see  
 The Goddess on the Shore ? expecting there  
 Great Neptune, great Commander of the Sea ;  
 Her tardie Lover there ; and, or I heare

50

Shrill Tritons to give notice, and make cleare  
 The path, or else my Sences doe mistake ;  
 See where they ride, how now the Billowes breake.

But let me nearer goe, to discern plain  
 If I have Err'd, or if yond fame be shee ;  
 There better may I see the Entertain.  
 But I'me amaz'd ! Certaine divinitie !

60

Such glorious object never stricke my Eye ;  
 The Port of Iuno ; but such feature tells,  
 Thou art bright Citherea, and none else.

Or I mistake ; doth not the pluméd Caske  
 Speake thee, the Issue of Iove's pregnant braine ?  
 I' certaine thou art Shee ; profane to aske,

Or doubt at all ; pardon a fearfull Swaine.

But Stay ; the Qviver doth of right pertaine  
To the Chast Huntrefs : who did heretofore  
Chase in thefe woods the Stag, or feircer Bore.

70

Art any thefe ? I am astonied.

She now approaches. Can my feeble Eyne  
Not finke into my browes ? or can my head  
Direct the organs in fuch glorious Shine ?  
I am but weake ; thou certaine art devine.

Nor can wee have fuch nearnes. Oh ! but See,  
She beckens hitherward, and calls on mee.

I am a Stranger here, ſhe Sayes ; be not

At all Dismaied ; I noe Celeſtiall am ;

Nor am I Sea nor Wood-nymph. Doe not doubt  
What I ſhall ſay ; my beſt part is my Name.

80

In this forme I appeare ; I rather came.  
Know then, I am, bleſt am I in't, the while,  
The Genius of this Great and glorious Ile.

Nor wonder ; I, who ſeldome ever ſaw

The Sun, but ſhrouded lay in ſhades of Night,  
Frighted, beyond my ſelfe ; ne're did I draw  
A breath of Comfort, 'till before that light

Which in the North broke late, Aurora bright ;  
For foe I count that Qveene, and foe I may,  
The faire forerunner of this happie Day.

90

How long before did Mourning cover me ?  
 What have I knowne? And yet my selfe nere knew  
 Till this faire Day ; which I with Ioy may see ;  
 At first, the Romane Servitude I rue,

Then the devided Governments,—which grew  
 From proud Ambition,—what the Saxons did ;  
 Whose Spoile and Conquest in me yet are read.

Still am I made the Feild of blood, the Stage  
 Where Death was in cheife Action ; the Danes 100  
 Now entred, to subdue the Saxon's rage ;  
 Whilst of the Time many deepe wound remaines ;  
 'Till now the Crowne and Realme this last obtains :  
 And then the Norman Conquerour here lands,  
 Who got the Government into his hands.

See yet the Scarrs which in my Face appeare,  
 And See the Miserie of those tragicke times ;  
 To tell particulars I stand not here.  
 Fall then, my Muse, and may my weaker Rhimes  
 Follow the path which onlie she asignes. 110  
 But from the Norman Conquest to these Ages,  
 How manie wounds ! how manie bloodie Stages !

Thou of the Nine the Saddest, helpe me Sing ;  
 Melpomene ! leave the faire Sisterhood ;  
 Bring but thy Tears, and I will matter bring ;

Here, here run out for everie Teare a flood ;  
 And leave thy Inke behind, I'll give thee Blood,  
 To write in Characters, what shall be read  
 With Terror, to all Times, foe registred.

Rufus and Beau-clerke, with those other Nine, 120  
 I palse ; nor doe I tell what I did beare  
 Vnder those paire of Harries ; though<sup>h</sup> their Times  
 To me, were full of Danger, and of feare.  
 Wittnes the wounds which in my face I beare ;  
 But these (too great) cannot be mention'd,  
 When as these after Iarres are told or read.

Repeat thy Sorrow then : Sixt Harrie, now  
 Crown'd King, a Child ; enioy'd it, when a Man ;  
 A Man indeed ; nor can I but allow,  
 His vertues infinite ; yet then grew on 130  
 The Miseries of Mee, POORE ALBION.  
 'Gainst him, his Cozen Yorke pretends a right ;  
 Hee, a mild King, more fitt for praier then fight.

But dwell not here too long, tell onlie how  
 Thou wert devided ; how in doubt did stand  
 Thy selfe, ev'n at thy selfe ; nor didst thou know  
 To which of them to yeild, or which withstand.  
 Now doth the Red, then the White-Rose command ;  
 'Till with the Deluge of the blood was shed,  
 The Red Rose pal'd, the White was soil'd in red. 140

Can I forget, (though a Cheif Actor in  
 This vprore) Warwicke? not t' ascribe a praise  
 Vnto his Actions, but for ever Sing  
 His Courage and high Spirit; Hee it was  
     Did first pull downe, and then good Harrie raise  
 Vp, to the Regall Throne; but whither? Stay!  
 Particulars wee take not in our way.

To name the Severall Battles and the Feilds,  
 I not intend; for rather let me say,  
 I was all Death and Blood. Noe place but yeilds      150  
 Sad witnes of this long-continued fray.

Brother the brother, Son the Sire did flay;  
 Rivers of mingled blood run downe, and where  
 The Spring should boast her green, doth red appeare.

Oh, what a Sorrow 'twas, to be devided  
 Thus in my Selfe! one limme against another;  
 (For foe it was) without all order gvided;  
 Make warre; whilst I, in this smoaking pother,  
     Had sole the want; they fell but Each with other,  
 And everie Single; but I, wanting all      160  
 My Limbes, the heavie Bodie needs must fall.

Here now hant Kites, and Ravens fill the plaine;  
 Whole Shoales of Carren Crowes, to Cloud the Skye,  
 Paddle in the warme blood of people flaine;



This on a Rib doth tier, that peck<sup>e</sup>s an Eye ;  
 And if I may give it more dreadfullie ;  
 The dogs of Villages those bodies eate,  
 Who fed them once, and in their bloods grow fatt.

Let it not fright thee : Wrath now glutts himfelfe  
 In blood, and boasts the onlie Victorie ; 170  
 Goblets of blood he Qvaffes ; and everie Gulp'e  
 Steam's in his cankred throte ; whil't gloriouslie  
 Hee fills still fresh ones ; 'till swolne vp foe high  
 Hee could noe more, he bursts ; whose fruitfull Sperm  
 Springs in an instant ; Cause of greater harme :

Of greater Harme ! if greater there could be.  
 But what more could I suffer ? Yet 'twas more,  
 'Cause a renewing of my Miserie ;  
 And fresh addition to my greif before.  
 How did my Meadowes overflow with gore ; 180  
 The incestuous Earth was cloy'd ; the insatiate, Chardg<sup>d</sup>  
 Beyond her Measure, wish'd her wombe enlarg'd.

Here the red Sea was ; if I foe may call,  
 And if foe high, I may compare with them,  
 The Egiptian Multitude who there did fall ;  
 Those, but in water ; these in the hot Steime  
 Of their owne bloods. Nor can poore infants seeme  
 To hope a safetie ; onlie borne to bee  
 Equallie instruments of Miserie.

How many Ages did continue thus, 190  
 Muse, now relate ; but better I may rue.  
 I know the minutes, were they numerous  
 Tenfold ; for Sorrowes minutes Ages shew.

But ah, how fast they flye when wee pursue  
 Objects which please ! Enough to say they were.  
 Too much in that ; the Time, to tell forbear.

Looke, looke vpon this Caske, and see old blowes ;  
 See the deepe Dints which warre in it hath made ;  
 Read in my quarter'd face, what speech not shoves :  
 What I can least exprese, thou here maiest read. 200

Though time, in something hath recoveréd  
 The gashes of that foule and fatall warre,  
 Yet while time is, I cannot want the Scarre.

O Dulce Bellum ! but they doe not know  
 The fears and Dangers which on it attend,  
 Who vtter thus. I in my selfe can show  
 A Contradiction : for my forward mind  
 Bore me to Battle ; butt too late I find  
 My Error. Youthfull Thoughts and active Limbes  
 May thinke warre sweet, but know not what she brings. 210

See here the Ensignes of that bloodie Warre ;  
 See, see the white now bears Vermilion Dye.  
 Muse, now declare the Discords which appeare

Betwixt the Brothers ; and the Subletye  
 Of Crook-back'd Richard ; till the victorie  
 Was gain'd by Richmond ; who conioyn'd in one  
 The bloodie Factions in the English Crowne.

Here was a hope of Peace ; and here I thought  
 T' have seen noe more the Miseries of warre ;  
 But Fate is various ; the Son haveing got 220  
 The Diadem ; what his wise Sire with Care  
 Had Treasur'd vp, Eight Harrie doth not Spare ;  
 His Will, his Spiritt, 'bove Advice or Feare,  
 Wasts all the Treafure in a forreigne warre.

France feeles the force of Potent Harrie's arme,  
 In vast Expences, both of warre and Peace.  
 Hee gain'd a Glorie, but I reape the harme ;  
 And more and more, my miseries increase.  
 Hee made me Naked as I ever was ;  
 And the late miseries I felt by warre ; 230  
 Worse by my Povertie renewéd are.

The Spoyle of Holie Things, Monasticke wealth,  
 Enrich his Coffers ; Sacred Vtensils  
 Are made a prey, in this prodigious Stealth,  
 This Roiall-Sacriledge.———

Altars are not Exempt, nor the Preist, whiles  
 Hee at the Altar stands ; what can suffice  
 A profane Tirant in his avarice ?

The Glorie, which to other Nations, I  
Had long preserv'd, he ruin's, in his rage ; 240  
And fatts himselfe with ranke impietie,  
Beyond Example ; spares nor Sex, nor Age,  
Where but his Will, or wrath doth him engage.  
Shame ! not alone to be, but to persist  
A Profane, Profuse, Proud Polygamist.

Hee Dyes, and leaves my Crowne vnto his Son,  
A Child, who dyes ere he to Age attaine.  
Marie fucceeds her Brother in the Throne ;  
Next her—oh speak't with Ioy !—for then began  
My happines and peace, vnder the Raigne 250  
Of blest Eliza. Sacred be that Name,  
And deare for ever, to her Endles Fame.

But, Muse, noe further ; for thefe Times vnsuite,  
Hide thy darke browes, for ever, in the Shade  
Of Night ; and let this Glorie strike thee mute.  
Come now, Calliope, thou fairest Maide,  
What I can Ioy, by thee let it be faide.  
Begin then (dearest Muse,) and let there bee  
Force in thy words, to Charme Posteritie.

Tell boldlie what I say ; and let the Times 260  
Take notice from thy writt, it was my voice.  
Applye thy sluggard Qvill, and in thy Rhimes

Speake it, that I may fee my felfe reioyce.

Hast to thy Paper ; dictate on the wife  
I shall declare ; this Qveen's most glorious Raigne  
Great Iames his Peace, to our now Charlemaine.

Elizabeth, (whose name is ever praife)  
Gave Life to me ; and from my gloomie Cell,  
Call'd me to Glorie, in those Halcion Daies ;  
For I, a meagre wight, long time did dwell,  
Disconsolate, foe as I dare not tell ;  
I in my felfe did carrie my owne Hell,  
And greedie Vultur's on my Liver dwell.

270

A Cave there is, where never Eye durst peepe,  
Digg'd through the Stonie Entrails of a Rock ;  
Seem'd Morpheus, or Pluto there might keepe :  
The walls are Sootie, and the Light is Smoake ;  
Certaine, the very hell is not more blacke,  
Nor can it have more Horror ; reaking Steames  
Of Sulphur vexes the Sence, but give noe flames.

280

For Light would give a Comfort, though of Fire ;  
They feeling more then paine of Fire, who dwell  
Haples, within this mansion ; and t' enquire  
The number, vnto infinite would Swell.

Here Scrauling wretches, too, too bad to tell,  
Endure a Torment ; here blacke vipers feast  
And glut themselves, from still-reneweing brest.

Here dwell the Furies ; here the feignéd Hags  
May well be said ; noe voice but horror founds  
Through the Darke vault ; and yellings teare the Craggs. 290  
Here to old Sores inflicted are new wounds ;

Enough, to say here Miserie abounds.  
Here did I stay a Time, too long to say,  
Buried in Shades of Night, past hope of Day.

But I forget this now, viv'd by the Beams  
Of such a maiestie ; and strive to tell  
Her Raigne and Glories. Come, you boasted Dames,  
Attend her State ; for ever I could dwell

Vpon her vertues. But She did excell.  
Bee that Enough ; for not impaire I may, 300  
And to dilate at full, I cannot Stay.

Yet let vs tell, (if words can reach the height  
Which I aspire) the inimitable Sway  
Of my aw'd Scepter ; now all things delight  
And blesse the Shine of such a happie day.

Nor Warre, nor bug-beare Rumor, did affray  
Mee in her Raigne, to speake of ; for I here,  
Knowing foe great before, these lesse forbear.

The Invincible Armado, Spaine's Device,  
I hardlie name ; that word of Eightie Eight, 310  
And Yeare, I passe ; the North Rebellion dyes,

And pettie Insurrections I not write.

Gnatts may as well be spoke with Eagles' flight ;  
These quick'ned with the Sun, grudge at his Shine,  
Soe they, in Her too happie, did repine.

Now pleafant verdure cloaths my fertile Meads ;  
And Sun-burnt Ceres crownes the Plowman's toyle ;  
The birth which from Iove's pregnant thigh proceeds  
Boasts now his fulnes ; all the Graces smile ;

Latona<sup>e</sup>'s Twins inhabit Earth the while ; 320  
Apolloe brings the Muses from their Spring,  
And blest in Qviet, teach them better Sing.

As erst, Admetus' herd he did Attend,  
Soe now he daigns to visit Earth againe ;  
And from his radiant Summit doth discend  
To blefse the Peace. In like, the virgin traine,  
Fearles, purfue the Chase, o're Hill, and Plaine ;  
Not dreading further harme, the rest come downe  
To blefse the Peace and Glorie of her crowne.

The Swains may fafelie pipe, and fafelie Sing 330  
May now the Muses, in my vnknowne shades ;  
They now inhabite Thames, and leave the Spring  
They wont to hallow ; here my harmeles Lads  
Applye their Skill ; whilst all the pleafant glades  
Frequented are ; and all the Swans of Thame  
Resound full glories to Eliza<sup>e</sup>'s Name.

Nor could imperiall Tiber ever boast  
A nobler Store, as when her Still-great Lord  
Snaffled the well-rid world. Had all ben lost  
Of Rome, or what the Witts of Greece afford ; 340

    This Age had ben Enough, Enough t' have stor'd  
Time bankrupt ; to Set up and raife a Pile,  
Bright as the brow of honour, to this Ile.

My vnfrequented Groves, (where but of late,  
Foxes and Weasles haunted,) where the owle  
And yelling Screitch, (full of portent and Fate)  
Late kept ; where wolves and hungrie dogs did houle ;  
    (Where Night, and dismall Horror erst did Scoule,)  
Are now the places of delight and Sport ;  
Thither the Muses and the Lads resort. 350

Foxes are banisht thence ; nor harmfull beast,  
Nor Beast at all, our feilds doe now frequent,  
Vnlesf some nimble Squirrel ; or the rest  
Of them doe vse, which wee call innocent ;  
    The fearfull Hare, Embleme of Discontent ;  
The well-clad Cunnie, and the harmles Sheepe,  
Here graze ; and in full flocks the Hills doe keepe.

These on the Downs ; birds cherup in the woods,  
And mingle Notes, all Ears of force t' entice :  
The Tritons Ioy and sport vpon my floods ; 360





Invested with the Royall Diadem,  
 What Acclamations and what Shouts of Ioy  
 Flye through the Ayre, with Glorie to his Name !  
 How are they full ? Yet (ah !) how niggardlye  
     To his Desert, fuch wasting praifes flye ! 390  
 What should be writ in Brafse, is lost in Ayre ;  
 But when that falls, the world fhall find him there.

To looke into my felfe, and fee of old,  
 The miserable State ; my tears and blood,  
 My dangers and my fears ; I cannot chuse  
 But blefse the Times, vnder a King, how good !  
     Our Dayes are Crown'd with Peace ; and Plentie's flood  
 Runs high within me. Sacred ever be  
 The Mem'rie of this King ; thrice happie Hee.

His happie Raigne, his long and happie Raigne, 400  
 To give in the particulars, as now,  
 Time not allowes : fuffice it, he did gaine  
 The Crowne in Peace, and wore it on his brow,  
     Without or Shocke or Change ; oh ! blefséd thou,  
 Great Iames, for ever ! which, what fire nor Sword  
 Could ever win, doest in thy raigne accord.

The Muses all are dumbe ; nor can they Sing,  
 Soe farre by him excell'd in their owne Skill :  
 But I mistake ! see they Attend their King.

What Palseye hand doth not employ his Qvill ? 410  
Apollo thus vpon the Sacred Hill  
Inspires the Muses ; 'Tis not everie Daye,  
Nor in an Age, that Phoebus daignes to Playe.

My frozen witts, who late but felt the heat  
Of Phebus, where the Mufes scarce were knowne,  
Enlivened by a Splendor far more great,  
Have vnus'd Raptures ; nor was ever Showne  
Then now, a greater store ; and Fame hath blowne  
Them 'bout the world, for ever to remaine  
The ornament of Peacefull Iames his Raigne. 420

More then Augustus, Patron to a Muse,  
A Muse thy Selfe ; or rather the Apollo,  
Whence springs all Science ; whose prolificke deawes  
Doth the drye braines of other Poets Hallow ;  
Thy felfe the gvide, who will not Ioy to follow ?  
Let Poets tell of Phebus, but to thee  
Time shall record the fire of Poesie.

What have I faid ? or nothing have I faid ?  
How doe my Ioyes distract my feeble Sence ?  
Soe, to the Ocean pettie Runnels glide, 430  
And loose themselves. Recall thy footings thence,  
Wander not in Darke waies ! For what pretence  
Have I in this ? or what can excuse feeme ?  
Not fitt to trifle in foe high a Theame.

What Either askes an Age, in thee doth Shine ;  
 A King and Poet ; here, the powerfull Gods  
 Iove and Apollo, ioyntlie doe combine,  
 And Strive a victorie ; the doubtfull odds

Resolve (my Muse) : but 'tis above our road ;  
 Equallie give him thus ; as Fame shall Sing 440  
 A Peerles Poet and a Perfect King.

A Peerles Poet and a Perfect King ;  
 Fat'ning my feilds, with Qviet of thy Raigne ;  
 How shall I pay my Zeale ; how shall I sing  
 My gratitude ? that in the smallest, can

Be seen thy Glories ? Sacred Spirrit ! daigne  
 T' accept these Accents, as the humble Test  
 Of what I owe, but cannot be exprest.

How shall I thinke the Word, which I must Say ?  
 Pronounce it not (my Muse,) ah, can he dye ? 450  
 With him, might I for ever fall away :  
 Never can I hope such Felicitie.

Must he needs Dye ? Oh terrible Decree !  
 Inexorable Fates ! See, now hee falls,  
 Whilst I attend, to rue the Funeralls.

Rest, Happie Soule, in Peace, and now Enioye  
 Thy better Crowne of Glorie, and amid  
 Troupes of triumphing Angels, ever Ioy :

Whilest treeble Wreaths of Glorie on thy Head,  
 Give lasting Splendour ; Soe thou art not Dead ; 460  
 But in a better State dost raigne and Live,  
 Whose Life in me, a Life to me, did give.

But Stay ! my too much Pafsion ; how farre  
 Vnbounded, would'st thou ramble ? See, oh see,  
 How I have erred ? Looke vp (to stay thy feare)  
 Vpon the Beams of sacred maiestie ;  
 What ! art stricke blind, my Sence ? This, this is Hee  
 (Sprung from that glorious Stemme) shall bee to mee  
 Cheife ornament to all Posteritie.

Straine here, Caliope, a louder Note 470  
 Then has bene heard ; bring all the Sacred Qvire  
 Of Muses hither ; and let everie throte  
 Resound the praife of what I most admire :  
 Here goe beyond your Selves ; oh, Sing him higher,  
 That all the Earth may stand amazed to heare it ;  
 Yet, (oh) how short will this fall to His Merit.

And now the Glorie tell ; for this I came  
 From my Aboade ; to give my Pietie,  
 And pay due homage to his sacred Name ;  
 That Sacred Name, in which, Posteritie 480  
 Shall read all vertues ioyn'd with Maiestie.  
 More then I could expect what heaven could give ;  
 Blest in the Raigne of Charles, I ioy and Live.

Doe I not now enioy the All I have  
From thee, and in thee? What in mee but Thine?  
'Tis but a Due to owe 't to him who gave;  
Which with a willingnes I doe resigne;  
Nor breath's within mee hee that will repine:  
Can Murmure dwell within Mee? Noe, I fall  
Before thy feet, and tender here my All. 490

Oh, can Hee tread vpon the Earth, that Man  
Who grudgeth at thy Pleasure? Might Hee be  
Vnworthy of this Ayre; ever remaine  
In some darke Desart; and noe Memorie  
Bee knowne of Him, but breathing Infamie;  
There let him be forgot. But why should I  
Make a Surmise of what can never bee?

But (ah) too well I see, what I now feare;  
See, how the Male-contents doe Mutinie;  
A worthles Broode, they not my Children are; 500  
How they dislike the rule of Maiestie?  
And mutter Treason, and thinke villanie  
Against their Prince? Oh, be it vnto them  
Confusion, and Dye in their owne Shame.

Degenerate Issue, borne to be my Shame;  
Why doe you murmure, 'gainst your Lawfull Prince?  
Why doe you feeke (Dishonour to your Name)

My Ruine? you, who should be my Defence.  
 Yet fall, and beg a Pardon for offence ;  
 Come to your Selves (your Mother calls) and be  
 Subjects to Him, and Children vnto mee. 510

Leig-men to him, and Children vnto Mee,  
 Who am but His : be His, and you are mine ;  
 'Tis not at all to Say, in Pietie  
 Wee are bound, with the Common-wealth to ioyne ;  
 'Tis a pretence, ridiculous and vaine.  
 Can it implye a Common Safetie, where  
 Power and Maiestie neglected are ?

I am that Common-wealth you seeme t' adore,  
 'Tis true I am your Mother, and from you  
 May challenge your Endeavours ; and the Power 520  
 You all can vse, fall but in me as Due ;  
 But no Glorie can vnto me Accrue  
 From Separations ; be asham'd to tell,  
 What's 'gainst the King, is for the Common-weale.

Noe ! what you have is mine, 'tis true ; but what  
 I am, or can be, I must pay the King ;  
 Hee is my Gvide : Why should I derogate  
 From my owne right ? 'Tis noe Discourfive thing,  
 High Maiestie ; but vnder heaven doth bring 530  
 An awe, and more ; a distant Reverence,  
 Beyond dispute claiming obedience.

Fitts it with you ? everie low, private Man,  
To looke into the Prince, and his Designes ?  
Must Kings fall to Examination ?  
I greive to thinke it ; certaine you would Clime  
    (Which you can nere) to heav'n ; and the devine  
All-potent Godhead Qvestion. Sacred be,  
Vnder that Power, the Power of Maiestie.

Can you with Common Thoughts, foe much as Touch 540  
The hemme of Maiestie ? or would you Looke  
Vpon that Splendour with or frowne or grutch ?  
Correct th<sup>e</sup> Impietie ; Kings doe not brooke  
    Such neernes ; and to all Times they have bene spoke  
Sacred. Oh, Touch him not, nor looke vpon  
The Royall Throne, but with Devotion.

Could I exprefe my Zeale to maiestie,  
Or could I here the Power of Princes tell !  
But neither can I : Sacred Roialtie  
Can know noe Limits, neither can my Zeale. 550  
    Hee is my King ; I am his Common-weale,  
Subiects to him ; whilest from his Princelie Brest  
Commands are knowne, obedience fitts me best.

But take, in leiw, thefe Accents, whilst I here  
Give fome advice to my Rebellious Sons  
And thy more glorie. Make their Shame appeare



Who (with profane thoughts) dare aspire at Thrones.  
Come (though my Children) yet, you luckles ones ;  
Heare mee (your Mother) who doe thus Convince  
Your haughtie Spirrits, too meddling with your Prince. 560

What have I said before, of former Ages ?  
The miseries which then I sufferéd.  
Peace knew noe dwelling here : the manie Stages  
Which then I saw of blood are regist'ed.  
See to those times ; how full of feare and dread  
They livéd then ; and see your now Estate :  
Then may your selves condemne your selves ingrate.

But not foe farre I draw you ; instant Times  
Are better Light. Let but awhile your Eye,  
Leave your owne homes, and looke on neighbour Climes. 570  
Looke now vpon my Sister Germanie ;  
The Seat of Warre, the Scite of Miserie ;  
See the rent Eagle, and looke backe againe,  
To your owne quiet home, and blefse the Raigne.

See into France ; See all the world in broyle ;  
And then examine trulie how you are.  
Certaine, you cannot but with Feare recoyle  
At what you mutter'd ; but how sweet is warre  
To giddie Faction ! and all Change how deare !  
Leave fuch an obstinacie ; and recollect 580  
Better, your selves, to see, what you neglect.

See, here at home, the numerous Confluence  
 (If not too much) of People ; but to you  
 What neede I speake, thus much ? Doth not from hence  
 The world take wonder ? and admire, to veiwe  
     What Happines, noe Nation ever knew ?  
 See, how they fixe ; yet you, nor recke nor See,  
 The Good y' enioy, vnder Such Maiestie.

See there the Spoiles, the ruines read of warre ;  
 What Wasts appeare ! See, Banners broad displaied ; 590  
 See slaughter'd Men ; See townes in Smoke and ffire ;  
 Revenge and wrath, See there in Scarlet clad ;  
     See, the distracted Dwellers, how appaied ;  
 See, all the World, with noife and warre, how hott ;  
 Looke if not wilfull blind, and fixe on that.

When you Enioy, at home, (or may at lest)  
 Peace, Heaven's great Blefsing, and what else content  
 The World can give ; with Plentie crown'd and blest ;  
 Safelie you live within me ; and frequent,  
     Without all Dread, what way your wills are bent. 600  
 Turne in your Squinted Eyes, and Seriouslie  
 Learne how to prize the blefsing you enioye.

Looke, looke on me, your Mother, and Behold  
 My Beauties ; Looke with an impartiall Eye ;  
 See now my Glories, fee my Greifes of old ;

Compare, and see your Cleare Tranquillitie,  
 Vnder the Rule of this great Maiestie.  
 Happie 'bove Hope ; for what of miserie  
 You thinke, 'tis in your Selves ; the State is free.

And can you be too gratefull for this Peace, 610  
 My blinded brood ? For had you to your King  
 A Tirant, (as you now have nothing lesse)  
 What's yours ? or you your Selves but vnder him ?  
 Bee wise in Time ; lest, happilie, you bring  
 Your owne feare's Truth, and your Endeouours fall :  
 A Prefse, to grinde the Interests of All.

But you who live blest vnder such a King,  
 As Time could never glorie, and yet strive  
 To Curbe his Eafie claimes ; what shall I bring 620  
 To blush you into Shame ? Doe not deceive  
 Your felves, to fancie freedome. You may live  
 To wonder at your Selves ; for certainlie,  
 Contingencies but make Necessitie.

And this must be ; I only can lament  
 The Disobedience of my Rebell Sons ;  
 Never was yet foe blest a government  
 To silence Envie ; and the venom'd tongues  
 Of Malice cannot want Detractions  
 To blast on purest vertues ; 'Tis the Fate 630  
 Attending Government, and everie State.

But Eagles doe not recke the Wren's weake flight,  
 Nor doe they feare the humming of Gnats ;  
 Soe thefe, vnworthy are to ftand in fight,  
 Thefe abiect Spirrits, thefe Degenerates ;  
     With the high Name, which Iuftly gvides my State.  
 Long may he foe, to the full Admiration  
 Of all the world, and good of his owne Nation.

Let me not run too fast, and be ingrate,  
 While I rebuke them ; Come, Caliope,  
 Take thy firme Qvill, and write. Never too late      640  
 Can wee Endeavour this ; though never be  
     Exprefive there. Yet to Posteritie,  
 Tokens of Zeale may in thefe words appeare :  
 Oh, be they forcive, as they Zealous are.

Come Poets hither ; you who best can sing,  
 Why labour you Inventions ? when you may  
 Know all perfection, in your gracious King.  
 Leave far-fet fiction, and in truth display  
     A vertue, 'bove what Fancie e're could fay.  
 Goe here, beyond your felves ; let Poesie here      650  
 'Bove Fiction, in a higher Truth appeare.

You, who would Limne out vertues, and Exprefe  
 (With all your Art) Idea's, which but give  
 Weake Lights of Patterne ; though you feeke to drefs

With height of Skill, your fancyes, you may strive  
 In this, to render Iustice ; and Derive  
 (To give it Lustre) what in Art you may,  
 Or gleane from what Antiquitie can say.

Here, you would Fortitude, there, Prudence strive ;  
 In this, you would discover Clemencie ; 660  
 Soe of the rest ; for Poets onlie give  
 Crowne and perfection (where they best agree)  
 To vertues ; and but give 'em severallie,  
 Single in the perfection : for wee read  
 But one Pandora, full accomplishéd.

Loe, how you trifle here, and give sometimes  
 But weakly, what you would, with greater Ease  
 (And greater Honour, to your happie Rhimes ;)   
 Read 'em all ioynéd in his Princelie Face ;  
 And what you see there, strive in all t' exprefse ; 670  
 Soe may you Sing to After times, the Glorie  
 Of all Perfection in his sacred Storie.

You, who advance Deade Kings and Potentates ;  
 Who breath, in loftie Numbers, Death and Warre ;  
 Or you, who tell the Pompe of Antique States ;  
 Correct, and bring your verfe, with ioy and feare ;  
 To vtter Truth of him ; which fhall appeare  
 More worthy praise, vnto Succeeding Ages,  
 Then your proud heights, or all your bloodie Pages.

For here the Muses' ioy, the Hill of Peace, 680  
 Is the Pernassus ; and the faméd well  
 Of Helicon, cheiflie in Safetie is.  
 Soe best, the Muses may be said, to dwell  
     In the Hesperides,—this happie Ile ;  
 Hence light a Flame, that all your Nephews may  
 Admire the Glorie of this happie Daye.

From him proceeds, what ever you can boast ;  
 Soe sing him ever ; the Encouragement  
 And onlie Life, to what had else bin lost ;  
 Pay then to him (your Hope, your ornament ;) 690  
     What you can give ; and may you still frequent  
 (While Time shall be) my feilds ; that I may know  
 The Peace for ever which I glorie now.

Sing the French Lillies, in the English Crowne,  
 To future Times : as faire, as I now see't :  
 And now (the while) prostrate, vpon the ground,  
 Your Skill, and humblie kisse her sacred Feet ;  
     The Royall Mother of the Hopes I greet ;  
 Fixe there, with admiration, and Survey  
 Perfections more then you can ever Say. 700

Here move the Graces, in their proper Spheres ;  
 High Iuno gives attendance on her State ;  
 See, Hebe smiles ; Each Goddes now appears,  
 Officious ; Pallas and Dice, wait

On her Designes ; but this, may fall too late ;  
 She shall appeare best spoken in her Name ;  
 A name for ever Sacred vnto Fame.

Here see, in All, my more then happines ;  
 For this, I came to visit Earth once more ;  
 To see my Beauties, and the Authors blese, 710  
 Of a more Glorie then I knew before.

Heaven be Auspicious ever, I implore,  
 To the high Maiesties ; and from them Spring  
 To lasting Ages, one Shall be my King.

But let not this transport me ; Minutes hast,  
 And I must to my home ; else I could dwell  
 For ever here ; but see, the Sun falls fast ;  
 Record thou to the world, what now I tell ;

Whilst I must leave thee, and goe to my Cell.  
 There fixe vpon these Glories ; and admire 720  
 In Silence most, for words but more impaire.

And Soe she vanisht, ere I well could know  
 That She was gon ; whither noe Eye could See ;  
 Peace still Attend her ; and suffice it now,  
 I have obeyed the Chardge imposed on me.

Here shade I then my Browes ; and Solace thee,  
 My Muse, in the fresh Grove ; and Fame shall Sing  
 In Louder straine, the Glories of my King.

**The End.**

*To the Reader of Doctor Brown's booke  
Entituled*

**Pseudodoxia Epidemica.**

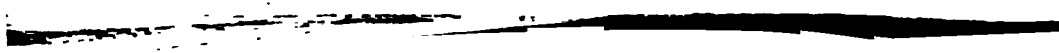
**I**F to delight and profit be of praise ;  
 Admire this Author ; who hath manie waies  
 Oblig'd the world, in Eyther. Would you see  
 Error vnveil'd, by a Strict Scrutinie ?  
 Would you know, probablye, the Causes hid  
 Of many Things in Nature ? such as (bred  
 Vpon the Pillowe of Coniecture) were  
 Strangelie impos'd, by Inquisition, Cleare ?  
 Read ore this Booke. Or would you trifle out  
 Your Time, in some vnneecessarie Doubt ? 10  
 Seeme wittye to discourse, of things vnknowne,  
 As in your Knowledge ? Make this Booke your owne.  
 If a neat Stile or Langvage doe delight yee,  
 Fall gladlie to ; nor let the Hard words fright yee.  
 Or, are you Serious ? Would you faine behold  
 Man, first Deluded ? And the manifold  
 Still-interposeing Clouds, blearing his Sight,  
 To looke at Truth, in her Eternall Light ?  
 This be the Mirror. I have said Enough,  
 As my owne Relish to it, drawes Mee through ; 20  
 What yet remains is All. But What is That ?  
 Reade ore the Booke, and You may tell Mee, What.

**Decembr: 11<sup>th</sup>**

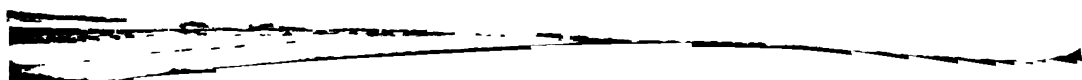
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G. Daniel.





Some Poemes ;  
Written vpon Severall occasions,  
*By the Same Author.*





*To the Tombe of Thomas Earl of Strafford.*



R EADER, ere you pass this Herse,  
Looke vpon our Shame. Our wonder,  
Worthy all your Tears,  
Lyes with liveing honours, vnder  
This proud Marble ; and my verse  
But anticipat's the Thunder  
Of a bolder Fame, which might  
Have overcome a feeble Spright.

This, This was Hee, who knew aright  
To guide the high Affaires of State ;  
Whose prudent Counsells were y<sup>e</sup> Light  
Of Monarchy. Our Monarch's Fate  
Was twist in his. Clear Pens might write  
Wonders in Storie ; but too Late :  
Quills are prevented ; and the Sword  
Writes Blood, for Inke ; & wound, for word.

10

Vnhappie Age, Vnhappie Ile ;  
Without a Genius, in his fall ;

Whose Third made onlie both yours smile,  
And was the liveing Fount of All : 20  
If Genij be be ? (as wee revile  
Antiquity, if wee should call  
    It into Doubt) the greatest Flame  
    Expired in Him ;—And to his Name

Vnder Devotions, wee may pay  
Our best Performances, and place  
His, as the cheif State-Martir's Day,  
Of all our Rubricke. Hee who was  
The Arch-Collofsus, (if I may  
Soe call him) suffers in disgrace, 30  
    And falls to rubbish, by the rude  
    Rage of a barbarous Multitude.

Let the Westerne Iland tell  
To her Maister, if he did  
More then Iust, or lefs then well.  
Shee knew much ; yet I dare bid  
Her, (leaving Malice & that Hell,  
Vulgar Clamour) boldly read  
    All his Storie, that She knew  
    And fright Envie from her heiw. 40

Make her blush ; or would you hear  
It better ? Aske the King awhile,  
Who made the haughtie Scotts to feare ?

Who Stood y<sup>e</sup> Spirrit of his Ile?  
 Whisper Strafford in his Eare ;  
 Vrge it boldly, and revile  
     The Nation ; for in him they lost  
     All their honour, all their boast.

Much could I more : enough to bring  
 An invndation of Tears. 50  
 Stay Readers, I am full ; goe wring  
 Your hands vpon Another herse ;  
 His noble Ashes need noe thing  
 But his owne blood ; enough to peirce  
     The Clouds, drawne vp by Iustice Sun,  
     A MINANT EXHALATION.

And it will fall, vpon all those  
 Who lick'd it warme w<sup>th</sup> greedie gust ;  
 Like Sulphur Shewers ; their overthrowes  
 Shall be more terrible. How Iust 60  
 Is heaven at length ! Strafford repose,  
 Happie in thy dire Fate ; which must  
     Stand, to Ennoble all thy Storie ;  
     Thy Nation's Greife; thy Nation's Glorie.



## An Elegie

*To the Memorie of the trulie Noble and my  
worthie Freind,*

Sr William Alforde K<sup>nt</sup> :

*of Meaux in Holderneſſe.*

I AM noe Common Mourner, neither Croud  
To Funeralls, and vent my Tears abroad,  
In Elegies ; or put my Witt in Print :  
A better Poet then a Penitent,  
I have noe Ends in verse ; but keep the path  
Of plaine Simplicitie. It is noe Death  
Of Great Ones gives my Numbers ever Life ;  
But I am iust to vertue, and would Strive  
To honour worthines, in everie Line ;  
And make my Poesie in these Colours shine.

10

Which to Adorne, and Crowne with better Fame,  
I now am brought to Celebrate the Name  
Of Alforde ; whose iust Merits, were they writt  
By a cleare Pen, might challenge right to Sitt  
Enthron'd in Honour's Theatre ; to bring

His Praise in Catalogue, were but to Singe  
A forcéd orgie ; and would much impaire  
The lustre due to his full Character.

Let Common Pens, who make a Trade of Rime,  
Racke vertue in her Shapes, vnto the Chime 20  
Of mercenarie Number ; I am free,  
And bring my Iudgment with my Elegie ;  
Which is at once, to pay the Debt I owe  
His Memorie, and give the world to know  
Some Light of his Deservings. Though it be  
Knowne to the present Age, Posteritie  
May want Him, and th<sup>e</sup> Example ; when, this weake  
Tribute I pay his Memorie may Speake.

Indeed he was, (I speake not in the Art  
Of Pafsion, but with an open Heart ;) 30  
A man of a Cleare Soule ; and full in all  
The accomplishments of man, in generall.  
A mind as large as Bountie, and a Brest  
Where Loyaltie prevail'd with Interest ;  
For his owne Private, or his private freind,  
Hee could not value to foe base an End.

The rest, let Meux record, and Holdernes,  
There pay in all its Tears, to his Decease ;  
Whilst wee interre him by his Ladie's Side ;  
So ioyn'd againe, whom Death did once deuide ; 40  
And I, (their Poet) Celebrate their Fames  
Glorious, to Time, and Equall in their Names.





*To honour the Memorie of Loyaltie &  
 Courage eminentlie glorious  
 in : Sir T : M :*

TEARS are the orphans of Distreséd Care ;  
 I will not blot his Mention with a Teare,  
 Whose name deserves a Trophie ; though he fell  
 Vntimelie, to his freinds, he dyed foe well,  
 It were a Sin to Honour, to lament  
 Him in his Fate, his Life's best ornament.

That Day, that Day of Blood, which Fame shall write  
 Red in her Annals, knowes how farre he might  
 Claime all I would ascribe.—He could not live  
 To better purpose, then his bodie give  
 A willing Sacrifize, vnto the Cause  
 Hee valued Dearer ;—for he knew noe pause ; .  
 Noe Limitation, would his Zeale allow.  
 Hee valued Death but as he found it now,  
 Reward, vnto his Services.—

10

How many that sad Day can make a Storie  
 Of what they did ? Romancs of vaine Glorie ;  
 But scarce a Tongve can tell of Him, whose Zeale  
 Transported Him beyond All they could tell.

Noe doubt Each did his part ; but it can fall. 20  
A wrong to None, to-write a Truth of All.  
His living Name and Honours are compleat,  
And fitt for Storie, in his glorious Fate.

It might have bene a brave Ambition in  
A Common Man—but he could never Sin,  
In Second Ends—to run vpon the Edge  
Of a consider'd Ruine ; where the pledge  
Was his owne Countrie, and the Glorie more  
Then all his Actions could have bene before ;  
This might have moved another, but he weigh'd  
His Loyaltie meer motive ; nothing Swaied  
By vulgar hopes of Fame, or the ostent  
Which Some (perhaps) had framéd ere they went.  
Hee, these Contemn'd ; and all he had of Ayme,  
Was but to right his Master ; though his name  
Had bene a Thing forgot. But Fate is Iust  
And proper in Rewards ;—foe vertue must  
Triumph in her owne progress ; and the Crowne  
Of honour falls to her Each Action.

I will not mourne for him, nor bid at all  
The dull Astonisht world one teare let fall ;  
I will not Sin foe much against my faith.  
Where he is nigh a Martir in his Death,  
It were vnmanlie to his Memorie  
To bring fuch low and whineing Elegie.  
Such for vncurrant Knights or new-coyn'd Squire  
Might Suite ; and straine the Poet to his hire ;

But like himfelfe, let vs attend his Herse,  
 With Masculine Expreffions, in a Verse,  
 True to his Honour ; wee a little proud 50  
 Soe to record Him ; but I am not loud  
 Enough, to publish what the stronger Breath  
 Of Fame takes from Mee here ; His Life, His Death.



*To the honour of Sr: M: L: Sr Marmaduke  
 Commrd: in Ch: at the Releife of P'. Langley*

WHERE Common Soules are startled, (and the Low  
 Channels in Sordid Cowards dare not flow,  
 But everie Drop lyes throbbing at the heart,  
 And Strikes a Palfey thorough everie part)  
 There, the heroicke Spirrit, vntroubled, moves,  
 And Danger (as the worthiest obiect) loves.  
 Each Common Action has its Common Praife ;  
 But onlie great Designes are fit to raife  
 Immortall Trophies to Adorne a Name,  
 And Crowne Defert, in the full breath of Fame. 10  
 Soe may this Action stand, where (not alone  
 Successe was doubted, in opinion,

But) men who value number, had decreed  
 A certaine Ruine ; and (though instant need  
 Prefse the designe) are cold, and cannot Spye  
 A seeming Face of Probabilitye,  
 In the Attempt. Here Magnanimitie  
 Lookes on the Act, in the Necefsitie  
 Of a distressed Freind ; not led in Heat  
 Of Frenzye, nor inspired with the Feat 20  
 To other Ends then Noble. Some, surmise  
 Iudgment scarce warranted the Enterprize :  
 Oh, Pardon me ; for men of Honour breath  
 A purer Ayre ; and somewhat neare to faith,  
 Moves to their vndertakings ; something hid  
 Lyes to encourage vertue.—What once bid  
 The mightie Cæsar, in all Exigents  
 Persist ? What Reason had his Confidence ?  
 Some great Instinct (which Cowards will not know)  
 Quickens and guideth Vertue. Hee dare doe 30  
 What the dull frighted Pilote dares not thinke :  
 Thou Carriest Cæsar ! Cæsar cannot Sinke ;  
 Be bold in Cæsar's Fortune ; who Reserv'd  
 To better Fate, has bene till now preserv'd ;  
 And if the guiding Influence here faile  
 Him to protect, it is enough, to fall  
 With Cæsar, in his Fate.—Each noble brest  
 Has this inhærent Fire. What Hee exprest  
 Vertue still pleads ; and fortune oft Attends  
 A Resolution pitch't on noble Ends. 40

Soe here, though mark't for Slaughter, by the vote,  
 And Sacrific'd to Ruine, in the Thought  
 Of Some (who were Freinds to the Enterprize,)  
 The Action prospers ;—Boast not victories  
 Too Loud, vncertaine Fame ! Truth only tell  
 The honour of the Action ; which may well  
 Erect a Piramid.——But Blood & Slaughter scarce  
 Support y<sup>e</sup> Name of honour. Hee Appears  
 Lefse glorious in the Crimson of that Day,  
 (Where Hee, his Numbers treebled, beat away ; 50  
 Where many Deaths of Enemies, and All  
 The Spoile of Armes, to Him (as victor) fall),  
 Then in the hearts of liveing Men. Soe farre  
 Humanitie enforces, beyond warre,  
 In the Sterne Rape of Power. Live, mightie Soule,  
 To perfect many Such, whilst I enroll  
 In a darke verse thy Fame ; till (by thy Sword  
 The Age reduc'd) I may bequeath a word,  
 Fit to enforme Posteritie what Name  
 Wee owe our Peace to ; when the better Flame 60  
 Of Poesie (now Shaded) may by thee  
 Again b' inspir'd to Truth and Libertie.  
 Till when, my Numbers doe noe further spread ;  
 I will not WRITE what others may not READE.



Vpon an excellent Treatise

*Written by T: B: D: M:*

called

*Religio Medici:*

I HAVE not seen, (let me speake modestlie,)  
 A finer Peice of Ingenuitie,  
 Then in these Leaves laide out. When I survey  
 This Bodie, I am rapt, and loose my way  
 With wonder and Delight ; foe caught, foe tyed  
 I have noe Power to Change, to looke aside.  
 For who can fixe vpon a vulgar Face  
 To such a beautie ? whose abundant Grace  
 Strikes each Beholder. In such Similies  
 Wee humor Sence, and raife but Fantasies.

10

I now decline 'em here, and would not fill  
 This Page with varnish of a trifling Qvill ;  
 But give a cleare round Sence ; for 'twere in Mee  
 An Error sure (almost Impietye)  
 To be reserv'd ; and that I may not blanch  
 My owne Conceptions (though with Ignorance  
 Perhaps Enough) take it in Short : I find  
 The livelie Image of a free-borne mind

Speake, in a Stile foe Cleare, a Sence foe full,  
I hardlie know an Equall ; nothing Dull, 20  
But with a Spirrit, the fame still ; though in All  
I cannot ioyne ; but to the rationall  
Exception, as each Genius intends  
A severall way, and vnto severall Ends ;  
Let me but varie, to my owne, as hee  
To his owne Reason bends, (and certainlie  
Hee limitts noe man) and I cannot fall  
For Distances in Some, to leave in All  
This Authour ; whom I honour much, and prife  
His generous Attempt ; who would make wise 30  
Deluded Men, and from Infirmitie,  
Erect a Structure of Abilitie.

Who sees his wants is wise ; Hee more, who can  
Supplye his owne, and bring a Stocke to man ;  
Man-generall ; from whence in full repaires  
A Strong-built Edifice, Each man appears.

These are the Fruits of his industrious Pen ;  
T' vnvaile himfelfe and informe other men ;  
Soe naturallie plaine, so simply cleare,  
I know him by his Booke, as were Hee here ; 40  
For it must bee Himselfe ; and 'tis Enough  
Reading this Booke, the Man himfelfe to know ;  
To which great Character, what Man dares thinke  
(Fondlie Audacious) to adde with Inke ?  
Hee is above the vanitie of Praise ;  
And what wee add<sup>e</sup>, below him manie waies.

I know he has a Mind foe free, foe full,  
Hee onlie writes Himselfe, and would not pull  
Any of Force to follow in the Tracke  
Hee paceth out ; nor keeps Hee any backe ; 50  
But Each may move within his proper Sphere,  
And bee with Him as free as Hee is here  
With all the World. Then with enlargéd Minds,  
Receive a worthie Gvest ; but my Sence binds  
Onlie my Selfe ; and I should preiudice  
You, (Equall Readers) ; all Capacities  
May (to their Strengths) Iudge others witt ; and none  
Is limited by my Opinion,  
Or by the Square I move by : I am free  
To Truth, to Honour, and to Industrie ; 60  
And what I raise, is not to bring my owne  
Name, as a Second or Intruder, on  
Fame's Theatre ; and more securelie sitt  
Vnder the Pent-houfe of another's witt.

I have noe End, noe Ayme, beyond the free  
Acknowledgment, how it hath taken Mee.  
And all I thinke on, is but what to Say  
To fuch a Freind as I can never pay.  
It is beyond my Stocke, and all I can  
Alledge Excuse, is, I'me but a poor Man. 70  
Is is Enough, I know, for that hee'le spare me ;  
I have it vnder's Hand within to cleare me.  
'Tis time I make an End ; Each, as he list  
Pursue his Thoughts, and wander, in the mist



Of his Affections ; I am pleas'd to looke  
 At men, in the cleare Mirror of this Booke.  
 Augusti 1<sup>o</sup> Die :  
 1646.

*To my honored Cozen P : Cr : Esq<sup>r</sup>.*  
 an

Affectionate Invitation :

**I**F Flesh and Blood, or Prudee's name could charme,

You might appear at Beswicke ; but I'll arme  
 You with more preiudice then you suspect.  
 Our Feilds are barren ; three daies, full erect,  
 (Pardon the word) in Expectation  
 T' have seene you here ; the purest Distillation  
 Our villages are proud of, is broke through  
 The double Limbecke ; and ther's none for you.

Tom, if you Laugh, Ime angrie ; to appease  
 That Furie, let me meet you, where you please ;  
 I hope our Lockinton may yet produce  
 Some thriftie Chimist's Store ; something of Iuice  
 Which (though not Spirrit) may a Spirrit raife.  
 You know in diverse Men, how manie waies ;  
 In mee, noe fire, can mount, beyond that Sphere  
 I place my best freinds in ; and you are there :

This hastilie, from

Februaij : 26 :  
 1646.

Dear Cozen :

G. D.



*To the Memorie of the Excellent  
Dramatique English Poets ;*

Mr. Fra: Beaumont & Mr. Io: Fletcher;  
*Vpon the Impresfsion of their Severall  
Comedies, Tragidies, &c :*



**I** KNEW you not ; therefore, what I may say  
Is free from Pafsion ; other People may  
Distingvish in your workes ; which vnto mee  
Appears like Sizors of Impietie,  
To part the Webbe, which you still kept intire  
And lov'd it Soe. As in the Globe, noe higher  
Nor lower, properlie is vnderstood ;  
Soe in your orbéd witt, I know noe Flood  
To drowne the other's Earth ; noe Element  
But was foe poif'd, it made one Excellent  
Equallie-moveing Sphere ; others, who knew  
Your severall parts, may give, as they thinke due ;  
For me, I am forbid. What you thought fitt  
To ioyne (Your Selves ?) I will not Sever itt.  
Fletcher and Beaumont ! Who shall ere deuide  
These noble Twinn's ? Twins, by the Surer side ;  
Crossing the vulgar mouth, who gape and yawne ;  
Credit, or Kindred meerlye by the Spawne ;

10

And can see nothing higher. Mother witt  
 Was still their Charter, and they claime by 't yet. 20  
 You, Sonſ of Phebus ; (bright as his owne Light  
 Vnto our Ile, late wrapt vp in the Night  
 Of Ignorance, where witt might but appeare  
 Like owles, in Twilight) have redeem'd vs here ;  
 And like those happie Fires (Auspicious still  
 To Navigators, ioyn'd, if Single, ill  
 And Fate-portending ;) you revived have  
 Witt's Barke, long tost vpon a dangerous wave ;  
 And Shine, to gvide and Comfort those who trye  
 That ocean, for some new Discoverie. 30  
 If there be any world beyond what you  
 Have given maps for ; Straights which none yet knew,  
 Yet some shall vndertake ; Your ioynéd Flames  
 Direct 'em ; who, to Celebrate your Names,  
 Shall Pillars raise, inscribéd, by what Light  
 They past the false Fires ; & arrivéd right  
 In the safe Port, of ———. Thus to you  
 Future Endeavours must be ascribéd too.

Soe long as Socke or Buskin treads the Stage,  
 Beaumont and Fletcher shall enrich the Age ; 40  
 Or Should the Malice of hot mouths proceed  
 To Silence Theaters ; let ev'n Witt bleed  
 To death in Cathars, and the raging fire  
 Of Envie Swallow truth ; when they expire.

G. Daniel.

*November 15, 1647.*



*Sent to my dearest Brother*

*Sexto Septembr, 1648 :*

by Rt : Ta :

THOUGH I can nothing Say, that may accrue  
 To vindicate Discretion ; take a new  
 Way betwixt vs, of intercourse : Oh God !  
 Why should I write in verfe ? Where I am proud  
 I write foe ever. 'Tis a Facultie  
 I doe not boast, but Love it Modestlie.  
 What, should I write ? I will not speake of Feats,  
 High Stories, to out-rant our dull Gazetts.  
 Wee have noe Cause to boast ; Enough, let me  
 Write to a Brother ; if that Notion be 10  
 Not neare Enough, I would y<sup>e</sup> world might know  
 Vs, by what Hee merits, what I owe.

I speake of Freindship then ; your Freind (my dear  
 Nephew,) has honored Mee ; Hee knowes how farre  
 I am from Sence now ; but (to You, I speake  
 Had it not bene to him, I hardlie breake  
 My Reservation, though our Yorkeshire Ayre  
 Infects both Men, and Beast, Cheape in a Fayre,  
 Yet) let me Say, had not that freind (whom I

Prize, to your Character) foe handsomelye 20  
Oblig'd me, for your Selfe and for my owne  
Now late Acquaintance ; I had hardlye gone  
Out of my old dull Prose ; I might have writt  
Something of Sence ; but I pretend to Witt ;  
Now fir'd (at lest) with Love, to see your freind,  
And with a little wine ; but let me End  
Vnder this Caution ; if this whole Amisse  
Seeme foolish, to your Sober Eyes ; 'tis His  
Who now is (not Soe,  
But) Dear Brother, 30  
Yours, entirelie Affectionate ;  
G. Daniel.



## An Ode

*Vpon the incomparable Liricke Poesie**Written by Mr. George Herbert ;*

Entituled

**The Temple :****L**ORD ! yet how dull am I !

When I would flye

Vp to the Region of thy Glories ! where

Onlie true formes appeare ;

My long-brail'd Pineons, (clumsye and vnapt)

I cannot Spread ;

I am all dullnes ; I was Shap't

Only to flutter in the lower Shrubbs

Of Earth-borne follies. Out, Alas !

When I would treade

A higher Step, ten thousand thousand Rubbs,

Prevent my Pace.

10

This Glorious Larke, with humble Honour, I

Admire and praise ;

But when I raise,

My Selfe, I fall asham'd, to see him flye.

The Royall Prophet, in his Extasie,  
     First trod this path.  
 Hee followes neare, (I will not Say, how nigh;)      20  
     In flight, as well as faith.  
 Let me asham'd, creepe backe into my Shell;  
     And humbly Listen to his Layes.  
 'Tis preiudice, what I intended Praise;  
 As where they fall so Lowe, all Words are Still.

Our vntun'd Lirecks, onlie fitt  
     To Sing our Selfe-borne-Cares,  
     Dare not, of Him; or had wee Witt,  
     Where might wee find out Ears  
 Worthy his Character? If wee may bring      30  
     Our Accent to his Name!  
 This Stand, of Lirecks, Hee, the vtmost Fame  
 Has gain'd; and now they vaile, to heare Him Sing;  
 Scarcely in voice, and Casimire in winge.

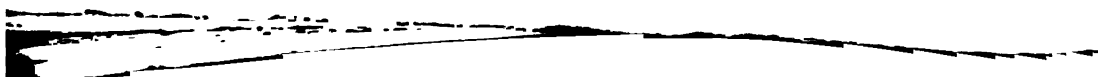
G. Daniel.

Decemhr : 8<sup>t</sup> :

1.6.4.8 :

## NOTES.







## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

### VOL. I.

*An Adresse*, pp. 9-19.

L. 3, 'and oyle' = the midnight oil of the poet—a classical commonplace: l. 12, '*Antike*' = ancient, with the sub-idea of grotesqueness: l. 14, '*Interlude*' = (from *inter* and *ludus*) an entertainment presented on the stage between the acts of a play, or between a play and after-piece, to occupy the audience while the actors rest or change their dresses, or the scenery and decorations are being shifted: *ib.* '*better interlude*' is—In the world's great drama from the beginning any one age is only an 'interlude,' and cannot boast of being 'better' than any other. One may catch a faint echo in the context of "All the world's a stage," &c. (As You Like It, ii. 7): l. 14, '*lest*' = least—by stress of rhyme with 'best': l. 17, '*Coloss*' = colossus. There are a number of like abbreviations in Daniel's Poems; but the same are found in contemporaries: ll. 17-19, '*this Master-peice*,' &c. —probably a gird at Hamlet's "What a piece of work is man," &c. (ii. 2): l. 23, '*Twelve Centuries a goe*'—in ancient times, 'twelve' was used as an indefinite expression for 'a long while ago.' So in Latin *Sexcenti*, or six hundred, Greek *μύριοι*, ten thousand, ourselves 'a thousand.' All languages have some number that gets this sense. It is improbable that any one individual was 'wondered at' by his fellow-men: l. 34, '*Sleeke*.' So Shakespere, '*sleek* o'er your rugged locks,' (Macb. iii. 2). It came down to Dryden, but seems now to have dropped out of use as a verb active: l. 39, '*clawes*' = flatters. Richardson's explanation, s. v. is excellent: "as to *claw* is to scratch, and so remove irritation or itching, it is consequentially, to remove uneasy feelings, to ease, to lull, to soothe—by mean services, and (met.) to flatter." So to "*curry* favour." In Latin, '*palpor*' has the same force, as in Horace, "Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat" &c., Sat. ii. 1, 20: ll. 50-1:—

"But as a Child,—not pleas'd with any long.—  
To get a Rattle, those away are flung."

So Horace, Sat. ii, 3, 247-9:—

Ædificare casas, plostello adjungere mures,  
Ludere par impar, equitare in arundine longa,  
Siquem delectet barbatum : amentia verset.

Cf. Pope, Essay on Man, ii, 275:—"Pleased with a rattle,  
tickled with a straw," &c.

L. 55, '*Sisyphæan Stones*' = the classical myth of Sisyphus and  
his vainly up-heaved stones: *ib.* '*play*,' &c. So Pope "Epistle  
to Mrs. Martha Blount, with the Works of Voiture:—

"Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
Cheerful he played the trifle, Life, away."

Cf. Daniel himself "Freedome," ll. 11-12, p. 99:—

———"That I may play

With my owne thoughts, unvext, my howers away."

L. 60, '*Shittle-cockes*' = shuttle-cock—a game: l. 61, '*Whirli-  
gigs*' = children's toys, driven before the wind: l. 61, '*Cheek-  
stones*' = check or chuck-stones—another child-game, played  
with pebbles: Scotice still, 'chuck or chucks' for the game and  
'chuckie-stanes' for its instruments: *ib.* 'Cherry-pit—still  
another child-game, which consists of pitching cherry-stones  
into a small hole. Shakespere has it: "a play at cherry-pit,"  
(Twelfth Night, iii. 4; and Herrick thus characteristically:—

"Julia and I did lately sit  
Playing for sport, at Cherry-pit:  
She threw; I cast; and having thrown  
I got the Pit, and she the Stone."

(Grosart's edn. i. 32):

*ib.* '*of Foame*' = soap-bubbles. Cf. Richard Crashaw's brilliant  
'Bulla,' translated by me in Fuller Worthies' Library edn.  
of Crashaw, 2 vols. 1872-3: l. 90, '*Statua*'—a tadpole form  
of the word before the Latin was accepted in the English  
'statue': l. 91, '*Flint-wrapt Niobe*' = changed into hard stone  
—another classical myth: l. 106, '*Sand*' = '*little Dirt*' of l. 100;  
or metaphor from the hour-glass 'sand' that is always, life-like,

running out? *ib.* 'Shelfe' = shoal, whether ridge of sunken rock or sand or mud-bank. Cf. George Herbert *frequenter* : l. 108, 'Syrte's' = Syrtis (Major and Minor) two famous gulphs in the Libyan Sea—from 'Sert' = sand, and so used. The (') is not apostrophe, but to mark—as frequently—an elision in the spelling : l. 120, 'Fish-scale' = a trifle, shining, and so like "magnis componere parva" = l. 128, 'Parasit'—like 'Coloss' (l. 17) shortened for rhyme's sake : l. 134, 'Trunke-hose' = large, stuffed or padded breeches : l. 148, 'the last King' = James I : l. 150, 'Predecessors = predecessors'—Elizabeth : l. 151, 'painted Cloath' = portraits : l. 152, 'her Sister'—Mary : l. 153, 'wood-cocke Christians' = the martyrs—as having been burned with 'wood' : l. 155, 'bug-beare Harrie'—Henry VIII : ll. 155-6, 'Oh the fine Dagger sheath !' &c. See the portraits of Henry VIII : l. 171, 'The Great Aurelius' = Antoninus. His "Meditations" were translated by Meric Casaubon, and published in 1634. The same eminent Scholar published the original Greek text with Latin version and Notes in 1643. The latter certainly would be, and perhaps the former, in the Beswick Library : l. 177, 'Ambages' = circumlocution or labyrinth : ll. 179-180, Lucian and Menippus—former, a classic deserving of more critical study than of late he has been receiving—latter, the Cynic so-named : l. 180, 'Dizzard' = foolish : l. 185, 'feat' = neat : l. 192, 'facete' = choice, fine : l. 199, 'Accost' = well-mannered address—through the French, from the Latin *ad* to and *costa*, the side, and so to draw near to, address : l. 217, 'maiestie' = monarchy, kingly rule : l. 220, 'Axe' = the axe (for beheading criminals) carried by the lictors in the bundle of fasces (rods for beating them before execution) before magistrates, especially the consuls. Hence it was the symbol of Republican government as the sceptre of monarchy : *ib.* 'Gowne' = toga *prætecta*, worn by consuls and similarly symbolical. These allusions mark the growth of Republicanism in England at the time of the 'Addresse.' See more in our Introduction : l. 222, 'Our Royall master' = Charles I : cf. l. 227 : l. 226, 'Hydropticke' = watery : ll. 231-2 :

"Soe Father Saturne, by his Sawcie Son  
Seaven yeare agoe, was interpos'd."

=some occultation of the planet Jupiter by Saturn—scarcely calling for further research: l. 249, '*Hee that knew All*,' &c.—Solomon—'Vanity of Vanities.' But Socrates also might be thought of, of whom Cicero says (Acad. iv. 23) "quin Socrati nihil sit visum sciri; exceptit unum tantum scire se, nihil se scire": l. 252, '*their heightned Peggs*,' &c. From the preceding line, 'Then bring me *wine*,' this doubtless refers to the drinking customs of peg-tankards; on which see Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, ii. 326 (edn. 1849): Pegge Anonymiana, Century V. vii: Brand Pop. Ant. ii. 260 (edn. C. Knight): Brady, *Clavis Calendaria* ii. 339. 340. Hence Cowper in John Gilpin says of him, "He was in merry pin" referring to the pins or pegs in these tankards: *ib.* '*vp-Scru*,'—hence the slang term for being drunk, 'screwed.' If in the olden days they had to drink down to a certain peg or pin—a custom might have prevailed of filling up to a certain peg, and then raising or screwing up—as is done in high jumping with a cat-gallows. See an article, with an engraving of one in Hone's *Year-Book*, (pp. 481-84) and also *Notes and Queries*, 3d series, viii. 455, 508, 550: l. 256, '*dry brow*.' Cf. Horace. Epist. i. xix:—

"Forum putealque Libonis

Mandabo siccis, adimam cantare severis." (ll. 8-9).

Also Epist. i. vv. 15-20: l. 259, '*the dull Sisters wink*,'—the *Parcae*—insensible generally; but old-woman-like, lulled awhile by the fumes of Bacchus: l. 267, '*Swell me a Boule*.'—This use of 'swell' as an active verb seems uncommon. Richardson gives no instance.

*To his honoured freind, &c., p. 20.*

L. 2, '*masters Muse*.' This seems ambiguous. Is 'masters' a verb, and 'Muse' put for the subject of the poem, or poetry in general? Or is Muse=musing, thought (as in North's *Plutarch*, quoted by Richardson) you surpass in thought or expectation? Or is masters for Masters in the genitive—Thou Muse, (or Poet) of Masters in the art, not mere novices?: l. 4, '*vn-*

*flidg'd* = unfledged : l. 10, '*frisher*' = fresher : l. 14, fling back—'*bandy*' = to toss—as in a 'ball' game so-named : *ib.* '*sent*' = scent : l. 17, 'Tho. Crompton,' See Introduction.

*Vpon a Reviewe of Virgil, &c.*, pp. 21-25.

*Heading, 'Mr. Ogilby'*—See Introduction on this long-neglected poet-translator : l. 26, '*Huniades*'—apparently some Chemist of that period—not possibly the Huniades of History (John Corvinus) : l. 31, '*Oracle of Samos*' = Pythagoras : l. 32, '*transfer*' = transmigrate : l. 33, '*Mantuan*' = Virgil : l. 39, '*Phaer*.' His '*Virgil*' (incomplete) was published in 1562 : finished by Twyne and the whole published 1573, 1584, &c. : l. 57, '*to*' = too—as usual used indiscriminately : l. 66, '*Still-virent*' = still verdant or flourishing : l. 70, '*Skirts*' = out-skirts : l. 71, '*Relicts*' = relics or reliques : l. 84, '*weed*' = dress—now usually 'weeds' as a widow's weeds : l. 90, '*Musæus*.' See Aeneid vi. 667 in the Elysian Fields described *ib.* ll. 637-65 : l. 93, '*Image*' = idea : l. 97, '*not w<sup>th</sup> care*' = anxiety as to the result—being confident of Ogilby's success and fame : l. 98, '*Harbinger*' = a fore-runner, that which comes before and announces the coming of something else. Hence the verb to herald, blazon. Bp. Hall's complimentary poems to Dean Donne, prefixed to his "Second Anniversarie" are so named, (Poems in F. W. Library, i. pp. 129-130, with relative note) : l. 100, '*free from Stains*'—in reference to Virgil's description in Aeneid, vi. 730-47, of the purification of departed souls : l. 110, '*Virgil's better boast*' = his Georgics : l. 124, '*All cannot all*,' &c.—Non omnia possumus omnes : Virg. Ecl. viii. 63., l. 130, '*Now Ascanius*,' &c. In reference to Virgil Aeneid, ii. 724-5, where Ascanius (Iulus) in escaping from Troy cannot keep up with his father's stride :—

"dextræ se parvus Iulus

Implicuit, sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis."

*A Vindication of Poesie*, pp. 26-32.

L. 6, '*Makers*' = Poets : l. 7, '*Mæonides*' loud Straine? Macedon's Envie.' As Homer was supposed by some to have been

a native of Lydia, he is sometimes called, as here, Maeonides, or the Maeonian bard, after Maeonia, the ancient name of a part of Lydia: '*Macedon's Envie*' = Alexander the Great, who 'envied' others who had such a poet to celebrate their deeds: l. 10, '*Ascrean Pipe*'—from Ascrea, a town of Boeotia on Mount Helicon—the home of Hesiod. The Roman poets frequently use the adjective *Ascreus* in the sense of Hesiodic, e. g. "*Ascreum . . . carmen*" (Virgil, *Georg.* ii. 176): *ibid.*, *great Musæus witt*'—in the sense of mind, intelligence, and 'great' both mentally and physically it would seem. Again, with reference to Virgil's account in *Aeneid* vi. 666, 667:—

"Musæum ante omnis, (medium nam plurima turba

Hunc habet atque umeris extantem suspicit altis):"

also "optime vates" (l. 669) and 'heros' (l. 672): l. 17, '*Not Euxine Pontus*.' In reference to Ovid's banishment, and one of the presumed reasons for it. No satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been given. See article on Ovid in *Dict. of Ancient Biography*, and a Paper by Thomas Dyer in the *Classical Museum*, Vol. iv. No. 19, who suggests as a probability, that Ovid had become an accidental witness of the adultery of Julia (grand-daughter of Augustus) with D. Silanus, and had concealed the crime, *ibid.*, p. 243. This was clearly not George Daniel's opinion; for he adopts the view that it was some such crime of Augustus himself—an incestuous commerce with his daughter or grand-daughter. It will be noticed he specifies "*the Tyrant's Lust*," (l. 17): l. 23, '*O cur vidi*' an adoption in part of Ovid's own words, *Tristia* ii. 103-4:—

"Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?

Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?"

l. 27, '*Corduba's Glorie*' = Lucan; who as well as his uncle Seneca, was born at Corduba, and died in the same manner, by having his veins opened—both victims of Nero's hate: l. 33, '*Danazar*'—This is a mistake for Sanazar—Giacopo Sanazario (in Latin *Actius Sincerus Sannazarius*) was born at Naples 1458: celebrated for both his Latin and Italian Poems. The former, with his life, were published by P. Vlamingius, at Am-

sterdam, 1728, 8vo. It may be as well to note here from l. 54, 'Mergeline'—the name of his villa near Naples, which he has immortalized in his poem *de Partu Virginis*, lib. i. 25-7: lib. iii. 509-13: in his *Ecloga* 'i. Phyllis,' 110: ii. 'Galatea,' 1-3: Epigram i. 2, 'ad villam Mergilinam' ii. 1 and 42, 'De Fonte Merg.' The destruction of his Villa by the army of Charles V. under Philibert, Prince of Orange, affected him so deeply as to cause his death in 1530. Other Italian writers have celebrated Mergeline. I found it on a recent re-visit as charmingly beautiful a landscape, seascape, and skyscape as of old. The water flows as brightly as ever: l. 35, 'Swan-clad Po.' Taken from Claudian Epist. ad Serenam 12, wherein he recounts the wedding-presents brought to Orpheus by the divers birds and beasts, vv. 1-18:—

"Fractaque nobilium ramis electra sororum  
Cycnus oloriferi vexit ab amne Padi."

It is very dainty and closes prettily, "Nulla avium," &c.: l. 36, 'Dant' = Dante: *ib.* 'Ariost' = Aristo: l. 47, 'The Sweet Arcadian Singer' = Sir Philip Sidney—the reference being to his 'Arcadia.' See ll. 49-51, where 'Penherst' is 'Penshurst': l. 54, 'Mincius and Mergeline.' Mincius of course famed for and by Virgil; but the two may be mentioned together here as Virgil's tomb is close to Mergeline. I for one am willingly credulous that the simple 'tomb' still shewn on the vine-clad rocks really holds Virgil's dust. It is as fitting resting-place for him as Stratford-chancel for a greater still. Cf. *Ecl.* vii. 13: *Georg.* iii. 15: *Aeneid*, x. 206: l. 56, 'Colin' = Edmund Spenser, his self-given name: l. 61, 'The Sweetest Swan of Avon' = Samuel Daniel, the 'sweet Singer' of "Delia" and other imperishable verses—to which I hope ere long to render full justice in a critical and complete edition: l. 67, 'Draiton' = Michael Drayton: ll. 69-70, 'Read Comicke Shakespeare.' On this see our Introduction: l. 72, 'Beaumont': cf. pp. 209-10: l. 73, 'reverent Donne' = Dean Donne, whose Complete Poems (2 vols.) have been included in Fuller Worthies' Library: l. 92, 'Ionson' = 'rare Ben': and so frequenter: l. 99, 'Maye' =



Thomas May, whose translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* was published in 1627 *et frequenter*: l. 105, '*Sands*' = George Sands or Sandys. See Introduction on this. His '*Travels*' in Palestine and the East is still a quick book: originally published in 1615, folio: l. 105, *ib.* '*banisènt*' = banishment—abroad simply on his *Travels*: l. 107, '*imps his wing*'—to insert a feather deficient in a hawk's wing; and thus generally to add that which will restore or increase the power, *i. e.* Sands or Sandys translation of Ovid would make him more widely known: l. 108 '*Emperye*' = empire: l. 114, '*David sung*,' &c. Sandys published a Paraphrase of the Psalms and Song of Solomon, &c. His Poems have been included in Smith's Old English Authors (2 vols by the Rev. Richard Hooper): l. 115, '*Overburies Quill*' = Sir Thomas Overbury: born 1581—died Sep. 15, 1613. Dr. Rimbault edited his Writings in Smith's Old English Authors (1 vol. 1856): l. 127, '*falkland*'—Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland; born 1610—died Sep. 20, 1643. His Poems have been collected and edited in Miscellanies of Fuller Worthies' Library: *ib.* '*Digbie*'—probably Sir Kenelm Digby: born 1603, died Jan. 11, 1665: *ib.* '*Carew*'—Thomas Carew; born 1589 (?), died 1639? His '*Poems*' have been collected by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in '*The Roxburgh Library*': *ib.* '*Maine*'—Jasper Mayne, D.D.; born 1604, died Dec. 6, 1672: l. 128, '*Beaumont*'—Francis Beaumont, or Sir John Beaumont; the latter's '*Poems*' included in Fuller Worthies' Library: *ib.* '*Sands*'—George Sandys; born 1577, died 1644—as before: *ib.* '*Randolph*'—Thomas Randolph; born 1605, died 1634. His Works have been collected by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt.: *ib.* '*Allen*'—Charles Allen, or Alleyn; on whom see our Introduction: *ib.* '*Rutter*'—Joseph Rutter, author of "*The Shepheards Holyday—a pastorall tragi-comedie*," 1635: *ib.* '*May*'—Thomas May, as before; born 1594 (?), died Nov. 13, 1650: *foot-note*, '*Godolphin*'—Sidney Godolphin; born 1610, died 1643: *ib.* '*Cartwright*'—William; born 1611, died Dec. 23, 1643: *ib.* '*Beaumont*'—as before: *ib.* '*Montague*'—Walter, Abbot of Pontoise; died Feb. 5, 1677: l. 129, '*Herbert*'—George, of

"The Temple"; see Introduction on this: *ib.* 'the fletchers'—Giles and Phineas Fletcher, whose complete 'Poems' have been collected and edited in Fuller Worthies' Library, 5 vols: l. 130, 'Habinton'—William Habington; born 1605, died Nov. 13, 1645: *ib.* 'Shirley'—James; born 1594 (?), died Oct. 29, 1666: *ib.* 'Stapilton'—Sir Robert Stapleton, or Stapylton, Royalist Poet; died July 11, 1669: l. 132, 'Davenant'—Sir William; born 1605, died Nov. 6, 1714: *ib.* 'Suckling'—Sir John; born 1609, died May 7, 1641: l. 133, 'Waller'—Edmund; born 1605, died Oct. 21, 1687: l. 136, 'Cleaveland'—John; born 1613, died April 29, 1659: l. 137, 'Denham'—Sir John; born 1615, died 1668.

*To Time and Honour*, pp. 32-34.

L. 2, 'my native Soyle'—see our Introduction: l. 8, 'he saw, he went, and overcame'—Cæsar's 'Veni, vidi, vici': l. 9, 'Third Edward's Son'—l. 43, 'noble Sidney'—Sir Philip Sidney, as before: ll. 50-52—see note *supra* on all these names: l. 55, 'quitt the Score'—pay the debt or obligation: l. 65, 'may the village'—see our Introduction.

*A Pastorall Ode, &c.*, pp. 35-37.

L. 13, 'Atticke hangings'—Athenian. Attica was famous for wool and ochre—so possibly for 'hangings' made and dyed with those materials. Was he thinking of Propertius ii. 23, l. 46, (ed. Burman) "Porticus aulæis nobilis *Attalicis*," where the readings vary—Actaicis and Attaicis—the latter probably accepted by Daniel for Atticis: *ib.* 'Corinthian plate'—Corinthian brass—prized above silver and even gold at Rome. Pliny 34, 2, and Florus ii. 16, account for this. The 'Corinthia vasa' are spoken of by Cicero in Verrem. The story was that at the taking of Corinth, gold, silver and brass were melted together, the result being a metal of extraordinary quality and price. Daniel is here imitating Horace, Od. ii. xviii. and Epod 11: ll. 31-33, 'Colchian Bird's' . . . . 'Ionian Partridge.' These lines are little more than a paraphrase of Horace, Epod. ii. 53-60:—

"Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,  
Non attagen Ionicus."

(generally thought to be a wood-cock; certainly not ('partridge'): the '*Colchian bird*'—the pheasant, after the river Phasis, in Colchis: l. 60, '*an Isthmus*.' As *ισθμός* in Greek is =collum, a neck, does he playfully allude to his Silvia? I should gladly believe in this meaning rather than another that might be supposed: l. 70, 'I want'—I am without.

*The Spring*, pp. 38-9.

Ll. 21-24. See these lines expanded with humorous suggestions in "*Cornucopizæ*, or Pasquil's Night-Cap (1612) as reproduced in my Occasional Issues, along with the same anonymous Author's "*Palinodia*": l. 28, '*Ceremonious*'—as a ceremony or part of religious worship. "Hark the lark at Heaven's gate sings" is true enough: but what fact in natural history as to the Wren thus offering a morning orison warrants the saying? The 'Wren' of course is associated with the Robin-Red-Breast, and partakes of a religious-superstitious reverence. White, in his '*Selborne*' (Letter xvi. after the Wrens) describes the Grass-hopper Lark (a Bird) and says "in a morning early, and when undisturbed, it sings on the top of a twig, gaping and shivering with its wings." The note of the Wren seems to be a mere repetition or 'talking'; and thus Daniel may use '*ceremonious*' as =monotonous—always the same—as the prayers or hymns in the Prayer Book are always the same daily.

*The Difference*, pp. 40-43.

L. 13, '*fœumotorie*' = *Fumaria Officinarum*, or common fumatory, which grows on arable lands. The juice is commended for bilious attacks: l. 14, '*Bettonie*' = *Bettonica Purpurea*—grows in woods—used in medicine as a vulnerary herb: l. 22, '*Beggar's Ague*' = rheumatism?: l. 26, '*new found Rickets*'—a noticeable date of introduction of a since well-known disease. Skinner says it was 'new' in his time, 1671, being the date of his Etymology: l. 28, '*Partie*' = party or individual—to be noted: l. 33, '*the Bath*' = Spa? l. 36, '*worshipfull*' = worthy

of respect : l. 38, '*Alestreet*'—a now forgotten Physician : l. 40, '*Posteriors of an Almanacke*.' Does he refer to advertisements of quack medicines to be found on the outside covers ? l. 53, '*next your heart*'—a common 'quack' prescription, and on an empty stomach : l. 62, '*Gurmonds*'=gluttonizers : l. 78, '*Vnles when Virgo doth with Scorpio ioyne*'=evil disease caught by infection : ll. 79-80, '*forty weeks*'=nine months—period of gestation : l. 87, '*Sot-tish Ape*.' See Aesop Fab. 186. Ed. Croxall : l. 98, '*faints*'=fails.

*Parted, per pale*, pp. 44-5.

L. 9, '*Brute*'—the mythical British king so named : l. 20, '*Baron, et ffemme*'=heraldic terms for husband and wife—often employed in describing impalements : l. 25, '*whereon, and with I write*'=paper and ink, white and black : l. 34, '*Nephew*'=an indefinite term for blood-relations : l. 45, '*glorye Herald's bookes*'=glory in, take a pride in (Richardson—by usage) : l. 48, '*larded*'=l. 52, bacon-farced, *i. e.* to insert or lay bacon into other meats—those especially which are dry, *e. g.* veal, or among poultry, guinea-fowls. More used in French than in English cookery.

*Woman Charactered*, p. 46.

L. 4, '*affects*'=sets her affections on, likes or chooses : l. 12, '*in Iune*.' Cf. "O my love is like a red red rose, That's newly sprung in June" : l. 16, '*Iuno might imitate*.' Virgil here led the way to Daniel. Goddesses are described and discovered by their gait or carriage. Aeneid, i. 46, Juno speaks of herself "*ast ego quæ divom incedo regina*" : again i. 445, Æneas recognises Venus—his mother—by her step, "*et vera incessu patuit Dea*" : In v. 649, after Iris had appeared in disguise she was known in like manner, "*quis . . . gressus eunti!*"

*Silvia Revolted*, pp. 47-8.

L. 1, '*Devia*'—See Introduction on this frequent name in these Poems : l. 6, '*proud Amintas*.' See Introduction on this : l. 9, '*Vrbana*'=the city lady as opposed to *Silvia*, the country beauty : l. 33, '*Penandro*.' This seems a hybrid word in con-

tempt = 'almost a man' *i. e.* not quite—out of Latin and Greek: l. 38, '*re-accrue*' = gather back again—probably a coinage of his own.

*Scorne returned*, p. 49.

L. 3, '*moe*' = more; l. 14, '*huge Numbers*.' An unusual application of the word. Some trace it to 'high' (hoog, Dutch) and this would give a good sense here = immoderate, exaggerated. He is now repentant and scornful. Page 81, l. 76, in '*huge extasies*'; l. 16, '*fond*' = foolish.

*Supplanted*, pp. 50-1.

L. 16, '*Curbéd*' = bowed (*curvus*); l. 17, '*profest*' = Latin *profestus*, not holy, common? or is it the English verb to profess, proclaim her calling, 'Leud Prostitute,' again after Roman practice, with whom the lowest order of common women ('*prostibula*') were obliged to have their names over their doors, and to receive all comers at any time, day or night. The *meretrices* were a higher grade. If I remember rightly, I saw the former in Pompeii; l. 19, '*transforme*' = make into; l. 20, '*Her faults perfection*' = elliptical for 'to perfection'; l. 26, '*Nicotiana*.' Cf. Vol. II. p. 61; and next poem here.

*To Nicotiana*, &c., pp. 51-3.

L. 22, '*Hony-deaw*' = honey-dew; l. 31, '*imbraces has*' = collective plural.

*The farewell*, p. 53.

L. 13, '*wanton Hobbies at a Dore*' = poneys skittish at a door. Or is it a hawking term? *i. e.* Is 'Dor,' which has the meaning of a fool, also a term for the 'Lure' which the 'Hobbies' strike at? I can only query. See on the word hereafter.

*An Epode*, pp. 54-55.

An Imitation of Horace, Epod. I. 2, "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," &c. See our Introduction on this; l. 45, '*composure*' = composition or poem.

*To the Memorie*, &c. pp. 56-58.

*Heading*: Ladie Alford—Either Elizabeth, d. and heir of Robert Rookes of Fawley, Bucks, or Elizabeth, d. of Sir William

Clark, of Weston co., Oxon, Kn<sup>t</sup>—probably the latter. These were the two wives of Sir William Alford; l. 8, '*resolves*' = dissolves; ll. 14-15, '*Hircania . . . Tigers*'—Another reminiscence of Virgil. Dido, in her reproaches of Aeneas after he determines to forsake her: Aeneid, iv. 367, "*Hercanæque admorunt ubera tigres*"; l. 32, '*Sing her a patterne*' = as a pattern; l. 46, '*fferley*' = ferley or wonder: *Scotice* still. William Miller, most loveable of recent Scottish poets, in one of his priceless child-songs, thus uses the word:—

"Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!  
Sing it owre and owre again;  
Gar the notes fa' pitter patterin',  
Like a shower o' simmer rain.  
'Hoot, toot, toot!' the birdie's saying,  
'Wha can shear the rig that's shorn?  
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's *ferlies*,  
I'le tout on anither horn.'"

So long since, *c. g.* "a *fearly* thing befell" in Holinshed's Acct. of the Witches.

*To D: i: pp. 59-62.*

Heading, D. i. See our Introduction on this; l. 4, '*ostent*' = ostentation; l. 13, '*Broome-men*' = street-sweepers?; l. 18, '*fearfull wood*' = gallows; l. 20, '*ears*' = on the pillory; l. 25, '*Paphian shrub*' = myrtle; l. 27, '*Atees*' = Ate, d. of Eris or of Zeus; l. 72, '*the Altar called more then Table*'—a notorious ecclesiastical controversy contemporary with George Daniel, *c. g.* Abp. Williams, published "The Holy Table, Name and Thing," (1637) to which Heylin replied with "A Coale from the Altar," &c.; l. 74, '*Salisburie Church was thought Apochriphall*.' See Dowsing's Journal on defacing 'painted windows,' and our Introduction. Throughout this poem Horace is recalled—Sat. ii. 3, which is in the same strain as to the various turns of madness.

*To the Memorie, &c., pp. 63-5.*

Heading: On this and other celebrations of 'Rare Ben Ionson' see our Introduction; l. 7, '*of the Tribe*' i. *e.* of



*A Strange Maye*, pp. 91-2.

See Introduction on this; l. 17, '*Husband*' = husbandman or farmer.

*When the Cloud*, &c., pp. 93-5.

See Introduction on this; l. 26, '*Mure*' = wall; l. 54, '*Maye*' = Thomas May—concealing the reference by the use of the auxiliary verb. He expected to be made Laureate on Jonson's death, and Davenant having got the office, May turned Parliamentarian. So it was said. l. 49, '*Helicon*.' Here a stream: properly a mountain. Modern poets have used Helicon indifferently for mount and stream, and with perfect reasonableness; ll. 50-1, '*famed Poet of the South*'—See Introduction.

*After a Storme*, &c., pp. 96-8.

L. 10, '*Watt*' = the hare. So in Annalia Dubrensia, "*Watts cunning doubles*," &c. (our edn. p. 29, l. 10). So too Drayton—

"The man whose vacant mind prepares him for the sport  
The finder sendeth out, to seek the nimble *wat*,  
Which crosseth in each field, each furlong, every flat,  
Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found."

Poly. Song xxiii.

So Gibbe (= Gilbert) our cat, in the Romaunt of the Rose; l. 13, '*Enue*' = envie, *i. e.* contend with; l. 33, '*Harpie*' = a kind of hawk; *ib.* '*ruff*' = to strike, but not for the prey; l. 34, '*Bells*' = ornaments; l. 60, '*glorye*'—used, as before, actively.

*Freedome*, pp. 99-100.

Ll. 11-12. Like the passage in the '*Addresse*,' "play the howers away." Cf. l. 55 and note; l. 16, '*Poll*' *gatherer of the Groats*' = tithe-collector? or perhaps some smaller impost, universally and equally assessed; l. 27, '*Stone-Bow*' = a cross-bow for throwing stone bullets; l. 40, '*Barrs*,' &c. Cf. "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage."

*Vanitie*, pp. 101-3.

L. 12, '*The Ioyes of men are follie*.' Cf. Burton, "All our joys to this are folly, Naught so sweet as Melancholy," (Anatomy); ll. 47-8, '*Hercules . . . Ne ultra*'—Straits of Hercules or Gib-



raltar alluded to, beyond which there was thought to be no passage. So *Ne ultra*, and Hercules himself did not dare to pass. The columns or pillars set up to mark this as the limit of the world, were adopted by Charles V. as a device on the Pillar Dollar, but with a changed motto, 'Plus ultra.'

*Proportion*, pp. 104-6.

L. 9, 'Vandike.' See Introduction on this and other notices of Vandyke: l. 74, 'Flee' = fly.

*The Userper*, pp. 107-8.

See Introduction on this and kindred poems; l. 33, 'vye' = contest. Richardson s. v. says = urge, press on, with other meanings.

*A Pause*, p. 110.

L. 10, 'not'—qu. 'now'?

*Love Platonike*, &c., p. 110.

See Introduction on this.

*Title-page* p. iii.

The Latin verses quoted in the title-page, the Rev. Robinson Ellis, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, has kindly informed me, though a friend, are attributed to Petronius by Scaliger, and in Burmanni Anthologia iii. 224 are headed, "C. Petronii de Venustate et gratia formæ." They are printed among the fragments of Petronius, but with an asterisk as doubtful, by Buecheler, Berlin, 1862, p. 219: fragm. xxxix. They begin, "Non est forma satis," &c.

*Vervicencis*, p. 125.

The lines on the title-page are from Horace, Od. iv. 9, 25-8; l. 24, 'waftage' = passage; l. 82, 'Clap' = thunder-clap; l. 132, 'Gant' = Gaunt; l. 147, 'Mignon' = minion; l. 161, 'Virago' = a masculine woman; l. 176, 'meacocke' = effeminate; l. 183, 'Trollop' = Sir Andrew Trollop, who at the defeat of the Yorkists at Ludiford (1459) acted treacherously to Warwick, and went over to the royal army; l. 185, 'lollye' = French *jolie*, beautiful, (Margaret of Anjou); l. 219, 'Reiner's daughter'—Regnier, titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem—descended from

the Count of Anjou, brother of Charles V; l. 274, '*affront*' = face: Latin *frons*, forehead. So Polonius advises that Hamlet shall affront Ophelia (not offend or insult, or put to shame) but meet face to face (iii. i.); ll. 310-1—the inverted commas may or may not mean a quotation—and so elsewhere; l. 335, '*Love-lace*' = a subordinate actor in these "troublous times"; l. 363, '*Bear and Ragged Staff*' = badge of Warwick; l. 403, '*hummering*' = making a humming noise—here of applause. To 'hum' a person is = to applaud, as at a lecture at Oxford? "They hummed him" is used again l. 632 of the Genius of the Isle, "hummering of Gnats"; see also Richardson, s. v.: l. 490, '*Ladie Bona*' = of Savoy, sister to the Queen of France (see Lingard v. p. 190, note, edn. 1837); l. 495, '*Sitt Warwicke*' = let Warwick 'sitt with,' abide with; l. 518, '*Stales*' = decoys; l. 544, '*Wells*' = Sir Robert Wells, son of Lord Wells, who headed the insurrection in Lincolnshire that was put down by the King's troops on 12th March, 1470, at Erpingham, in Rutlandshire; *ib.* '*Dymocke*' = another subordinate actor; *ib.* '*Montague*' = Lord Montague, brother of Warwick, who was commander in the final defeat of the Lancastrians at Hexham; l. 547, '*painted Apples*' = trifles (deceptive); l. 549, '*Soe wolves will Sing*'—qu. the 'wolf' of Little Red Riding Hood (cf. l. 548)? l. 612, '*Co-action*' = compulsion—a cogo, coactus; l. 650, '*period*' = end; p. 158, Latin line at close, *Dignum*, &c. Horace Od. iv. 8, 28.

*The Genius*, pp. 158-190.

See Introduction on this; l. 44, '*they Skulke*' = cause to skulk? l. 62, '*Port of Juno*.' See note on page 46, l. 16: l. 64, '*Caske*' = helmet; l. 65, '*Issue of Iove's pregnant braine*' = Minerva: l. 165, '*tier*' = tire, tear, pluck, to feed upon as birds of prey (Halliwell-Phillips, s. v. *tire*); l. 191, '*rue*' = lament; l. 204, '*Dulce Bellum*' = sweet war! l. 266, '*Charlemaine*' = Charles I; l. 295, '*viv'd*' = revived; l. 318, '*The Birth*,' &c. = Birth of Bacchus: l. 355, '*Embleme of Discontent*'—Why? A bit of folk-lore? l. 356, '*Cunnie*' = coney: ll. 407-8, '*The Muses*' &c. See Introduction on this: l. 410, '*What*

*Palseye hand,* &c. = every hand, however weak, is employed in verse-making; l. 435, '*What Either,*' &c.—elliptical, yet the thought clear enough; l. 455, '*rue*' = lament, as before; l. 459, '*treeble*' = treble—the usual spelling of Daniel; l. 483, '*Charles*' = Charles I; l. 512, '*Leig-man*' = liege-man; l. 542, '*grutch*' = grudge; l. 587, '*fixe*' i. e. fix their eyes of admiration: see l. 699; l. 593, '*appaied*' = contented, satisfied; l. 612, '*nothing lesse.*' The sentence is peculiar and elliptical; but it means—as you now have anything but a Tyrant, or as you have a King than whom nothing is less like a Tyrant, who is altogether unlike one. Take care lest by your resistance you bring about in truth what you fear by being under the rule of a Tyrant; l. 648, '*far-fet*' = far-fetched; l. 685, '*nephews*' = nepotes, grandchildren, posterity in general; l. 704, '*Dice*' = δίκη, Justice: in Latin, Astræa; Ovid Met. i. 149; ll. 706-7—an allusion to the Queen's second name, Henrietta Maria, "a name for ever Sweet unto Fame"; l. 714, Charles II. was born in 1630—only therefore a general good wish.

*To the Reader,* &c., p. 191.

See Introduction on this.

*To the Tombe,* &c., pp. 195-7.

See Introduction on this; ll. 18-19, '*Genius . . Whose Third,*' &c. See Bourne, *Vulgar Antiquities*—by Ellis, ed. Knight, i. 198-9, for some particulars as to Genii attending each person. This idea appears to be alluded to here; l. 33, '*Westerne Iland*' = Ireland; l. 56, '*Minant*' = minatory or threatening.

*An Elegie,* &c., pp. 198-9.

Heading—*Sir William Alford*—of Bilton, co. York, Knight, son of Sir Launcelot Alford, of Meaux Abbey. See a Pedigree in Poulson's *History of Holderness*, ii. 315; l. 17, '*orgie.*' See former note, *et frequenter*.

*To honour,* &c., pp. 200-2.

Heading, '*Sir T. M.*'—Sir Thomas Middleton? See Introduction.

*To honour, &c.*, pp. 200-2.

Heading, '*Sir M. L.*'—Sir Marmaduke Langdale, of Holme, in Yorkshire: Knighted in 1627, and became an eminent cavalier general, especially noted for his relief of Pontefract Castle in 1644. He was subsequently made prisoner, but escaped and lived abroad until after the Restoration. He was created Baron Langdale in 1658, and died at Holme 5th August, 1661. Title became extinct in 1777; l. 46, '*uncurrent*'—not moving, flowing, or passing—Richardson, who cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Loyal Subject*, ii. 5, 'Thou crackt *uncurrent* Lout.' Dyce gives no note to it.

*Vpon an excellent, &c.*, pp. 205-8.

See Introduction on this; l. 73, '*list*'—chooses.

*To my honored Coxen P. Cr.*, p. 208.

See Introduction on this; l. 1, '*Prudee*'—query Prudence, or Prue? as in Herrick, &c., the Christian name of some friend or relative: l. 11, '*Lockinton*'—Lockington, in E. Riding of Yorkshire.

*To the Memorie, &c.*, pp. 209-10.

See Introduction on this; heading, '*Vpon the Impression,*' &c., viz. the folio of 1647; l. 4, '*Sizors*'—scissors; l. 25, '*happie Fires*'—the appearance of these lights at sea, called in the Italian "*corpo santo*," and mentioned in Horace *Od.* i. 3, 2, "*Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera*," and *Od.* i. 12, 27: iv. 6, 31. See Brand's *Antiq.* iii. 219, 220. They have various saintly names in Italian.

*Sent to my dearest, &c.*, pp. 211-12.

See Introduction on this; heading, '*Rt. Ta.*'—some messenger-friend; li 25, '*lest*'—least.

*An Ode, &c.*, 213-14.

See Introduction on this, and another; l. 5, '*braiPd*'—trussed up—a sporting term; l. 11, '*Rubbes*'—hindrances, obstacles; l. 18, '*Royall Prophet*'—King David; l. 32, '*This Stand, of Lirecks*'—instead of comma (,) there should have been semi-

colon (;) after 'Stand.' Cf. other text at close of Vol. iv ; l. 33, 'vaile' = uncover or bow in obeisance ; l. 34, 'Bocace' = Boccacio — a strange comparison : *ib.* 'Casimire' = Sarbievius, Casimir, Polish Lyrical Poet, born 1595, died April 2, 1640.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. I.

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ROBERT ROBERTS, PRINTER, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.





